Du Bartas his Deuine weekes and workes / translated and Dedicated to the / Kings most excellent/ Maieste / by Josvah Sylvester.

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DU BARTAS
HIS WORKES



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Ri: Crichs his booke.



D: IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANIÆ

ERATET FIBER: R: SACRV

DU BARTAS

HIS

Deuine Weekes and Workes Transslated:

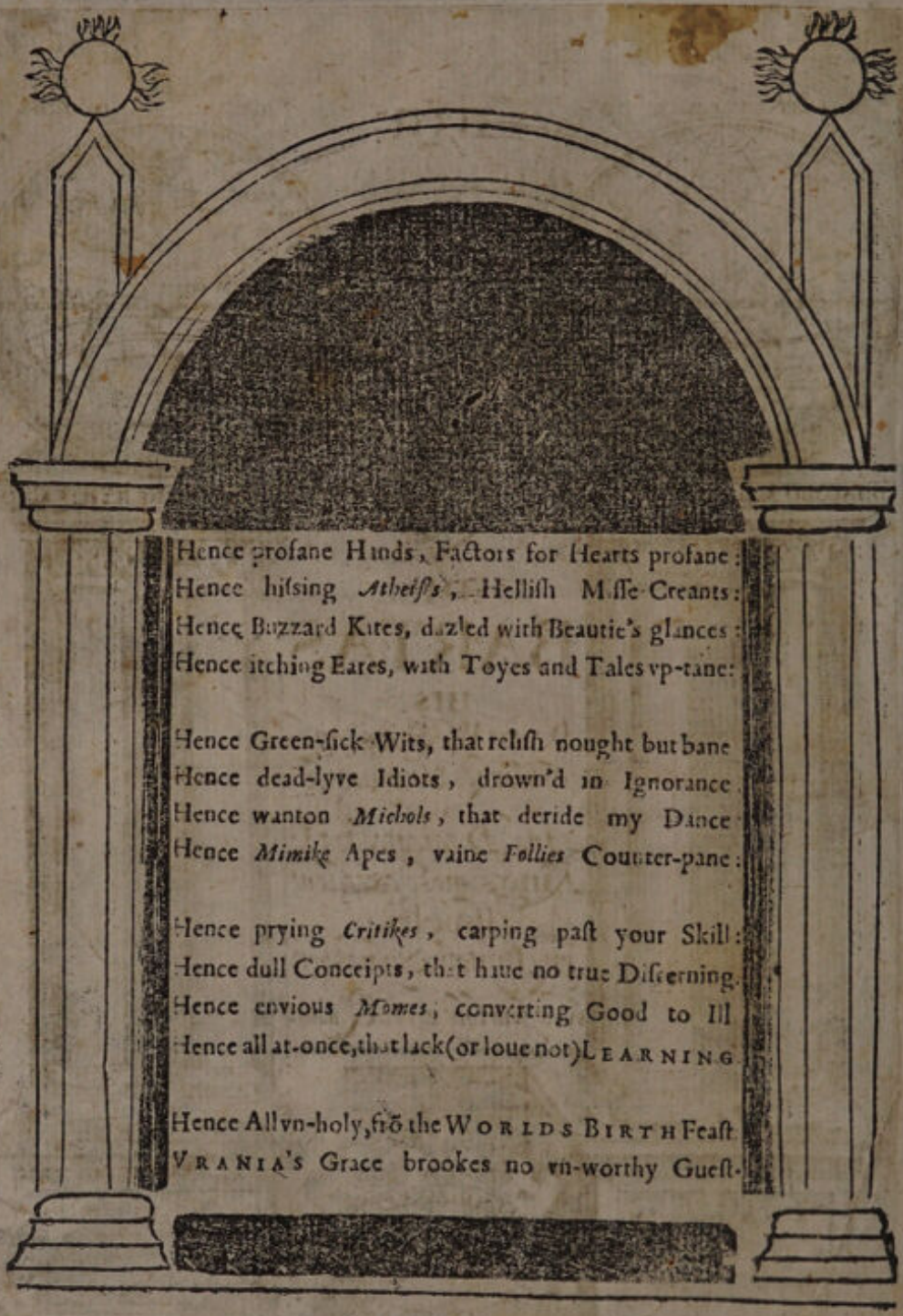
And Dedicated to the Kings most excellent Maiestie

by Iosuah Sylvester.

Now fourtobe corr: & augm.



Printed at London by [illegible] Humfrey Lownes

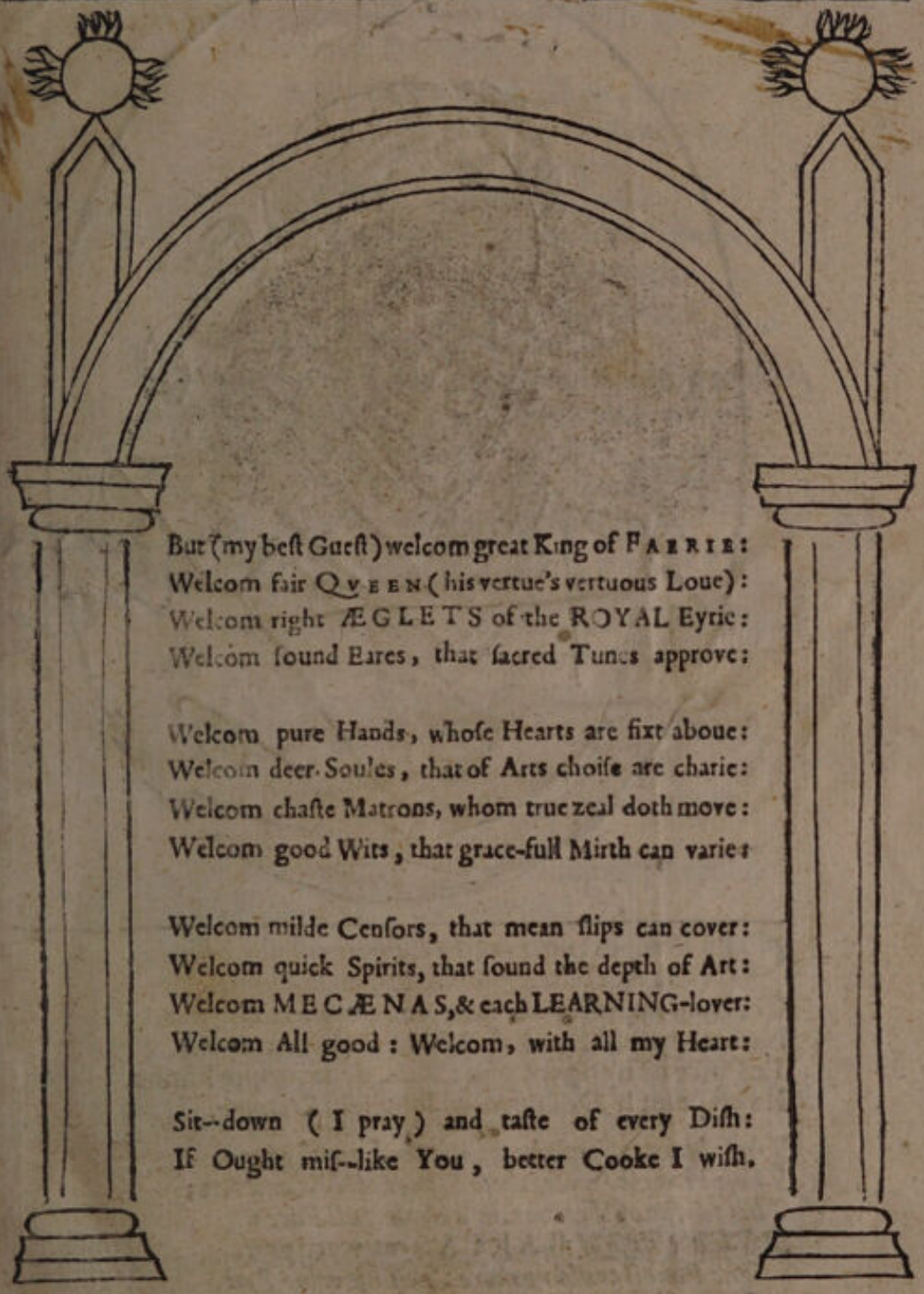


Hence profane Hinds, Factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hissing *Atheists*, Hellish Masse-Creants:
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beautie's glances:
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales vp-tane:

Hence Green-sick Wits, that relish nought but bane
Hence dead-lyve Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane:

Hence prying *Critikes*, carping past your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts, that haue no true Discerning
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill
Hence all at-once, that lack (or loue not) LEARNING

Hence All vn-holy, frõ the WORLDS BIRTH Feast
VRANIA's Grace brookes no vn-worthy Guest.



But (my best Guest) welcom great King of FAERIE:
Welcom fair QVEEN (his vertue's vertuous Loue):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcom sound Eares, that sacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure Hands, whose Hearts are fixt aboue:
Welcom deer Soules, that of Arts choise are charie:
Welcom chaste Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:
Welcom good Wits, that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Censors, that mean slips can cover:
Welcom quick Spirits, that sound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS, & each LEARNING-lover:
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit--down (I pray) and taste of every Dish:
If Ought mis--like You, better Cooke I wish.



CEs Temples lauriзez, du *Laurier* meſme honeur;
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* ſe lit;
Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir* & d'*Eſprit*;
Ne ſont que du BARTAS vn ombre *exterieur*.
Le Pinceau n'en peut plus: Mais, de ſa propre Plume
Il s'eſt peint le *Dedans*, dans ſon divin *Volume*.

Theſe laureat Temples which the Laurel *grace*;
Theſe Honeſt *Lines, theſe Signes of* Wit *and* Art;
This Map of Vertues, *in a* Muſe *full Face*;
Are but a bluſh of BARTAS outward *part*.
The Pencil could no more: But his owne Pen
Limms him, with-in, *the Miracle of Men*.

Au Tres-puiſſant, tres-prudent, & tres-*Auguſte*,
IAQVES *(par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la*
Grande Britaigne: &c.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *Language*)
Qui, cognoiſſant loyal ton Royal *Heritage*
En çes beaux *Liz dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Comme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subiects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds ſacrez te faict ſon ſainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternel teſmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de touts *Roys*,
VOY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE, ou (pour le moins) ſon ombre;
Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ſes *Traicts* plus divins;
Qui, ores trop noyrçis par mon pinçeau trop ſombre,
S'eſclairçiront aux Raiz de tes Yieux plus benins.
Donques d'vn *œil benin* & d'vn accueil *Auguſte*,
Reçoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALVSTE.

AInſi, *l'Ancien des Temps*, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,
Comblant ce Chef Royal; couronne voz Labeurs:
Qui pour le *Droict des Roys*, d'vn Glaiue tout divin,
Combattez *l'Antichriſt*, & ſon grand BELLARMIN.
Ainſi le Tout puiſſant, de ſa main de PANDORE,
Face d'vn *Charle-moindre*, vn *Charle-magne* encore;
Qui, ſuivant voz *Vertuz*, deriue perennel
Saincts-Sages-Preux STVARTS au Sceptre paternel.
Ainſi, le Ciel bening de ſes *Treſors* beniſſe,
L'Hymen heureux & ſainct de FRED'RIC & d'ELIZE;
De ſorte, que d'Iceux, leurs *Filz*, & leurs *Neveuz*,
Nous naiſſent deſormais des EMPEREVRS heureux.
Ainſi, *Lions* ANGLOIS & *Aigles* d'ALLEMAGNE,
(Triumphants, pour *la Foy*, de ROME & de l'ESPAGNE)
Terraſſent coup a coup les *Lunes* du TVRQVOIS,
Pour planter tout par tout les *Lauriers* de la CROIX.

Voy, Sire, Saluſte.

A l'istessa Mäestá serenissima.

NEptun', *gielózo de* la Musa Ingléze,
L'immúra sí del Braccio cryſtallino,
Ch'il piu divin del Canto *ſuo divino*
Poco s'intende fuór del ſuo Paëze:
Peró (Signor) come giá la Francéze
T' á celebrato di-quá l' Apennino;
Di-lá, l' ITALICA *al Peregrino*
Anche farà l' alte tue Lodi intéſe.
Si che, la Séna, *el* Pádo *preſtaranno*
Lor Chori *ſacri, per cantár l' immenza*
Alma Virtú, Valór, Pietá, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO *(gran* SALOMON Britanno)
Per, di tua Gloria (vdita qual' e quanta)
Rapír' il Mondo in maraviglia ſanta.

L'istesso

Osſeruantiſſimo

I S.

To England's, Scotland's, France & Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EVROPE's greateſt Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and euery thing
Beneath BOÖTES, many thouſand miles:
Vpon whoſe Head, Honour and Fortune ſmiles:
About whoſe brows, cluſters of Crowns do ſpring:
VVhoſe Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH en-ſtiles:
VVhoſe VViſedome's *Fame*
O're all the World doth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

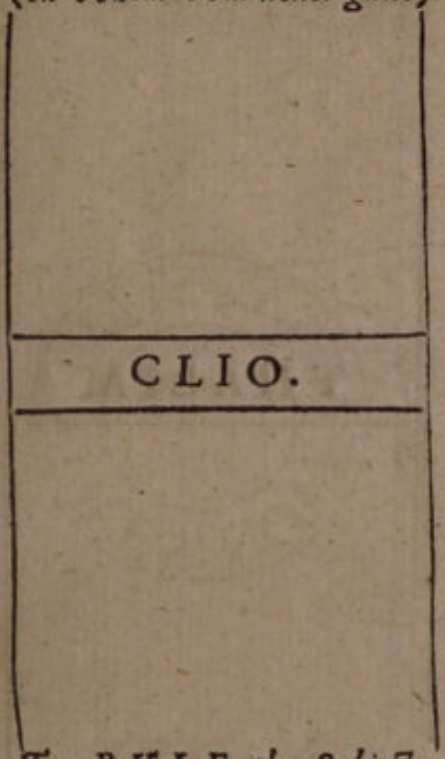
Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown,
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
VVhole and ſole Soueraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSVS, & Piërian State:
And with their Crown, their king dõs Arms they yeeld:
Thrice three Pennes Sun-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by THEM-SELVES, and their High Treaſorer
BARTAS, the great: Ingroſst by SYLVESTER.

Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT ensew'd;
Our WOE-full losse so IOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee smile, amid our sighes we Sing:
So sodainely our dying LIGHT renew'd,
As when the ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in sweete FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDERS
A newe Birde hath breath,



In whom the BEAVTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Ashes of the sacred VRNE
Of our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHOENIX *liuely flourisheth,*
Whom greater glories than the First adorne.
So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presum-I-on,
IAMES, Thou iust Heire of *England's ioyful* VNION.

IAMES, Thou iust Heire of *England's ioyful* VNION,
VNITING now too This long seuer'd ILE
(Sever'd for Strangers, from it Selfe the while)
Vnder one Scepter in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loues may never bee dis-vnion,
Throughout-all Kingdomes in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In vvhom vvas neuer guile)



To RVLE thy Subiectes
In his GOSPEL'S Vnion.
So, on thy Seate thy Seede shall euer Florish,
To SION's Comfort and th'eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme & Error:
So shall one TRVTH thy people train & nourish
In meeke Obedience of Th'Almighties Pleasure,
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To ſacred Thee (drad Soveraigne) deereſt IAMES,
While ſad-glad ENGLAND *yields Hir Diadems,*
To bee diſpos'd at thine Imperiall Pleaſure:
While Peers & States expoſe their pomp & treaſure
To entertaine thee from thy Tweed to THAMES
With Royall Preſentes,
And rare-pretious Gemmes;



As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy meaſure:
Heer (gracious Lord) lowe proſtrate I preſent you
The richeſt Iewell my poore FATE affoords,
(A Sacrifice, that long long-ſince I meant you)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in My words:*
With Him, my Selfe, my Seruice, Wit and Arte,
With all the SINNEVVES of a Loyall Heart.

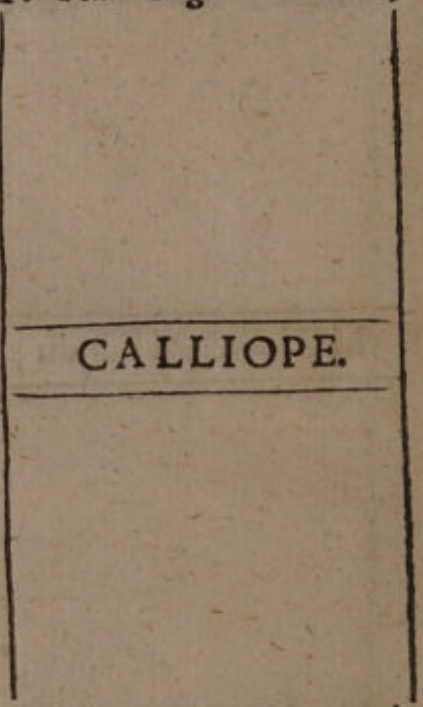
With all the SINNEVVES of a Loyall Heart,
Vnto Your Royall Handes I humblie Sacre
These weeks *(the works of the worlds glorious Maker)*
Diuinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art
(Though through my rudenes heer mis-tun'd in part)
For, to whom meeter should This Muse betake her,
Than to Your Highnesse,
Whom (as chiefe Partaker)



MELPOMENE.

All MVSES Crowne
For Principall Desarte?
To whom should sacred Arte and learned Pietie
In Highest Notes of Heauenly Musicke Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deitie,
But to a learned and religious KING!
To whom but You should Holy FAITH cõmend-her,
Great king of ENGLAND, Christian FAITH's defender?

Great king of ENGLAND, Christian FAITH's defender,
No Selfe-presuming of my VVitt's perfection
(*In vvhat is mine of this Diuine Confection*
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Rest, the Best I haue to render
For loyall Witnesse of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To Your High Protection,



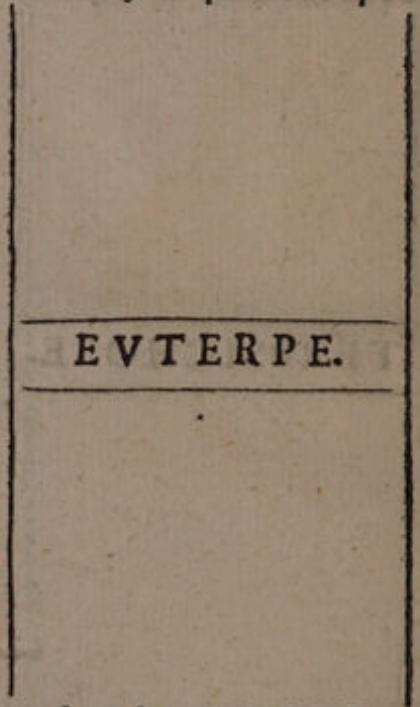
Which MORE it needs,
The more it selfe is slender.
But, for mine AVTHOR, in his Sacred-fury,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(Though heer His lustre too-too-much obscure-I).
For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Maieſties Seueritie)
Sith from this Errour of my bolde temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns & your benignity:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may prouoke (with more diuine dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Posterity

TERPSICHORE.

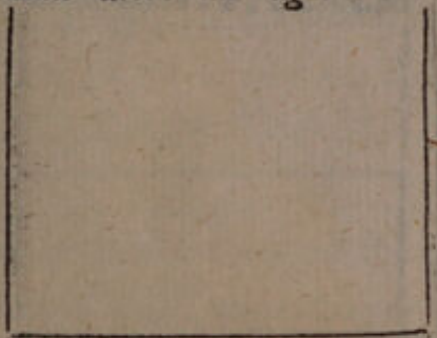
This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweet Rayes of your Royall Fauour
May ſhine ſo warme on theſe wilde Fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte, and ſauour,
And Rypen faire the Reſt that are behinde:
The rather, if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,
Where (Turtle-like) groaning Sad tunes she sate:
But (O!) curst ENVIE did vntimely lop
The first: the Next, bruiz'd with his Fall, did drop;
The Third remaines, growen a great arm of State:
Most WORTHIE So,
But so pra——occupate

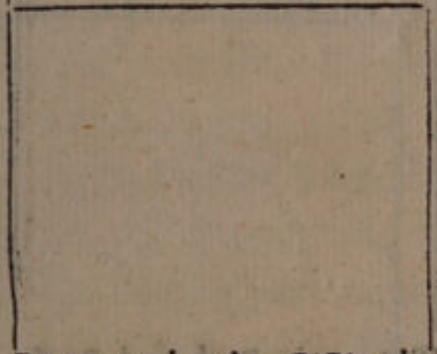


With other MVSES,
That OVRS hath no scope.
Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight,
Hardly pursu'd by that sharpe Vulture, WANT,
Shee's fain my Liege (with your good leaue) to light
Amid the Top-leaues of Your CEDAR-Plant:
Where, if you daign Her Rest frō FORTVNE's wrong,
Shee shall more sweetely Ende her solemne Song.

Shee ſhall more ſweetely Ende Her ſolemne Song
(If Heaven grant Life, and You give leaue to doo-it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Partes vnto it,
Which more preciſely to Your Praiſe belong
(Wherein expreſly, with a Thankefull tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's ſelf applies-him,
Yeeldes YOV His Laurells,
And dooth all agnize-him



ERATO.



Rapt vvith the VVonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, ſweeteſt neer his lateſt breath)
Which, of his glory their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas!) after their Father's death)
As Epilogue, ſhall PAYE our gratefull Vowes
Vnder the ſhaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes.

Vnder the ſhaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mounte LIBANON
(Greater then that great Tree of BABYLON*)*
No maruaile if our TVRTLE ſeek to Houſe;
Sith CEASAR's Eagles, that ſo ſtrongly Rouze:
Th'olde Hagard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon*:
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(And not THESE alone,

POLYMNIA.

But euerie Birde and Beaſt)
With HVMBLE vowes,
Seekesrooſt or reſt vnder your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath th'Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,
And build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So, STVARTS ay ſhall ſtand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shielde to Innocence:
Cheering the mild; checking the wild with powr:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, & VERTVE's Recompence:
Long liue King IANES
in all MAGNIFICENCE:



And (full of DAYES)
When (in his Bliſs-full Bowr)
Heauens king ſhal crown thee with th'immortal flowr,
Fall all Theſe Bleſsings on that forwarde Prince
HENRY *(our Hope) to Crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at Home, abroad a* CONQVEROR.
So Happily, that wee may ſtill Conclude,
Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT enſew'd.

Anagrammata Regia:
Regi.

IACOBVS STVART, *R.*
Iusta Scrutabor.

IAMES STVART:
A iust Master.

FOr A iust Master *haue I labour'd long:*
To A iust Master *haue I vow'd my best:*
By A iust Master *should I take no wrong:*
With A iust Master *would my life be blest.*
In A iust Master *are all Vertues met:*
From A iust Master *flowes aboundant grace:*
But, A iust Master *is so hard to get,*
That A iust Master *seems of Phœnix race:*
Yet, A iust Master *haue I found in fine.*
Of A iust Master *if you question This,*
Whom A iust Master *I so iust define;*
My Liege IAMES STVART A iust Master *is.*
And A iust Master *could my Work deserue,*
Such A iust Master *would I iustly serue.*

Voy Sire Saluste.

The Order of the Books or Tracts of this Volume.

THE FIRST WEEK containeth

Seauen Dayes.

THE
1. Day. page 1.
2. Day. 24.
3. Day. 59.
4. Day. 91.
5. Day. 114.
6. Day. 144.
7. Day. 175.

THE SECOND WEEK likewise

Seauen DAIES: *whereof Three were neuer* finished.

ADAM, 1. Day,
Eden. page 215.
The *Impostvre*. 236.
The *Furies*. 254.
The *Handy-Crafts*. 276.

NOAH, 2. Day,
The *Arke*. page 298.
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The *Colonies*. 335.
The *Columnes*. 358.

ABRAHAM. 3. Day,
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The *Fathers*. 421.
The *Law*. 436.
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DAVID, 4. Day,
The *Tropheis*. page 514.
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Urania. page 656.
The *Triumph of Faith*. 672.
The *Quadrains of Pibrac*. 697.
The *miraculous Peace of France*. 738.
A *Paradox against Liberty*. 780.

Intimo *Iosuæ Sylvestri*, Hexastichon.

VT prodesse suis posit, Salustius *offert*
Gallis, *quod nobis* Iosua *noster*, *opus*:
Ille ergo eximijs hoc vno nomine dignus
Laudibus; *at duplici nititur hic merito*:
Quem simul Authoris famæ, *charæq*; *videmus*
Communi Patriæ consuluisse bono.

Io: Bo. Miles.

Ad Ioshuam Sylvesterum, *G.* Salustij genuinum Interpretem.

(* * *)

FAre agè, *divini cultissima lingua* Salusti,
(SYLVESTER) Clarij *ceu fuit ille* Dei;
Elyzij *qua parte Iugi convenerat*, *& te*
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?
An magè, *corporeâ* Herois *compage soluta*,
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?
Credo equidem; *&* Samij *rata Dogmata sunt* Senis; *vnde*,
Non Translata mihi, *sed genuina canis*.
Quin & Posteritas, *si pagina prima taceret*,
Interpres dubitet tune vel ille siet.

Car: Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

Iosua Siluester Anagr:
Verè Os Salustij.

O *stu* SYLVESTER *nostro cur Ore vocaris?*
An quòd in ORE *feras* Mel? *quòd in Aure* Mel-os?
An quòd BARTASSI *facem dum pingis et* ORA,
ORA *tui pariter quælibet ora colit?*
Nempe licèt duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Silvas et salebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, *dux Salaminius olim*
Dixit, Inest libris Osq; *vigorq; tuis.*
Ergo Os *esto alijs, mihi* Suadæ LINGVA *videris;*
Musis et Phœbo charus OCELLVS *eris.*

Ad Gallum de Bartasio iam toto Anglicè donato.

Quòd Gallus factus modò sit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:
Sylvester *vester, noster* Bartasius, *ambo*
Laude quidem gemina digni, vt et ambo pari.

In Detractores ad Authorem.

Taceat maleuolum Os *malè strepentis Zoili;*
Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam *septies faustam canis*
Te Septimana septies faustum facit
Quæuis, nec vlla deleat Iosuam *Dies.*
Nempe ORE *fari Vera si licet meo,*
Os *ipse* VERE *diceris* SALVSTII;
Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris ORIS, ἄθεος *Theon*
Os *non carere dentibus sciat tuum.*

E. L. Oxon.

In duo Poetarum lumina, *Bartam* & *Sylueſterum*, carmen Aſclepiadeum Gliconicum, dicol. Diſtroph.

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,
Vel Germana ſoror nympha Polymnia,
Muſarúmue potens pater,
Pulſans plectra ſonantia.
Sylueſtere, meam tu ſuperas lyram,
Et linguam modulum, dum rudis obſtrepit:
Vatem commeruit decus
Illuſtrem ingenij tui.
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit ſcribere bellicum
Digne, vel Veneris roſæ
Vultum purpureæ parem:
Nec veſtram valeo tollere verſibus
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis
Sacra progenies ſatis;
Non vos equiparem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hoſpites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præſtat: noſter amat ſui
Ponti vincere Naiadas:
Ambo ſic proprias viribus ingenî
Divas ruricolas ponticolas ſimul
Viciſtis, trivij meum
Viciſtis miſerum melos.
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipſos cœlicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis nouos.

G. B. Cantabrig.

Dilectiſsimo *Fo: Syluestri.*

GAllica viſa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec vlla
Illi vel ſimilis, vel mihi maior erat:
Credideram magni nullo ſermone referri
BARTASI ingenium poſſe, vel eloquium:
Cum ſubitò clarum dedit alma Britannia ſolem,
Ingenij tenebras abſtulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et, ſi ſucceſſu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulceiſq; Camœnas!
Quei ſtanto Vati contigit eſſe pares.
Inceptò felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum deſtituatur opus.
Sic pia Sicælides aſpirent Numina Muſæ:
Sic faueat cœptis doctus Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit et ipſa ſuum.

Io: Mauldeus Germanus.

Amiciſsimo Ioſuæ Syluestri, G. Saluſtij. D.
BARTASII *interpreti, Encomium.*

QVod conſpecta Pharus vario dat lumine vaſta
Æquora ſulcanti, cum vaga Luna ſilet:
Et quod luſtratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in ſyluis dum manifeſtat iter:
Hoc dat præſtanti methodo SALVSTIVS illis,
Cognitio Sanctæ queis placet Hiſtoriæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSVA noſter,
Quiſolus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Muſa tua eſt BARTAS dulciſsima: Muſa videtur
Ipſa tamen NOSTRI, dulcior eſſe mihi.

Si. Ca. Gen.

To M. Iosuah Sylvester, *of his* Bartas *Metaphrased.*

I Dare confesse; Of Muses, more than nine,
Nor list, nor can I envy none, but thine.
She, drencht alone in Sion's *sacred Spring,*
Her Makers praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
And reacheth neereſt th' Angels notes aboue;
Nor lists to sing or Tales, or Warrs, or Loue.
One while I finde hir, in hir nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen spheares of heav'n bright:
Thence, straight she glides, before I be aware,
Through the three regions of the liquid ayre:
Thence, rushing down, through Nature's *Closet-dore,*
She ransacks all her Grandame's secret store;
And, diuing to the darknes of the Deep,
Sees there what wealth the waues in prison keep:
And, what she sees aboue, belowe, betweene,
She showes and sings to others eares and eyne.
T'is true; Thy Muse another's steps doth presse:
The more's her paine; nor is her praise the less.
Freedom giues scope, vnto the rouing thought;
Which by restraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feet, vnfettred, walken farre, or fast?
Which, pent with chains, mote want their wonted haste.
Thou follow'st Bartasses *diuiner streine;*
And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.
BARTAS *was some French Angell, girt with Bayes:*
And thou a BARTAS *art, in English Layes.*
Whether is more? Me seems (the sooth to say'n)
One BARTAS *speaks in Tongues, in Nations, twayn.*

Ios. Hall.

To my good friend, M. Sylvester, in honour of this sacred Work.

THus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures from a forraine Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant pray,
And that without iniustice; doth bewray
The glory of the Work, that we may boast
Much to haue wonn, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER *hast wrought,*
And heer enricht vs with th'immortall store
Of other's sacred lines; which from them brought,
Coms by thy taking greater than before:
So hast thou lighted, from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that neuer shall goe ont.

Samuel Daniel.

To M. Iosuah Sylvester.

A SONNET.

THe glorious Salust, *morall, true, diuine,*
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n *his subiect, and the* Earth *his stage,*
The Arts *his Actors, and the* Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gildes, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whose World's *blest* Birth, *and blessed* Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for euery line;
Hath heer obtain'd a true Interpreter,
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but loue of Heav'n and vs,
Mov'd to vn-French *his learned labours thus.*
Thus loues, thus lines all-loued SYLVESTER.
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this task prefer thine only Pen.

G. Gay-Wood.

EPIGRAM.
To M. Iosuah Syluester.

IF to admire were to commend, my Praise
Might then both thee, thy Work and merit raise:
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
And vtter stranger to all ayre of France)
How can I speake of thy great paines, but erre?
Since they can only iudge, that can confer.
Behold! the reuerend Shade of BARTAS *stands*
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commaunds
That to the world I publish, for him, This;
BARTAS doth wish thy *English* now were His.
So well in that are his inuentions wrought,
As His will now be the Translation *thought,*
Thine the Originall; *and* France *shall boast,*
No more, those mayden glories she hath lost.

B. Iohnson.

In praise of the Translator.

IF diuine BARTAS (*from whose blessed Braines*
Such Works of grace, or gracefull works did stream)
Were so admir'd for Wit's *celestiall* Strain's
As made their Vertues Seate, the high'st Extream;
Then, IOSVAH, *the* Sun *of thy bright praise*
Shall fixed stand in Arts *faire* Firmament,
Till Dissolution *date* Times *Nights, and Daies,*
Sith right thy Lines *are made to* BARTAS *Bent,*
Whose Compass *circumscribes (in spacious Words)*
The Vniuersall *in particulars;*
And thine the same, in other Tearmes, affords;
So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars:
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,
They are (like God) eternall, sith Diuine.

Iohn Danies of Hereford.

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In Commendation of this worthy Work.

FOole that I was, I thought, in younger times,
That all the *Muſes* had their graces ſowen
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and ſweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good ſeems beſt, where better is vnknowen).
While thus I dream'd, my buſie phantaſie
Bad me awake, open mine eyes, and ſee

How SALVST's Engliſh *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vaile: and how the *Sheaues*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing do *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-ſhaken *Leaues*:
So much, for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath He out gon thoſe that the reſt out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie's* vip'rous ſeed
Gnaw forth the breſt which bred and fed the ſame;
Reſt ſafe (Sound truth from fear is euer freed.)
Malice may bark, but ſhall not bite thy Name:
IOSVAH, thy Name with BARTAS name ſhall liue:
For, double life you each to other giue.

But, Mother *Enuie*, if this *Arras* ſpunne
Of *Golden* threds be ſeen of *Engliſh* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are vndone:
But She, more ſubtile, than religious-wiſe,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, ſwoln as Toade (though cuſtomed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what Peace hath She
With *Vertue*? none: Therefore defie her frown.
Gainſt greater force growes greater victory.
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it ſprings; *Vertue*, deſpightfully
Vſed, doth vie the more to fructifie:

And ſo do Thou, vntill thy *Mauſole* rare
Do fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumſie fiſt may dare
To meddle with thy Pencil and thy Plat;
I fear thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Than Wife hir Spouſe, or Father fears his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti lucrum.

An Acroſtick Sonnet, to his friend M. Iosva Sylvester.

I IF profit, mixt with pleaſure, merit Praiſe,
O Or Works diuine be 'fore profane preferr'd:
S Shall not this heauenly Work the VVorkers raiſe,
V Vnto the Clouds on Columnes ſelfly-rear'd?
A And (though his Earth be lowe in Earth interr'd)
S Shall not du Bartas (Poets pride and glory)
Y In after Ages be with wonder heard,
L Liuely recording th'Vniversal Story?
V Vndoubtedly He ſhal: and ſo ſhalt Thou,
E Eare-charming Eccho of his ſacred Voice.
S Sweet Sylvester, how happy was thy choiſe,
T To Task thee thus, and thus to quight thee now?
E End as thou haſt begun; and then by right
R Rare Muſes Non-Svch, ſhal thy Work be hight.

R. N. *Gen.*

To the Same.

HAd golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In enuious ſilence their admired meaſures,
A thouſand Worthies worthy deeds had ſlept:
They reft of praiſe; and we of learned pleaſures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable treaſures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Diuine du Bartas, hid his heauenly ceaſures,
Singing the mighty World's immortall ſtory?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer! but yet much more
To thee (deare Sylvester) for thus vnfolding
These holy wonders, hid from vs before.
Thoſe works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Graue, learned, deepe, delightfull, and diuine.

R. N.

THE FIRST WEEK

Or

Birth of the WORLD:

Where-in

In *SEAVEN DAYES*

The glorious Work

of

The *CREATION*

is diuinely handled.

In the
1. *Day, The CHAOS.*
2. *Day, The ELEMENTS.*
3. *Day, The SEA & EARTH.*
4. *Day, The HEAVENS, SVN, MOON, &c.*
5. *Day, The FISHES & FOVLES.*
6. *Day, The BEASTS & MAN.*
7. *Day, The SABAOTH.*



Acceptam refero.

LECTORIBVS.



ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OVR APOLLO)
WORLD'S-wonder
SYDNEY,
that rare more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENVS
first to LIMNE beganne,
VVith such a PENCILL
as no PENNE dares follow:
How thē ſhold I, in Wit & Art ſo ſhalow,
Attēpt the *Task* which yet none other can?
Far be the thought, that mine vnlearned hand
His heauenly Labour ſhold ſo much vnhallow:
Yet, leaſt (that Holy-RELIQVE being ſhrin'd
In ſom High-Place, cloſe lockt frō common light)
My Country-men ſhould bee debarr'd the ſight
Of theſe DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE;
This haue I muddled, as my MVSE was able.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

GOD's Ayde implor'd: the Summ of All propos'd:
World *not eternall, nor by* Chaunce *compos'd:*
But of meer Nothing *God it essence gaue:*
It had Beginning: *and an* End *shall haue:*
Curst Atheists quipt: the Heathen Clarkes control'd:
Doom's *glorious* Day: Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold:*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Altern ate Changes *of the* Day *and* Night:
The Birth of Angels; *some for* Pride *dejected:*
The rest persist in Grace, *and gard th' Elected.*

THOu, glorious Guide of Heav'ns star-glistring motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou, Earth's drad Shaker (at whose only Word,
Th *Eolian* Scoutes are quickly still'd and stirr'd)
Lift vp my soule, my drossie spirits refine,
With learned Art enrich This Work of mine:
O Father grant I sweetly warble forth
Vnto our seede the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:
Graunt (gracious God) that I record in Verse
The rarest Beauties of this VNIVERSE;
And grant, therein Thy Power I may discern:
That, teaching others, I my self may learn.

The Poet implo-reth the gracious assistance of the true God of Hea-ven, Earth, Ayre and Sea, that he may happily fi-nish the work he takes in hand.

The Trãſlator knowing and acknowledging his owne inſufficiẽcy for ſo excellent a labor, craueth alſo the ayde of the All-ſufficient God.

And alſo grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whoſe mighty Voice ſpeaks in the midſt of Thunders,
Cauſing the Rocks to rock, and Hills to tear;
Calling the things that Are not, as they were;
Confounding Mighty things by means of Weak;
Teaching dum Infants thy drad Praiſe to ſpeak;
Inſpiring Wiſdom into thoſe that want,
And giuing Knowledge to the Ignorant)
Grant mee, good Lord (as thou haſt giu'n me hart
To vndertake ſo excellent a Part)
Grant me ſuch Iudgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correſpondent to that Excellence,
That in ſome meaſure, I may ſeeme t'inherit
(Eliſha-*like*) *my dear* Elias *Spirit.*

The World was not from euerlaſting.

CLEAR FIRE for euer hath not Ayre imbraç't,
Nor Ayre for-ay inuiron'd Waters vaſt,
Nor Waters always wrapt the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once (of nought) begin.
Once All was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerſt importune)
With iarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Inuiſible, immortall, infinite.

Neither made by Chance. But created together with Time by the almighty wiſedome of God.

Th'immutable diuine Decree, which ſhall
Cauſe the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the ſame
But in the inſtant when Time firſt became.
I meane a Time confuſed; for, the courſe
Of years, of months, of weeks, of daies, of howrs,
Of Ages, Times, and Seaſons, is confin'd
By th'ordred Daunce vnto the Stars aſſign'd.

God was before the World was.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit, all light
All Maieſty, all-ſelf-Omnipotent
Inuiſible, impaſſiue, excellent;
Pure, wiſe, iuſt, good, God raign'd alone (at reſt)
Himſelfe alone ſelfs Palace, hoſt, and gueſt.

Thou

Thou scoffing Atheist, that enquirest, what
Th'Almighty did before he framed that?
What weighty Work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun
(Sith so deep Wisedom and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloth & negligence)?
Knowe (bold blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous Guilt
Of those vngodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisedome infinite.

He confuteth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

Can Carpenters, Weauers, and Potters passe
And liue, without their seuerall works a space?
And could not then th'Almighty All-Creator,
Th'all-prudent, *B E E*; without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himself esteem,
Neuer lesse sole then when he sole doth seem?
And could not God (O Heav'ns! what frantike folly!)
Subsist alone, but sink in melancholy?
Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* auerr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear:*
And should the Lord, whose Wealth exceeds all measure,
Should he be poor, without this Worldly treasure?
God neuer seeks, out of himself, for ought;
He begs of none, he buies or borrows nought;
But aye, from th'*Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,
Hee poureth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.
Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moon did Wax or VVane,
Yer Sea had Fish, yer Earth had grass or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:
His power, his Iustice, and his Prouidence,
His bountious Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th'holy obiect of his heav'nly thought,
Vpon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also that he meditated
The VVorlds *Idëa*, yer it was Created:
Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit
VVere with him ay, Equall in might and merit.

What God did before he created the World.

Of 3 Persons in one only Essence

of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

For, *sans* beginning, seed, and Mother tender,
This great World's Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisedom, and Word eternal:
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternal.

Of the Holy-Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one onely and the same God.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded,
Their Spirit, their Loue; in Essence vndiuided:
Onely distinct in Persons, whose Diuinity,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft soft, my *Muse*, launch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rock,
Where many a ship hath suffered wofull wrack,
While they haue fondly vent'red forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.

How to think, & speak of God.

Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,
But 'long'st the shoar with sailes of *Faith* must coast;
Their Star the Bible; Steers-man th' Holy-Ghost.
How many fine wits haue the World abus'd,
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselues and others in their curiosities: and weening to be wise, became fooles.

And, scorning of the loyall virgins Thred,
Haue them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheetes of either Testament
'Tis hard to find a higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discuss,
More vse-full, knowne; vnknowne, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazles my tender sight:
So deep discourse my sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my mouth my fainting words be mute.

God, the Father Sonne, & Holy-Ghost created of Nothing the Worlds goodly frame.

This TRINITY (which rather I adore
In humblenes, then busily explore)
In th' infinit of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appeares ingrav'n on euery part
The Builders beauty, greatnes, wealth, and Art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnes, that confounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds,

Climb

Climb they that liſt the battlements of Heav'n,
And with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n,
Beyond the World's wals let thoſe Eagles flie,
And gaze vpon the Sun of Maieſtie:
Let other-ſome (whoſe fainted ſpirits do droop)
Downe to the ground their meditations ſtoop,
And ſo contemplate on theſe Workmanſhips,
That th' Authors praiſe they in Themſelues eclipſe.
My heedfull *Muſe*, trained in true Religion,
Diuinely-humane keeps the middle Region:
Leaſt, if ſhe ſhould too-high a pitch preſume,
Heav'ns glowing flame ſhould melt her waxen plume;
Or, if too-lowe (neer Earth or Sea) ſhe flag,
Laden with Miſts her moiſted wings ſhould lag.
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glaſſe) God's glorious face is ſeen:
I loue to look on God; but in this Robe
Of his great Works, this vniuerſall Globe.
For, if the Suns bright beames do blear the ſight
Of ſuch as fixtly gaze againſt his light;
Who can behold aboue th' Empyriall Skies,
The lightning ſplendor of God's glorious eies?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which bear his Image round about?
God, of himſelfe incapable to ſenſe,
In's Works, reueales him t' our intelligence:
There-in, our fingers feel, our noſtrils ſmel,
Our palats taſte his vertues that excel:
He ſhewes him to our eyes, talkes to our ears,
In th' ord'red motions of the ſpangled Sphears.
The World's a School, where (in a generall Story)
God alwayes reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A pair of Stairs, whereby our mounting Soule
Aſcends by ſteps aboue the Arched Pole:
A ſumptuous Hall, where God (on euery ſide)
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may paſſ-o're (at eaſe)
Of ſacred Secrets the broad boundleſs Seas.

Leauing curious ſpeculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Workes.

God makes himſelfe (as it were) viſible in his Workes.

Sundry compariſons, ſhewing what vſe Chriſtians ſhould make in conſidering the works of God in this mighty World.

The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleer,
Not faire *Latona's* quiv'red Darling deer;
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Iustice, Knowledge, Loue, and Prouidence,
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Aboue the Heav'ns to rauish dullest mindes.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect,
A faire Character, void of all defect.
But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In steed of learning, learn to play the fools:
We gaze but on the Babies and the Couer,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-ouer;
And neuer farther for our *Lesson* look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
That, by His wisedome, God the World conducts.
To read This Book, we need not vnderstand
Each strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turks Characters, nor *Hebrue* Points to seek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antartiks* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fel, the Childe
Scarce seav'n year old, the bleared aged eye,
Though void of Art, read heer indifferently.
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, aboue their highest heighth:
He comprehends th' Arch-mouer of all Motions,
And reads (though running) all these needfull Notions.
Therefore, by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,
These sacred *Pandects* I desire to read:
And, God the better to beholde, behold
Th' Orb from his Birth, in's Ages manifolde.
Th' admired Author's Fancy, fixed not
On some fantastik fore-conceited Plot:

Although the world discouer sufficiently euen to the most rude the Eternity and Power of God: Yet only the true Christians do rightly conceiue it.

Much

Much leſs did he an elder World elect,
By form whereof, he might this Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some ſtately Palace, yer he do commence
His Royall Work, makes choiſe of ſuch a Court
Where coſt and cunning equally conſort:
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All anſwerable to his queint deuice;
From this fair Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Friſe* and *Corniſh*,
And other Places other Peeces furniſh;
And ſo, ſelecting euery where the beſt,
Doth thirty Models in one Houſe digeſt.

God, needing no Idea, nor premeditatiõ nor Pattern of his work, of nothing made all the World.

Nothing, but *Nothing*, had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this Citie:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea did frame,
He ſought not far, he ſwet not for the ſame:
As *Sol*, without deſcending from the ſky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted brauery;
Withouten trauaile cauſeth th'Earth to bear,
And (far off) makes the World young euery year:

A fit Simile to that purpoſe.

The Power and Will, th'affection and effect,
The Work and Proiect of this Architect
March all at once: all to his pleaſure ranges,
Who *Alwaies-One*, his purpoſe neuer changes.
Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receiue
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceiue
That Hee who meanes to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes firſt prouiſion of all matter meet
(As Timber, Iron, Canuaſe, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all's ready; then appointeth, which
Which peece for Planks, which plank ſhall line the waſte,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir ſhall make a maſt;
As Art and Vſe directeth, heedfully,
His hand, his tool, his iudgement, and his eye:
So God, before This Frame he faſhioned,
I Wote not what great *Word* he vttered

Of Nothing, God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gaue the form and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

From's ſacred mouth; which ſummon'd in a Maſſe
Whatſoeuer now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainfull trade,
Findes all his ſtuffe to's hand already made;
Th' Almightie makes his, all and euery part,
Without the help of others Wit or Art.
That firſt World (yet) was a moſt formleſs *Form*,
A confus'd Heap, a *Chaos* moſt deform,
What that new-created Chaos was, before God gaue it forme, figure, place, and ſituation.
A Gulf of Gulfs, a Body ill compact,
An vgly medly, where all difference lackt:
Where th'Elements lay iumbled all together,
Where hot and colde were iarring each with either;
The blunt with ſharp, the dank againſt the drie,
The hard with ſoft, the baſe againſt the high;
Bitter with ſweet: and while this brawl did laſt,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.
For, yet th'immortall, mightie Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marſhall, vnto each his quarter
Had not aſſigned: the Celeſtiall Arks
Were not yet ſpangled with their fiery ſparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth reuiued:
No ſcaly ſhoals yet in the waters diued:
Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet through the tranſparent Sky.
All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
Geneſ. 1. 2 All without faſhion, ſoule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in ſuch a World, ſpy forth
The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, and the Earth;
Th'Earth was not firm, the Fier was not hot,
Th'Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.
Briefly, ſuppoſe an Earth, poore, naked, vain,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plain,

A Heav'n vn-hangd, vn-turning, vn-transparant,
Vn-garnished, vn-gilt with Stars apparant;
So maist thou ghesse what Heav'n and Earth was that,
Where, in confusion, raigned such debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.
This was not then the World: 'twas but the Matter,
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;
Or rather, th'*Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like
The shape-less burthen in the Mothers womb,
Which yet in Time doth into fashion com:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And euery member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thriues,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arriues.
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life perfection.
But this dull Heap of vndigested stuf
Had doubtlesse neuer come to shape or proof,
Had not th'Almighty with his quick'ning breath
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.
The dreadfull Darknes of the *Memphytists*,
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)
Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies:
So that (in fine) this furious debate
Euen in the birth this Ball had ruinate,
Saue that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some secret Mastik of his sacred Power,
To glew together, and to gouern fair
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;
Who ioyntly iustling, in their rude Disorder,
The new-born Nature went about to murder.
As a good Wit, that on th'immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraues a Work Diuine,

The Chaos how to be considered.

A simile.

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceiueable

Abroad,

me.ane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the shape-lesse Masse. Genes. 1

Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for euer vses
To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses:
So did Gods Spirit delight it self a space
To moue it self vpon the floating *Masse*:
No other care th'Almightie's minde possest
(If care can enter in his sacred brest).
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood
(Som of her owne, som of adoptiue blood)
Sits close thereon, and with her liuely heat,
Of yellow-white balls, doth lyue birds beget:
Euen in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood vpon this Gulf; with care paternall
Quickning the Parts, inspiring power in each,
From so foul Lees, so fair a World to fetch.
For, 't's nought but All, in't self including All:
An vn-beginning, midles, endles Ball;
'Tis nothing but a World, whose superfice
Leaues nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

That there is but one World: confuting the Error of Lucyppus & his Disciples, by two reasons.

Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadfull aw)
Vpon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th'eternall *Law*,
Had not assur'd vs that Gods sacred Power
In *six Dayes* built this Vniuersall Bower;
Reason it self doth ouer-throw the grounds
Of those new Worlds that fond *Leucyppus* founds:
Sith, if kind Nature many Worlds could *clip,
Still th'vpper Worlds water and earth would slip
Into the lower; and so in conclusion,
All would return into the Old Confusion.
Besides, we must imagin empty distance
Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their courses,
By th'inter-iustling of each others forces:
But, all things are so fast together fixt
With so firm bonds, that there's no void betwixt.
Thence coms it, that a Cask, pearc't to be spent,
Though full, yet runs not till we giue it vent.
Thence is 't that Bellowes, while the snout is stopt,
So hardly heaue, and hardly can be op't.

* embrace.

Thence

Thence is't that water doth not freez in Winter,
Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter.
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,
Let fall no liquor at their siue-like nose.
And thence it is, that the pure siluer source,
In leaden pipes running a captiue course,
Contrary to it's Nature, spouteth high:
To all, so odious is Vacuity.
God then, not only framed Nature one,
But also set it limitation
Of Form and Time: exempting euer solely
From quantity his own self's Essence holy.
How can we call the Heav'ns vnmeasured?
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured.
How can we count this Vniuerse immortall?
Sith many-wayes the parts proue howerly mortall:
Sith his Commencement proues his Consummation,
And all things ay decline to Alteration.
Let bold *Greek* Sages fain the Firmament
To be compos'd of a fift Element:
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnes,
End and beginning to th'Heav'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue that Deaths lawes alone,
Reach but the Bodies vnder *Cynthias* Throne:
The sandy grounds of their *Sophistick* brawling
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.
One Day, the Rocks from top to toe shall quiuer,
The mountaines melt and all in sunder shiuer:
The Heav'ns shall rent for fear; the lowely Fields,
Puft vp, shall swell to huge and mighty Hills:
Riuers shall dry: or if in any Flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood:
The Sea shall all be fire and on the shoar
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar:
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it should be noon:
With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face,
The Stars shall fall, and All away shall pass:

Confutation of another Error of such as make Nature *and the Heauens infinite*

A liuely description of the end of this world.

Disorder,

Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall com,
Noise, Stormes, and Darknes shall vsurp the room.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Iustice*, venging Wrath
(Which heer already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vast Ocean all.

Against iudicial Astrologers, that presume to point the very time thereof.

Alas! how faith-les and how modest-les
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th'yeer, the month and day, which euermore
Gainst yeers, months, dayes, shal dam-vp *Saturnes* dore!
(At thought whereof (euen now) my heart doth ake,
My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)
You haue mis-cast in your *Arithmetike*,
Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly ye seek
In Nights black darknes for the secret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings.
'Tis hee, that keeps th'eternall Clocke of Time,
And holds the waights of that appointed Chime:
Hee in his hand the sacred book doth bear
Of that close-clasped finall *Calendar*,
Where, in *Red letters* (not with vs frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,
That 'twill be seen, before fore-seene of most.
Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend
(Though yet he seem in feeble flesh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie:
Millions of Angels shall about him flie:
Mercy and *Iustice*, marching cheek by ioule,
Shall his Diuine *Triumphant Chariot* roule;
Whose wheeles shall shine with Lightning round about,
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Those that were laden with proud marble Toombs,
Those that were swallow'd in wilde Monsters woombs,
Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes
Of ruddy Flames haue burned all to ashes,
Awaked all, shall rise, and all reuest
The flesh and bones that they at first possest.

All

All shall appear, and hear, before the Throne
Of God (the Iudge without exception)
The finall Sentence (sounding ioy and terror)
Of euer-lasting Happines or Horror.
Som shall his *Iustice*, som his *Mercy* taste;
Som call'd to ioy, som into torment cast,
When from the Goats he shall his Sheep disseuer;
These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curst* in Hell for euer.
O thou that once (scornd as the vilest drudge)
Didst fear the doom of an *Italian* Iudge,
Daign (deerest Lord) when the last Trump shall summon,
To this *Grand Sessions*, all the World in common;
Daign in That Day to vndertake my matter:
And, as my Iudge, so be my Mediator.

Th'eternall Spring of Power and Prouidence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not vnlike the Bear, which bringeth-forth
In th'end of thirty dayes a shapeles birth;
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.
For when his World in the vast Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the lowe he parted,
And by it selfe, hot vnto hot he sorted;
Hard vnto hard, cold vnto cold he sent;
Moist vnto moist, as was expedient.
And so in *Six Dayes* form'd ingeniously,
All things contain'd in th'VNIVERSITIE.

Hauing spoken of the creation of the Matter, he sheweth how & what Forme God gaue vnto it, creating in six Dayes his admirable workes.

Not, but he could haue, in a moment, made
This flowry Mansion where mankind doth trade;
Spred Heav'ns blew Curtains & those Lamps haue burnisht;
Earth, aire, & sea; with beasts, birds, fish, haue furnisht:
But, working with such Art so many dayes,
A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,
Yer Man was made yet; he declares to vs,
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,

Wherefore God imployed six Dayes in creating the World.

He

He would be to vs being made, to whom
By thousand promises of things to-come
(Vnder the Broad-Seal of his deere Sons blood)
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.
How men should imitate God in his workes. By his Example he doth also shewe-vs
We should not heedles-hastily bestowe-vs
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-vises; *Making sober speed*
In deerest business, and obserue, by proof,
That, *What is well don, is don soon enough.*
The 1. creature, extracted from the Chaos, *was Light.* O Father of the Light! of Wisedome fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confused Mountain
What should (what could) issue, before the *Light*?
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclope* drawn,
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun
To make them seen, had neuer showen his splendor:
In vain, in vain had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian-Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Tropheis of Wealth and Power)
In vain they had been builded euery one,
By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Ctesiphon*;
Had All been wrapt-vp from all humane sight,
In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect,
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
Then lightsomnes? to th' end the Worlds bright Eye,
Careering dayly once about the Sky,
May shine therein; and that in euery part
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.
Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light. Whether Gods Spirit, mouing vpon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters (which yet couered All)
Thence forç't the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* iusting furiously
Vnder hot *Cancer*, make two clouds to clash,
Whence th' aire at mid-night flames with lightning flash):

Whether

Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
From Fiery Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vast confused Crowd
For twice-six howrs he spread a shining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-vp either Clime:
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled
Vpon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gaue light in order
To th'vn-plaç't Climates of that deep disorder;
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth enlighten All.
No sooner said he, *Be there Light*, but lo
The form-less Lump to perfect Form gan growe; *Gen. 1. 3.*
And, all illustred with Lights radiant shine,
Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.
All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling;
Sorrow and Care, Darknes and Dread-repelling: *Of the excellent vse and commoditie of Light.*
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked mens iust Terror,
Mother of Truth, true Beauties onely Mirror,
God's eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
Doth iudge thee so: and sith his Maiesty
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
Can doo no less then sing thy modest prayse.
But yet, because all Pleasures wax vnpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present; *Why God ordained the Night and Day alternately to succeed each other.*
And none can right discern the sweets of Peace,
That haue not felt Warrs irkesom bitterness;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, contraries each other best descry)
Th'All's-Architect; alternately decreed
That Night the Day, the Day should Night succeed.
The Night to temper Dayes exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout. *The commoditie that the Night.*

The *bringeth vs.*

The Night is she that all our trauailes eases,
Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeases.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darknes hushing euery thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathsom; euen a Hell to pass:
For, outward pains and inward passions still,
With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away
Where-with vaine Actors, in this Worlds great Play,
By day disguise them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poor and rich, the Prisoner and the Iudge,
The foul and fair, the Master and the Drudge,
The fool and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle couers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for som notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Auarice;
Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our soules dire sulphur; resteth yet at Night.
He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
His laden Barge alongst a Riuers side,
And filling shoars with shouts, doth melt him quite;
Vpon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He that in Sommer, in extreamest heat
Scorched all day in his own scalding sweat,
Shaues, with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes: resteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deer Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Sisters sacred Minions,
While silent Night vnder her sable pinions
Foldes all the World; with pain-les pain they tread
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher then the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

EVEN NOVV I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes lateſt hower; that for a little time,
The Night might eaſe My Labours: but, I ſee
As yet *Aurora* hath ſcarce ſmil'd on me;
My Work ſtill growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'ns glorious Hoaſt in nimble ſquadrons flyes.

Before he concludes the first Day, he treates of Angels.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you Angels bright,
Vnder the name of Heav'n, or of the Light:
Whether you were, after, in th'inſtant born
With thoſe bright Spangles that the Heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you deriue your high Deſcent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill ſtifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether ſo, or ſo;
Eſpecially, where curious ſearch, perchance,
Is not ſo ſafe as humble Ignorance);
I am reſolv'd that once th'Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, fair, and free; in brief, of Eſſence ſuch
As from his Owne differd not very much.

The time of their Creation not certainly reſolued.

But euen as thoſe, whom Princes fauours oft
Aboue the reſt haue rais'd and ſet-aloft,
Are oft the firſt that (without right or reaſon)
Attempt Rebellion and do practice Treaſon;
And ſo, at length are iuſtly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught aboue the Crown:
Euen ſo, ſom Legions of thoſe lofty Spirits
(Envying the glory of their Makers merits)
Conſpir'd together, ſtroue againſt the ſtream,
T'vſurpe his Sceptер and his Diademe.
But He, whoſe hands doe neuer Lightnings lack
Proud ſacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurld them in th'Aire, or in ſom lower Cell:
For, where God is not, euery where is Hell.

Som of them are fallen, reuolting from God: and are caſt into Hell, therefore called Euill *Angels, Wicked Spirits, and Diuels.*

This curſed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of vs, at leaſt, haue this aduantage got,
That by experience they can truly tell
How far it is from higheſt Heav'n to Hell:

For, by a proud leap, they haue tane the measure,
When headlong thence they tumbled in displeasure.
These Fiends are so far-off from bett'ring them
By this hard Iudgement, that still more extream,
The more their plague, the more their pride increases,
The more their rage: as Lizards, cut in peeces,
Threat with more malice, though with lesser might,
And euen in dying shewe their liuing spight.
For, euer since, against the King of Heav'n
Th'Apostate Prince of Darknes still hath striv'n,
Striv'n to depraue his Deeds, t'intern their Story,
T'vndoo his Church, to vnder-mine his Glory;
To reaue this World's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Maister, and of Magistrate.
But finding still the Maiesty diuine
Too strongly fenç't for him to vnder-mine;
His Ladders, Canons and his Engines, all
Force-les's to batter the celestiall Wall;
Too weak to hurt the Head, he hacks the Members,
The Tree too hard, the Branches he dismembers.
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Foresters,
Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,
To take the Foul, the Fish, the sauage Beasts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fear-full Wildernes:
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practice nought but wile.
With wanton glaunce of Beauties burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
With Golds bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Auarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.
With curious Skill-pride, and vain dreams, he witches
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
Yea, *Faith* it selfe, and *Zeal*, besomtimes Angles
Wherewith this Iuggler Heav'n-bent Soules intangles:
Much like the green Worm, that in Spring deuours
The buds and leaues of choisest Fruits and Flowrs;

The insolent and audacious attempts of Satan and his Fellowes against God and his Church.

The diuers baits of the Diuell to entrap mankind.

Turning

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Sith being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th'effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,
And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

God restraines them at his pleasure.

Not that they haue the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T'abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize our body and our minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leaue, one minute of an hower
They cannot range. It was by his permission,
1. *Kings* 22. 35 The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march against that Foe with force,
Which should his body from his soule diuorce.
Arm'd with Gods sacred Pass-port, he did try
Iob 1. 15. *&c.* Iust humble *Iob's* renowned Constancy:
He reaues him all his Cattel, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Seruants slayes:
To losse of Goods he adds his Children losse,
And heaps vpon him bitter cross on cross.

Why the Lord sometimes lets loose those wicked Spirits.

For th'Only Lord, somtimes to make a tryall
Of firmest *Faith*; somtimes with Errors vioII
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight;
Lets loose these *Furies*: who with fell despight
Driue still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)
Their damned drifts in *Adam* first commenced.

Of the good Angels seruing to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in generall and particular.

But, as these Rebels, maugre all that will,
T'assist the Good, be forc't t'assault the Ill:
Th'vnspotted Spirits that neuer did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too lowe descend,
With willing speed they euery moment goe
Whether the breath of diuine grace doth blowe:
Their aims had neuer other limitation
Then God's own glory, and his Saints saluation.
Law-less Desire ne'r enters in their breast,
Th'Almightie's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:
Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning,
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mourning.

Ambi-

Ambitious Mans greedy Desire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
These neuer thirst for greater Dignities.
Trauail's their ease, their bliss in seruice lies.
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,
Or bow'd his head, or giuen som other token,
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Ministery of Angels shall be seen,
But these quick Postes with ready expedition
Fly to accomplish their diuine Commission.
One follows *Agar* in hir pilgrimage, *Gen.21.17,18.*
And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.
Another guideth *Isaacs* mighty Hoasts; *Exod.23.23.&*
Another, *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts. *33.2.*
Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight. *Tobi.11.7,11.*
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with ioy, *& 12,14.& 15*
Tels that a Virgin shall bring forth a Boy;
That *Mary* shall at-once be Mayd-and-Mother, *Luk.1.26.*
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spowse, and Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull wcomb shall hold
Him, that in Him doth all the World infold.
Som in the Desart tender consolations,
While IESVS stroue with Sathans strong Temptations. *Matth.4.11.*
One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,
Cheers-vp his fears in that great enterprise, *Luk.22.43.*
To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.
Another certifies his Resurrection
Vnto the Women, whose faith's imperfection *Matth.28.25.*
Suppos'd his colde limbs in the Graue were bound
Vntill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.
Another, past all hope, doth pre-auerr
The birth of *Iohn*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger. *Luk.1.13.*
One, trusty Scriant for diuine Decrees, *Acts 12.1.*
The *Iewes* Apostle from close Prison frees:
One, in few howers, a fearfull slaughter made
Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had; *Exod.12.29.*

Exempting Those vpon whose door-posts stood
2. King. 10. 35 A sacred token of Lambs tender blood.
Another mowes-down in a moments space,
Before *Hierusalem*, (Gods chosen place)
Senacharib's proud ouer-daring Hoast,
That threatned Heav'n, and 'gainst the Earth did boast;
In his blasphemous Braues, comparing ev'n
His Idol-Gods, vnto the God of Heav'n.
His Troups, victorious in the East before,
Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore
The Onely God; so that, without their leaue,
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Wals could leaue.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poyzing the danger of these sad euents
(His Subiects thrall, his Cities woefull Flames,
His childrens death the rape of noble Dames,
The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,
And's Royall Self with thousand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer voyd
Of sacred vse, Gods Seruants all destroyd)
Humbled in Sack-cloath and in Ashes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury
On those proud *Pagan* Enimies of *Iury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the Fire securely snorted hard,
From Heav'n th' Almighty looking sternly down
(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)
A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,
Whose two-hand Sword, at euery veny, slent,
Not through a single Souldiers feeble bones,
But keenly slyces through whole Troops at once:
And heaws broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now gan they fly; but all too slowe to shun
A flying Sword that follow'd euery one.
A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm
That in one Night had don so dismall harm:

As we perceiue a Winde-mils sayls to go;
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.
Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismist
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Mist,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain
An hundred foure score and fiue thousand slain,
Exceeding ioyfull, gan to ponder stricter,
To see such Conquest, and not knowe the Victor.
O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuiuants prepar'd
To execute the Counsails of the Highest;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nighest;
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns swift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;
I could be well content and take delight
To follow farther your celestiall Flight:
But that I fear (heer hauing ta'n in hand
So long a iourney both by Sea and Land)
I fear to faint, if (at the first) too fast
I cut away, and make too-hasty haste:
For, Trauailers, that burn in braue desire
To see strange Countries manners and attire,
Make haste enough if only the *First Day*
From their owne Still they set but on their way.

So Morne and Euening the First Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE SECOND DAIE OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Lewd Pöets *checkt*: *Our* Pöets *chast Intents*:
Heav'ns Curtain *spread*: *th'all-forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, vse and Domination,
Concent, excesse, continuance, situation:
Aire's *triple* Regions; *and their* Temper's *change*:
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *strange*;
Th'effects, the vse (*apply'd to Conscience*):
Mans Reason non-pluſt *in som* Accidents:
Of Prodigies: *of th'* Elementall Flame:
Heav'ns ten-fold Orbs: Waters *above the same.*

A iuſt reproof of wanton & laſcivious Poets of our Time.

THoſe learned Spirits, whoſe wits applyed wrong,
VVith wanton Charms of their inchanting ſong,
Make of an olde, foul, frantike *Hecuba*,
A wondrous freſh, faire, witty *Helena*:
Of lewd *Fauſtina* (that looſe Empereſs)
A chaſte *Lucretia*, loathing wantonneſs:
Of a blinde Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Baſtard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Maſter;
On thankleſs furrows of a fruitleſs ſand
Their ſeed and labour loſe, with heedleſs hand;
And (pitching Netts, to catch I little wott
VVhat fume of Fame that ſeems them to beſott)

Reſemble

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Heauens, and all the Elementarie Region.

Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements.

Of the foure Elements simple in thẽselues: wherof all things subiect to our sense, are composed.

Now th'Elements, twin-twins (two Sons, two Daughters)
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters
Are not *compounded*: but, of them is all
Compounded first, that in our sense can fall:
Whether their qualities, in euery portion
Of euery thing, infuse them with proportion:
Whether in all, their substance they confound,
And so but one thing of their foure compound:

Diuers Similes.

As in a *Venice* Glass, before our eyne,
We see the water intermix with wine:
Or, in our stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to conuert to blood.
This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire
Doth in his flame toward's natiue Heav'n aspire,
His Aire in smoak; in ashes falls his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Euen such a War our Bodies peace maintains:
For, in our Flesh, our Bodie's Earth remains:
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess:
And, last, our Water in our humours rests.
Nay, ther's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of these not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparant (and I needs must grant)
That aye som one is most Predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Mass of Bloud,
The *Sanguine* Aire commands: the clutted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* showes:
The pale thin humour, that on th'out-side flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy scum,
Bubbling aboue, hath Fiery *Cholers* room.

A vicissitude of the Elements predominance.

Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment:
But, in his turn each raigning, his subiects draws
After his Lore: for, still *New Lords, new Laws*;
As *sans* respect how rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obayes, by turn,

In

In chart'red Towns; which seem, in little space,
Changing their Ruler euen to change their face
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their obiect,
So *Princes manners do transform the Subiect*):
So th'Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moist, and dry doth bring;
By's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength:
So that it doth Grapes sharp-green iuice transfer
To Must, Must t'Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

Excellent Similes shewing the commodity or discommodity of the proposition or excesse of euery of the Elments.

As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,
Subiects his own selfs-Greatnes to his Law,
He ruleth fearless: and his Kingdoms flourish
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be euer
Vniustly drawn, if he be sated neuer
With Subiects blood; needs must his Rage (at last)
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Ouer the rest hath modest Gouernment;
While, in proportion (though vnequall yet)
With Soueraign Humours Subiect Humours fit,
The Body's sound; and in the very face
Retains the Form of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wisht, all People vnderneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher so
All th'Empires Subiects at one onely blowe)
It, Tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,
It ruines soon the Prouince it possest;
Where soon appears, through his proud vsurpation,
Both outward change and inward alteration.

Excesse of moisture.

So, too-much Moist, which (vnconcoct within)
The Liuer spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,
Puffs vp the Patient, stops the pipes and pores
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the dores
Of his short breath: and slowely-swiftly curst,
In midd'st of Water makes him euer thirst:

Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Drought. So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which ſeeming painleſs, yet much pain doth cauſe;
Robbing the nerues of might, of Ioy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moiſture euery part
(Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,
By little and little it own ſelfs conſumer)
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite till his bones
Be raked vp in a colde heap of ſtones.

Of Heate. So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Feuer,
Which ſpurrs our Pulſe, and furrs our Palat euer;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantaſtikely with various penſill vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or mo
Then euer Nature, Art, or Chance could ſhowe:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Colde. So, too-much Cold couers with hoary Fleece
The head of Age, his fleſh diminiſhes,
Withers his face, hollowes his rheumy eyes,
And makes himſelf euen his own ſelf deſpiſe;
While through his marrow euery where it enters,
Quenching his natiue heat with endleſs Winters:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of the continuance of the Elements, maintayning, that whatſoeuer is now new formed, hath ſtill his ſubſtance frõ the Materia prima: & whatſoeuer diſſolues, reſolues into the ſame, changing onely forme: and alſo confuting the contrary Errors.

Yet thinke not, that this *Too-too-much* remiſes
Ought into nought: it but the Form diſguiſes
In hundred faſhions; and the Subſtances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leeſe.
For, all that's made, is made of the *Firſt Matter*
Which in th'old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All, that diſſolues, reſolues into the ſame.
Since firſt the Lord of Nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of nought; and nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, change but their formall clothing:
Their Forms do vaniſh, but their bodies bide;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now ſhort, now ſide.

For

For, if of Nothing any thing could ſpring,
Th'Earth without ſeed ſhould wheat and barly bring.
Pure Mayden-wombs deſired Babes ſhould bear:
All things, at all times, ſhould grow euery where.
The Hart in Water ſhould it ſelf ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:
Th'Ocean ſhould yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;
On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oaks ſhould be:
And breaking Natures ſet and ſacred vſe,
The Doues would Eagles, Eagles Doues, produce.
If of themſelues things took their thriuing, then
Slowe-growing Babes ſhould inſtantly be men:
Then in the Foreſts ſhould huge boughs be ſeen
Born with the bodies of vnplanted Treen:
Then ſhould the ſucking Elephant ſupport
Vpon his ſhoulders a well-manned Fort:
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battail, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwiſe, if ought to nought did fall;
All, that is felt or ſeen within this All,
Still loſing ſomwhat of it ſelf, at length
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall ſtrength
Could altogether Subſtances deſtroy,
Things then ſhould vaniſh even as ſoon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;
And what, when *Trent* or *Auon* ouer-flowe,
They reaue one field, they on the next beſtowe:
Loue-burning Heav'n many ſweet Deaws doth drop
In his deer Spouſes fair and fruitfull lap;
Which after ſhe reſtores, ſtraining thoſe ſhowrs
Through th'hidden pores of pleaſant plants and flowrs.
Whoſo hath ſeen, how one warm lump of wax
(Without increaſing, or decreaſing) takes
A hundred figures; well may iudge of all
Th'inceſſant Changes of this nether Ball.
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, vn-ſelf-changing, takes all kinde of ſtamp:

By an apt ſimilitude, he ſheweth the continuall Change of the World, in the matter and form

The

therof, according to Gods pleasure; in such sort, yet, that the matter, remains, though it receiue infinite Formes.

The Form's the Seal; Heav'ns gratious Emperour
(The liuing God,) 's the great *Lord Chancellour*;
Who at his pleasure setting day and night
His great *Broad Seales*, and *Priuy Signets* right
Vpon the Mass so vast and variable,
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.
Heer's nothing constant: nothing still doth stay;
For, Birth and Death haue still successiue sway.
Heer one thing springs not, till another dy:
Only the Matter liues immortally
(Th' Almighties Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arçenall,
All like it self, all in it self contained,
Which by Times Flight hath neither lost nor gained)
Change-less in Essence; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtil race
Of rouing *Polypes*, who (to rob the more)

Sundry Similes to that purpose.

Transform them howrly on the wauing shore:
Much like the *French* (*or like our selues, their Apes*)
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;
Who louing nouels, full of affectation,
Receiue the Manners of each other Nation;
And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change
Fantastik Fashions of their garments strange:
Or like a *Laïs*, whose inconstant loue
Doth euery day a thousand times remoue;
Who's scarce vnfolded from one Youth's embraces,
Yer in her thought another she embraces;
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her, still, another new desire:
Because the Matter, wounded deep in heart
With various Loue (yet, on the self same part,
Incapable, in the same time, at once
To take all figures) by successions,
Form after Form receiues: so that one face
Another faces features doth deface.

The chief motiue of this change of Formes in the matter.

Now the chief Motiue of these Accidents,
Is the dire discord of our Elements:

Truce:

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A Simile liuely repreſenting the ſeparation of the Elements.

Whoſo (ſomtime) hath ſeen rich Ingots tri'd,
When forç't by Fire their treaſures they diuide
(How fair and ſoftly, Gold to Gold doth paſs,
Siluer ſeeks Siluer, Braſs conſorts with Braſs;
And the whole Lump, of parts vnequall, ſeuers
It ſelf apart, in white, red, yellow Riuers)
May vnderſtand how, when the Mouth *Diuine*
Op'ned (to each his proper Place t'aſſigne)
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water ſlid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.

Situation of the earth and fire.

Earth, as the Lees, and heauy droſs of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottom fall:
Contrariwiſe, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th'old Heap aſpire
Vnto the top; and by his nature, light
No leſs then hot, mounted in ſparks vpright:
As, when we ſee *Aurora*, paſſing gay,
With Opals paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,
Sad Floods doe fume, and the celeſtiall Tapers
Through Earths thin pores, in th'Aire exhale the vapours.
But leaſt the Fire (which all the reſt embraces)
Being too neer ſhould burn the Earth to aſhes;

Of aire & water plac't between the earth & fire.

As choſen Vmpires, the great All-Creator
Between theſe Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For, one ſuffiz'd not their ſtern ſtrife to end.
Water, as Cozen did the Earth befriend:
Aire, for his Kinſman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, vniting their diuided zeals,
Took vp the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubt-leſs elſe had diſcreated All.
Th'Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water vnder it,
Not caſually, but ſo diſpoſed fit
By him who (Nature in her kind to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanſhip;

Why the aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.

And, in this Store-houſe of his Wonders treaſure,
Obſerv'd in all things number, waight, and meaſure.
For, had the Water next the Fire been plaç't,
Fire, ſeeming then more wrongd and more diſgraç't,

Would

Would sodainly haue left his Adversary,
And set vpon the Vmpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th'holy Chain, which tethers
The many Members of the World togethers,
Are such, as none but only he can breake them,
Who at the first did (of meere nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth with her one hand doth hold;
With th'other th'Aire: The Aire, as moist and warm,
Holds Fire with one; Water with th'other arm:
As Country Maydens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,
And lusty dancing of a liuely Round,
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes sound;
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast
(By means of those between) vnto the last.
For, sith 'tis so that the drie Element
Not onely yeelds her owne Babes nourishment,
But with the milke of her aboundant brests,
Doth also feede th'Aires nimble winged guests,
And also all th'innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Brynie Regions
(So that, th'Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all
That run, or flie, or swim, or slide, or crawl)
'Twas meet, it should be it self's Counterpoize,
To stand still firm against the roaring noise
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blasts
Of parching *South* and pinching *Boreas*.
'Twas meet, her sad-slowe body to digest
Farther from Heav'n than any of the rest:
Least, of Heav'ns Course th'Eternall swift Careers,
Rushing against her with their whirling Sphears,
Should her transport, as swift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.
And sith, on th'other side, th'harmonious Course
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th'immortall source
Of earthly life: and sith all alterations
(Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations

The disposing & combining of the Elements.

A Similitude.

Why the Earth is the lowest, and enuironed with the other three Elements, whereof it is the center.

In all the World, God could not place ſo fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midſt of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their liuely rayes
On Fire and Aire, and Water, diuers wayes;
Diſperſing, ſo, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through theſe various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all vnite their ſeuered force in her;
Simile. As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut
His turning paſſage in the durt doth cut,
The diſtant ſpoaks neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave vnite their points together.
Simile. As the Bright Sun ſhines thorough ſmootheſt Glaſs,
The turning Planets influence doth paſs
Without impeachment through the gliſt'ring Tent
Of the tralucing Fiery Element,
Th'Aires triple Regions, the tranſparent Water;
But not the firm Baſe of this fair Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call thoſe Trines
(Fire, Aire, and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines:
For, neuer Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars inioy
The loue of theſe; but only by the way,
As paſsing by: whereas inceſſantly,
The luſty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull ſeed, which lends All life,
With-childs each-moment his owne lawfull wife;
And with her louely Babes, in form and nature
So diuers, decks this beautifull Theater.
The Water, betweene the Earth and Aire. The Water, lighter then the Earthy Maſſe,
Heauier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better ſo with a moiſt-cold, to temper
Th'ones over-drineſs, th'others hot diſtemper.
Leauing the Earth and Sea till the next Booke, hee comes to treate of the Aire. But, my ſweet Muſe, whither ſo faſt away?
Soft, ſoft my Darling: draw not dry *To-Day*
Caſtalian Springs; defer the Cirque, and Seat,
The power, and praiſe of Sea and Earth as yet:
Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;
But, till *To-Morrow*, leaue the enter-blinning

Of

Of Rocky Mounts, and rouling Waues so wide.
For, euen *To-Morrow* will the Lord diuide,
VVith the right hand of his Omnipotence,
These yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn
VVith Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.
'Tis time, my Loue, 'tis time, mine only Care,
To hie vs hence, and Mount vs in the Aire:
'Tis time (or neuer) now my deerest Minion,
To imp strong farcels in thy sacred pinion;
That lightly born vpon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I my course may take:
Com, com, my Ioy, lend me thy lillie shoulder;
That, thereon raised, I may reach the bolder
(*Before the rest of my deer Country-men,*
Of better wit, but worse-applied pen)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long haue hidden from my longing eies.
Th' *Aire* (hoste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball, *The Aire distinguished into 3. Regions.*
That stormy Tempests tosse and play withall;
Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,
Th' vnsetled kingdom of swift *Æolus*,
Great Ware-house of the VVindes, whose traffik giues
Motion of life to euery thing that liues)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Haue fitly parted it into three Stages.
Wherof, because the Highest still is driv'n
With violence of the *First-mouing* Heav'n, *The High.*
From East to West; and from the West returning
To th' honored Cradle of the rosiall Morning,
And also seated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the learned, very hot is thought.
That, which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and sometimes temperate; *The Lowe.*
Warm-temp'red showers it sendeth in the Spring:
In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying:
In Winter time, continuall cold and chill:
In Summer season, hot and soultry still;

For then, the Fields, ſcorched with flames reflect
The ſparkling rayes of thouſand Stars aſpect;
And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whoſe arrows bright,
Our Globy Grandame ſerues for But and White.

The Middle Region of the Aire.

But now, becauſe the Middle Region's ſet
Far from the Fiery ſeelings flagrant heat,
And alſo from the warm reuerberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in diuers faſhion;
That Circle ſhiuers with eternall colde.

Of the cauſes of Haile.

For, into Hail how ſhould the Water molde,
Euen when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,
Except thoſe Climes with Ycicles, were ſowen?
So ſoon as *Sol*, leauing the gentle *Twins*,
With *Cancer* or thirſt-panting *Leo* Inns,
The mid-moſt Aire redoubleth all his Froſts;
Being beſieged by two mighty Hoaſts
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainſt his Cold force then euer,
Calls from all quarters his chil troups together,
T'incounter them with his vnited Powr,
Which then diſperſed, hath far greater powr:
As *Chriſtian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turks* outrageous War,
March in diſorder, and become (diſperſt)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerſt;
So that ſomtimes th'vntrained Multitude
With bats and boawes hath beat them, and ſubdu'd:
But if they once perceiue, or vnderſtand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* vnder;
They ſoon vnite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themſelues; their courage growes apace,
Their heart's on fire; and Circumciſed Powrs,
By their approach, double the ſtrength of ours.

* Contrary Circumſtance. *The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire.*

'Tis (doubt-leſs) this * *Antiperiſtaſis*
(Bear with the word) I hold it not amiſs
T'adopt ſomtimes ſuch ſtrangers for our vſe,
When Reaſon and Neceſſity induce:

As

As namely, where our natiue Phraſe doth want
A Word ſo force-full and ſignificant)
Which makes the Fire ſeem to our ſenſe and reaſon
Hotter in Winter then in Sommer ſeaſon:
Tis it which cauſeth the cold frozen *Scythia*
Too-often kiſt by th'husband of *Orithya*,
To bring forth people, whoſe ſtill hungry breſt
(Winter or Sommer) can more meat digeſt
Then thoſe lean ſtaruelings which the Sun doth broſl
Vpon the hot ſands of the *Libyan* ſoyl:
And that our ſelues, happily ſeated fair,
Whoſe ſpongy lungs draw ſweet and holeſom Aire,
Hide in our ſtomacks a more liuely heat,
While bi-front *Ianus* froſty frowns do threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leauing ſwarty *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on vs.
Th'Almighties hand did this Partition form;
To th'end that Miſt, Comets, and Winde, and Storm
Deaw, drizling Showrs, Hail, ſlippery Ice, & Snowe,
In the three Regions of the Aire might growe:
Whereof ſom, pointed th'Earth to fertilize,
Other to puniſh our impieties,
Might dayly graue in hardeſt hearts the love
And fear of him, who Raigns in Heav'n aboue.

Why the air was thus diſtinguiſhed in the 3. Regions.

For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th'emptineſs, or of it ſelf attracts
In Cupping-glaſſes, through the ſcotched skin
Behind the Poule, ſuperfluous humours thin,
Which fuming from the brain did thence deſcend
Vpon the ſight, and much the ſame offend:
So the ſwift Coach-man, whoſe bright flaming hair
Doth euery Day gild either *Hemiſphear*,
Two ſorts of Vapours by his heat exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:
Th'one ſomwhat hot, but heauy, moiſt, and thick;
The other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the year,
Make the World diuers to it ſelfe appeare.

Of exhalations and whereunto they are appropriate, by the Sun & the Regions of the Aire.

Now, if a vapour be so thin, that it
Of Mist. Cannot to Water be transformed fit,
And that with Cold-lym'd wings, it houer neer
The flowry Mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowsy Mist
Vpon the Fields doth for a time persist.
Of Deaw and Ice. And if this vapour fair and softly fly,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Deaw; in *January*, Ice.
But, if the Vapour brauely can aduenture
Vp to th'eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humour by the Cold is prest
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and VVest
Vpon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandames lap again:
Whether som boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Iousting the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Do break their brittle sides, and make them shatter
In drizling Showres their swift distilling water:
Diuers Similes shewing how the Rain is caused through the incounter of the Cloudes, which are the matter of it. As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps;
Both being broken, sodainly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears disseuereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop,
In shady Forests from their shaggy top,
When through their green boughs, whiffing Winds do whirl:
With wanton puffs their wauing locks to curl.
Or whether th'vpper Clouds moist heauines
Doth with his waight an vnder Cloud oppress,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearls do gush:
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time vpon the hurdles back;
At's pearced bottom the more fuming liquor
Runns in the scummy Fat, and falls the thicker.

Then,

Then, many Heav'n-flouds in our Flouds do loſe-am;
Nought's ſeen but Showers: the Heav'ns ſad ſable boſom
Seems all in tears to melt; and Earths green bed
VVith ſtinking Frogs is ſomtimes couered:
Either, becauſe the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it ſelf both moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
VVhence all things heer are made: or elſe for that
The actiue windes ſweeping this duſty Flat,
Somtimes in th'aire ſom fruitfull duſt doo heap:
VVhence theſe new-formed vgly creatures leap:
As on the edges of ſom ſtanding Lake
VVhich neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy ſlime, it ſelf transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there alofr,
Half-made, half-vnmade; round about the Floud,
Half-dead, half-liuing; half-a frog, half-mud.

Whence it proceedeth, that ſometimes it raineth Frogs.

Somtimes it happens that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In ſiluer Flakes a heav'nly VVooll to fall;
Then, Fields ſeem graſs-leſs, Foreſts leafe-leſs all,
The VVorld's all white; and, through the heaps of Snowe,
The higheſt Stag can ſcarce his armour ſhowe.

Of Snow.

Somtimes befals, that, when by ſecret powr,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping ſhowr,
Th'exceſſiue cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies it all in bals of Icy-ſtone:
Whoſe violent ſtorms ſomtimes (alas) doo proin,
VVithout a knife, our Orchard and our Vine:
Reap without ſickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Diſgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of Haile.

If Heav'ns bright Torches, from Earth's kidneys, ſup
Som ſomwhat dry and heatfull Vapours vp,
Th'ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
VVould ſodainly neer th'Azure Cirques aſpire:
But ſcarce ſo ſoon their fuming creſt hath raught,
Or toucht the Coldnes of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall Enemy
In Garriſon keeps there continually;

Of fume, Vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Lowe and Middle Regions of the ayre, and whereof the windes are ingendred.

When down again, towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the waight which they haue drawn from her:
But in the inſtant, to their aid arriues
Another new heat, which their heart reuiues,
Re-arms their hand, and hauing ſtaied their flight,
Better reſolv'd brings them again to fight.
Well fortifi'd then by theſe freſh ſupplies,
More brauely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th'vpper hand (with honour) getting,
Another-while diſgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they toſſe in ſundry ſort,
As weak or ſtrong their matter doth comport.
This laſts not long; becauſe the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold
In theſe aſſaults; to end this ſodaine brall,
Th'one ſtops their mounting, th'other ſtayes their fall.
So that this Vapour, neuer reſting ſtound,
Stands neuer ſtill, but makes his motion round,
Poſteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though theſe bluſtring ſpirits ſeem alwaies blow'n
By the ſame ſpirit, and of like Vapour grow'n;
Yet, from their birth-place, take they diuerſly
A diuers name and diuers quality.

Of the Windes, whereof there are foure principall, compared to the foure Seaſons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: and aſſigned to the foure Corners of the World: And called Eaſt, Weſt North & South.

Feeling the fower Windes, that with diuers blaſt,
From the fower corners of the World doo haſte;
In their effects I finde fower Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th'*Eaſt-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and ſoft Infancy:
That, which dries-vp wild *Affrick* with his wing,
Reſembles Aire, Bloud, Youth, and liuely Spring:
That, which blowes moiſtly from the *Weſtern* ſtage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heauy Age:
That, which comes ſhiv'ring from cold Climates ſolely,
Earth, withered Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men haue long yer this found-out
More then theſe foure Windes, *Eaſt*, *Weſt North*, and *South*:

Thoſe

Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,
Vpon their Compass two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:
But wheresoeuer their quick course they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on these Foure depend.
One while, with whisking broom they brush and sweep *Diuers effects of the Windes.*
The cloudy Courtains of Heav'ns stages steep:
Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground,
Late by *Electra* and her sisters drownd.
Anon refresh they, with a temperate blowing,
The soultry Aier; vnder the Dog-star glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In cods the Poulse, the Corn within the ear:
Anon, from North to South, from East to West
With ceas-less wings they driue a Ship addrest:
And somtimes whirling, on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.
If th'Exhalation hot and oily proue, *Diuers effects of hot exhalations.*
And yet (as feeble) giueth place aboue
To th'Airy Regions euer-lasting Frost,
Incessantly th'apt-tinding fume is tost
Till it inflame: then like a Squib it falls,
Or fire-wingd shaft, or sulp'hry Powder-Balls.
But if This kinde of Exhalation tour *Of Comets.*
Aboue the walls of Winters icy bowr
T-inflameth also; and anon becoms
A new strange Star, presaging woful dooms:
And, for this Fier hath more fewell in't
Then had the first, 't is not so quickly spent:
Whether the Heav'ns incessant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th'Exhalation,
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt
On a sticks end (and seemed quite extinct)
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:

Or

Or whether th'vpper Fire doo fire the same;
As lighted Candles doo th'vnlight inflame.

Of other fiery impressions in the regions of the Aire.

According as the vapour's thick or rare,
Euen, or vn-even, long or large, round or square,
Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles:
At sight whereof, th'amazed Vulgar trembles.
Heer, in the night appears a flaming Spire,
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Heer a bright Comet, there a burning Beam,
Heer flying Launces, there a Fiery Stream:
Heer seems a horned Goat enuiron'd round
With fiery flakes about the Aire to bound.
There, with long bloody hair, a Blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:
To all Estates, ineuitable Losses:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-less Seasons:
To Saylers, Storms: to Cities, ciuill Treasons.

A liuely description of thunder and lightning.

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks
The Worlds wall shakes, and his Foundation shrinks:
It seems euen now that horrible *Persiphoné*,
Loosing *Meger'*, *Alecto*, and *Tysiphoné*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and vs.

How they are ingendred.

'Tis held I knowe that when a Vapour moist
As well from Fresh as from Salt water's hoist
In the same instant with hot-Exhalations,
In th'Aiery Regions secondary stations;
The Fiery Fume, besieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,
Strengthens his strength; and with redoubled Volleys
Of ioyned Heat, on the Cold Leagher sallies.

A Simile.

Like as a Lion, very late exil'd,
From's natiue Forests; spit-at and reuil'd,
Mockt, moov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girls and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill,
In's narrow Cloistre ramping wildely, still,

Runs

Runns to and fro; and furious, less doth long
For liberty, than to reuenge his wrong:
This Fire, desirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it self refrain;
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It roules and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles,
Till (hauing rent the lower side in sunder)
With Sulph'ry flash it haue shot-down his thunders.
Though, willing to vnite, in these alarms,
To's Brothers Forces, his own fainting arms;
And th'hottest Circle of the World to gaine,
To issue vp-ward, oft it striues in vaine:
But, 't is there fronted with a Trench so large
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about,
With his Hot Skirmish; yet still, still the stout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;
So that (despairing) with a furious rush;
Forgetting honour, it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with blushing Infamy.
Then th'Ocean boyls for fear; the Fish doo deem — *Their effects.*
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:
The Earth doth shake; the Shepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:
Th'affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Plutoe's* self looks pale:
Th'Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring Thunder
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)
Sends forth those Flashes which so blear our sight:
As wakefull Students, in the Winters night
Against the steel glauncing with stony knocks,
Strike so dain sparks into their Tinder-box. — *Simile.*
Moreouer, Lightning of a fume is fram'd:
Through 't selfs hot-dryness, euermore inflam'd:
Whose powr (past-credit) without razing skin, — *Admirable effects of lightning.*
Can bruiz to powder all our bones within:
Can melt the Gold that greedy Mizers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burn the boord:

Can

Can break the blade and neuer singe the sheath:
Can scorch an infant in the VVomb to death;
And neuer blemish, in one sort or other,
Flesh, bone, or sinew of th'amazed Mother:
Consume the shooes and neuer hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.
My yonger eyes haue often seen a Dame,
To whom the flash of Heav'ns fantastike flame
Did els no harm, saue (in a moment's space)
With windy Rasor shaue a secret place.

Of Crownes and circles about the Sunne, Moone, and other Planets.

Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies
Oft seen in forehead of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a Fiery Circle doth appeare
Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear
Of Sun and Moon, and other Stars aspect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct;
When, not of force to thrust their rayes through-out-it,
In a round Crown they cast them round about-it:

Simile.

Like as (almost) a burning candle, put
Into a Closet with the doore close shut;
Not able through the boords to send his light,
Out at the edges round about shines bright.
But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct vpon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance
(A wat'rish Cloud, which cannot easily
Hold any longer her moist Tympany)

Of the Rainbow and how it is made.

On the moist Cloud he limns his lightsom front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints vpon't
A blew-green-gilt Bowe bended ouer vs:
For, th'aduerse Cloud, which first receiueth thus
Apollos rayes, the same direct repells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells

Simile.

Her various colours: like as when the Sun
At a bay-window peepeth in vpon
A boule of water, his bright beams aspect
With trembling lustre it doth far reflect
Against th'high seeling of the lightsom Hall
With stately Fret-work ouer-crusted all;

On

On th'other ſide, if the Cloud ſide-long ſit,
And not beneath, or iuſtly oppoſite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms
With ſtrong aſpect double or trebble Forms
Vpon the ſame. The Vulgar's then affright
To ſee at once three Chariots of the Light;
And, in the Welkin on Nights gloomy Throne,
To ſee at once more ſhining Moons then one.

How it comes to paſſe that ſometimes appear diuers Suns and Moones at once.

But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore doo yee ſtriue
With reach of Senſe, Gods wonders to retriue?
What proud deſire (rather what *Furie's* driſt?)
Boldens you God-leſs, all Gods works to ſift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld ſome Reaſon (if he liſt to ſcan)
Of all that moues vnder Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But not ſo ſound as can all ſcruple ſtop:
And though he could, yet ſhould we euermore,
Praiſing theſe tools, extoll His fingers more
Who works withall, and many-waies doth giue
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to liue.

A check to mans Pride in ſtriuing to yeeld reaſon in Nature, of all theſe accidents.

Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it Thunder,
The voice that brings Swayns vp, and *Cæſars* vnder:
By that Towr-tearing ſtroak, I vnderſtand
Th'vndaunted ſtrength of the Diuine right hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I ſee th'Almighties glorious eyes:
When I perceiue it Rain-down timely ſhowrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of Plenty pours:
When from the Clouds exceſſiue Water ſpins,
Me thinks God weepes for our vnwept-for ſins:
And when in Heav'n I ſee the Rain-boaw bent,
I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,
That neuer more ſhall Vniuerſall Floods
Preſume to mount ouer the tops of Woods
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucaſus* doo ride:
But, aboue all, my perced ſoule enclines,
When th'angry Heav'ns threat with Prodigious Signes;

True Philoſophy for Chriſtians, to apply all to their conſcience for amendmẽt of life.

When

When Natures order doth reuerse and change,
Prepostrously into disorder strange.

All the learned in the World cannot out of the school of Nature giue reason for many things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

Let all the Wits, that euer suckt the breast
Of sacred *Pallas*, in one VVit be prest,
And let him tell me (if at least he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)
A sound and certain reason of the Cream,
The VVooll, and Flesh, that from the Clouds did stream.
Let him declare what cause could yerst beget,
Amid the Aire, those drizzling showers of VVheate,
VVhich in *Carinthia*, twice were seen to shed;
VVherof that people made them store of Bread.

The true cause of these Prodigies.

God, the great God of Heav'n, somtimes delights,
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;
That his *strange* VVorks, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of som misery.
The drops of Fire, which weeping Heav'n did showr
Vpon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime,
VVhich *Euphrates* fatts with his fruitfull slime;
Presag'd, that *Parthians* should, the next year, tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.
The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Suisses*,
Cymbrians, and *Almans*, hewing all in peeces;
Gainst *Epicures* profane assertions, showe
That 'tis not Fortune guides this VVorld belowe.
Thou that beheld'st from Heav'n, with triple Flashes,
Cursed *Olympius* smitten all to ashes,
For Blasphemies 'gainst Th'ONE Eternall-THREE;
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITIE?
Dar'st thou, profane, spit in the face of God,
VVho for blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?

Exãples drawne out of the History of the Romãs, Iews, Turks, & French, both Ecclesiasticall and profane.

Iews (no more Iews, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrigons*)
Say what you thought; what thought you, when so long
A flaming Sword ouer your Temple hung;

But that the Lord would with a mighty arm
The righteous vengeance of his wrath perform
On you, and yours? that what the Plague did leaue,
Th'insatiate gorge of Famine should bereaue?
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?
That sucking Infants crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers should vnkindely eat?
And that (yer long) the share and coultar should
Rub off their rust vpon your Roofs of gold?
And all, because you (curſed) crucifi'd
Ths Lord of life, who for our ransom dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with bloud did flowe:
Th'huge Fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throwe
Into *Liguria*: and the Bloudy Crosses
Seen on mens garments, seem'd with open voyces
To cry aloud, that the *Turks* swarming hoast
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.
O Frantick *France!* why dost not Thou make vse
Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze
(Euen night by night) on that prodigious Blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long streaming Star,
Which threatens Earth with Famine, Plague, and War
(Th'Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherewith he strikes vs in his greatest Ire)?
But what (alas!) can Heauens bare threatnings vrge?
Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourely scourge
Thy sens-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
One single sigh from thy obdurate brest?
Thou drink'st thine owne bloud, thine owne flesh thou eatest,
In what most harmes thee thy delight is greatest.
O sens-lesse Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death despise your Remedy!
Like froward Iades that for no striking stur,
But wax more restif still the more we spur:
The more your wounds, more your securenes growes,
Fat with afflictions, as an Asse with blowes:

The Poet seuerely taxeth his Countrymen for not marking, or not making vse of strange & extraordinary tokens of Gods imminent displeasure.

And

And as the sledge hardens with strokes the steel;
So, the more beaten, still the less ye feel.
And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast thou forgot*
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen signes, *and thou hast felt the rod*
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sightes fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoak:*
And since (alas!) vnkinder wounds then those,
The Ciuill rents of thy diuided ROSE:
And, last of all, the raging Wolues of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Christs Lambs) in Martyrdom.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grieuous* Dearths, *which (yerst)*
Haue oft the Sinnews of thy strength reuerst.
But thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past; and thou, past fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen doost sit,*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull*
(That, sottish dulnes: this, a sinne most hatefull)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand, he hath more blessed Thine,
Then yerst his owne Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look't for Grapes (as now from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wilde Boar entred in:
ENGLAND *beware:* Like punishment, like sinne.
But, O! what boots, or what auailes my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
Dread-less of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whose Senses all, all ouer-grow'n with Fat,
Haue left no door for Fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Country) must I call:
ENGLAND *repent; Fall, to preuent thy* Fall.
Though Thou be blinde, thy wakefull watchmen see
Heav'ns Irefull vengeance hanging ouer thee

Vpon like consideration the Trãslator sharply citeth Eng. & to rouze her from her present security, proposeth fearful examples of her own troublous changes, & others terrible Chastisements.

Esay chap. 5. 1, 2, 3. &c.

In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sinn's Deluge, *which all ouer-flowes.*
Thine vncontrold, bold, open Athëiſm:
Cloſe Idol-ſeruice: *Cloaked* Hypocriſm:
Common Blaſpheming *of Gods Name, in* Oaths:
Vſuall Profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-ſhepheards, *choakt with ſteeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and Affection *ſwaying Magiſtrates:*
Wealth's mercie-leſs Wrong, Vſury, Extortion:
Poore's Idleneſs, Repining *at their Portion:*
Thy drunken Surfets; *and* Exceſs *in Diet:*
Thy Senſuall *wallowing in* Laſcivious Riot:
Thy huſt, puſt, painted, curld, purld, Wanton Pride
(*The Baud to* Luſt, *and to all Sinns beſide*)
Theſe are thy Sinns: Theſe are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To euery State *that doth the ſame purſue-in:*
Such, *coſt the* Iews and Aſians *Deſolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were* the Holy Nation.
Happy who take by others dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning:
So preach thy Prophets: But who heeds their cry?
Or, who beleeues? *Then much leſs hope haue I.*
Wherefore (*Deer* Bartas) *hauing warned them;*
From this Digreſſion, turn we to our Theam.
As our All-welcom SOVERAIN (*Englands ſolace,* *Simile.*
Heav'ns care, Earths comfort) *in his ſtately Palace,*
Hath next His Perſon, Princes of His Realms
Next him in bloud, extract from Royall Stems;
Next thoſe, the Nobles; next, the Magiſtrates
That ſerue him truly in their ſeuerall States;
As more or leſs their diuers Dignity
Coms neer the Greatnes of his Maieſty:
So, next the Heav'ns, God marſhall'd th'Element *Hauing ſufficiently diſcourſed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.*
Which ſeconds them in ſwift bright Ornament:
And then the reſt, according as of kin
To th'Azure Sphears, or th'Erring Fiers they bin.

Yet som (more crediting their eyes, then Reason)
Against such as deny the Fire to be an Element.
From's proper place this Essence doo dissesin;
And vainly strive (after their Fancies sway)
To cut the World's best Element away,
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heat-full *Fire*,
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Soldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
The source of Motion: briefly, what not is't?
Apt for all, acting all; whose arms embrace,
Vnder Heav'ns arms, this Vniuersall Mass.
Their Reasons.
For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and vs, it would by night be seen;
1. Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we pass)
We see least Glow-worms glister in the grass:
Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Tent*,
Perceiue the bright eyes of the Firmament?
2. Sith heer the soundest and the sharpest ey
Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.
Answers.
O! hard-beleeuing Wits! if *Zephyrus*
And *Austers* sighes were neuer felt of vs,
You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball,
And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all:
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, then th'hot-bright *Flamer* now.
Difference betweene th'Elementary fire & ours.
Now ev'n as far as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lamps, and every Taper els
Wherewith we vse to lengthen th'After-noon
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon;
So far in pureness th'*Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our vse we frame.
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Gross, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight:
But, that aboue (for being neither blent
With fumy mixture of gross nourishment,
Nor tost with Winds, but far from vs) coms neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.
Heere for conclusion of this second booke, hee
But, of what substance shall I, after-thee
(O match-less Master) make Heav'ns Canapey?

Vncertain.

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And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims
Of th'enter-kissing turning Globes extreams,
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)
Which els would set all th'elements a-burning.

Difference betweene the Elements whereof the Heauens are composed, and these inferiour Elements.

Not, that I doo compare or match the Matter
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,
To those gross Elements which heere belowe
Our hand and ey doth touch and see and knowe:
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony
Those bodies bindes in end-less Vnity:
That Aier's not flitting, nor that water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:
Nor one to other aught offensiue neither,
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.

Detesting the presumption of those curious wits searching these secrets, He limits himselfe within the bounds of Christian Sobriety.

See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:
See how far dares man's erring ignorance,
That with vnbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that vpper Loft)
Dares, without proof or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what timber God his Palace builded.
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Then with mine errour draw my Reader wry;
Till a Saint *Paule* doo re-descend from Heav'n,
Or till my self (this sinfull roab be reav'n,
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrim Soule, and euer it depresses)
Shall see the beauties of that Blessed Place:
If (then) I ought shall see, saue Gods bright Face.

Diuers opinions of the number of the Heauens.

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th'old Heathen Schools about the Heav'ns number.
One holds but one; making the Worlds Eys shine
Through the thin-thicknes of that Crystall line
(As through the Oceans cleere and liquid Flood
The slippery Fishes vp and down doo scud.)
Another, iudging certain by his ey,
And seeing Seav'n bright Lamps (moov'd diversly)
Turn this and that way: and, on th'other side,
That all the rest of the Heav'ns twinkling pride

Keep

Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orb perceiuing
A triple cadence, and withall conceiuing
That but one naturall course one body goes,
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)
Th'empyreall Palace, where th'eternall Treasures
Of *Nectar* flowe, where euer-lasting Pleasures
Are heaped-vp, where an immortall *May*
In bliss-full beauties flourisheth for ay,
Where Life still liues, where God his * Sises holds
Environ'd round with Seraphins, and Soules
Bought with his precious bloud, whose glorious Flight
Yerst mounted Earth aboue the Heav'ns bright.
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
So high a Song and Subiect to assume.
O fair, fiue-double Round, Sloath's Foe apparant,
Life of the World, Dayes, Months, and Yeers owne Parent;
Thine own selfs model, never shifting place,
And yet, thy pure wings with so swift a pase
Fly ouer vs, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:
Infinite finite: free from growth and grief,
Discord and death; dance-louer; to be brief,
Still like thy self, all thine owne in thee all,
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this lowe Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-les all doost bound,
And claspest all, vnder, or in thy Round;
Throne of th'Almighty, I would faine rehearse
Thy various Dances in this very Verse,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
For, notwithstanding, yet another day
I fear som Critick will not stick to say,
My babbling Muse did sail with euery gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.
But knowe, what e'r thou be, that heer I gather
Iustly so many of Gods works together,

* Assises.

He stoppeth at the contemplation and praise of the Heauens. Which he considereth as distinguished into ten stages or Heauens.

The summe of what hath been handled in this

Because

booke, & what is to be vnderstood by the firmament which Moses describeth in the first of Gen. v. 6.

Becauſe by th'Orbe of th'ample Firmament
Which round *This-Day* th'Eternall Finger pent
Between the lower Waters and the higher;
I mean the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th'vpper Fire,
Which ſeparate the Oceans waters ſalt,
From thoſe which God pour'd o'r th'Ethereal Vault.

Againſt thoſe that think there are no waters aboue the firmament: Whom he confuteth by diuers Reaſons. Simile.

Yet haue I not ſo little ſeen and ſought
The Volums, which our Age hath chiefeſt thought,
But that I knowe how ſutlv greateſt Clarks
Preſume to argue in their learned Works,
T'o'r-whelm theſe Floods, this Cryſtal to deface,
And dry this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.
But as the beauty of a modeſt Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n)
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor ſet-it-out
With helps of Art, ſufficient Fair without;
Is more prayſe-worthy, then the wanton glance,
Th'affected gait, th'alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,
Whence Courtiſans refreſh their beauties fainting:

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

So doe I more the *ſacred Tongue* eſteem,
Though plain and rurall it doe rather ſeem,
Then ſchool'd *Athenian*; and Diuinity,
For onely varniſh, haue but Verity;
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burniſh there erroneous vanity.

2. Gods word mentioneth waters before the firmament.

I'l rather give a thouſand times the ly
To mine own Reaſon, then but once defy
The ſacred voice of th'ever-laſting Spirit,
Which doth ſo often and ſo loud averr-it,
That God, above the ſhining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent:
Whether, that pure, ſuper-celeſtiall Water,
With our inferiour haue no likely nature:
Whether, turnd Vapour, it haue round embow'd
Heav'ns higheſt ſtage in a tranſparent Cloud:

Gen. 1. 7.
Pſal. 104. 3.
Pſal. 148. 4.

Or

Or whether (as they say) a Crystall case
Do (round about) the Heav'nly Orb embrace.
But, with coniectures wherefore striue I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discuss?
I see not, why Mans reason should withstand,
Or not beleeve, that Hee whose powrfull hand
Bay'd-vp the *Red-Sea* with a double Wall,
That *Israels* Hoast might scape *Egyptian* thrall,
Could prop as sure so many waves on high
Above the Heav'n Star-spangled Canapy.

3. The power of God ought to be of greater authority then Mans Reason.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each howr
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the least waight's foundation)?
See wee not also, that this Sea belowe,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flowe,
Remains still round; and maugre all the surly
Æolian Slaves and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to level her proud liquid Heap)
Neuer so little past her limits leap?
Why then beleeue we not, that vpper Sphear
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?

4. The consideration of the waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compasseth the Earth.

Vncircumcised! O hard hearts! at least
Lett's think that God those Waters doth digest
In that steep place: for, if that, Nature heer
Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
Of liquid substance; let's beleeue it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns and Natur's Father)
Let vs much more, much more lett's peiz and ponder
Th' Almighties Works, and at his Wisedom wonder:
Let vs obserue, and bouldly-waigh it well,
That this proud Palace wheare we rule and dwell
(Though built with match-less Art) had fall'n long since,
Had't not ben seel'd-round with moist Elements.
For, like as (in Man's *Little-World*) the Brain
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with it's moistfull coldnes so
Th' excessiue heat of other parts belowe:

5. Diuers effects continual & admirable in Nature.

Th'eternall Builder of this beautious Frame
To enter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *Great-World's* Torches,
This-Day spred Water over Heav'ns bright Arches.
These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas belowe,
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho,
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* builded
A holy Vessell, where his house was shielded:
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,
He sav'd a seed-payr of all liuing things.
No sooner shipt, but instantly the Lord
Down to th'*Æolian* dungeon him bestirr'd,
There muzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,
And let loose *Auster*, and his lowring race,
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing;
Vpon their beard for euery hair a spring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks gusht all in Riuers out;
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asunder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain and thunder.
Brooks, Lakes, and Floods, Rivers, and foaming Torrents
So dainly swell; and their confused Currents,
Leasing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at randon with their spoyls to Sea.
Th'Earth shakes for fear, and (sweating) doth consume her,
And in her veins leaues not a drop of humour.
And thou thy self, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)
All thy large sluces, thy vast Seas to shed
In sodain spouts on thy proud sisters head;
Whose aw-less, law-less, shame-less life abhord,
Only delighted to despight the Lord.
Th'Earth shrinks & sinks; now th'Ocean hath no shore:
Now Rivers run to serue the Sea no more;
Themselues are Sea: the many sundry Streams,
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it self
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,

Taking occasion by his former discourse, he treateth of the incoūter of the vpper waters with the lower: whence followed the general flood in the daies o' Noah: Which here he liuely representeth.

Whose

Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water
With th'other Waves about this round Theater.
The Sturgeon coasting over Castles, muses
(Vnder the Sea) to see so many houses.
The *Indian* Manat and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops where yearst the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin scuds
O'r th'highest branches of the hugest VVoods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart or Horse,
Or Hare, or Grey-hound, their swift speedy course;
For, seeking Land, the more they strain and breath them,
The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortois, and fell Crocodile
VVhich did enioy a double house yer-while,
Must be content with only water now.
The VVolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks, do rowe
Vpon the VVaters, side by side, suspectless.
The Glead and Swallow, laboring long (effect-less)
'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Perch) and with the rest do drown.
And, for mankinde, imagine som get vp
To som high Mountains over-hanging top;
Som to a Towr, som to a Cedar tree,
(Whence round about a VVorld of deaths they see)
But whersoeuer their pale fears aspire
For hope of safety, th'Ocean surgeth higher,
And still-still mounting as they still do mount,
VVhen they cease mounting doth them soon surmount.
One therefore ventures on a Plank to rowe,
One in a Chest, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaues;
Another, labouring with his feet and hands,
A while the fury of the Flood withstands
(VVhich by his side hath newly droun'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,
He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length;

All,

All, all must die then: but *th' *impartiall Maids*,
Who wont to vse so sundry tools for ayds,
In execution of their fatall slaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely the while, the sacred Ship did float
On the proud shoulders of that boundless-Moat,
Though mast-les, oar-les and from Harbour far;
For God was both her Steers-man & her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Vniuersall Flood
Wasted the World; which then the Lord thought good
To re-erect, in his Compassion great.
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,
But instantly wave into wave did sink
With sodain speed, all Rivers gan to shrink;
Th'Ocean retires him to his wonted prison;
The Woods are seen; the Mountain tops are risen
Out of their slimy Bed: the Fields increase
And spread apace; so fast the waters cease.
And (briefly) th'onely thundring hand of God
Now Earth to Heav'n, Heav'n vnto Earth re-show'd;
That he againe *Panchaian* Fumes might see
Sacred on Altars to his Maiesty.
Lord, sith't hath pleas'd thee likewise in our Age,
To saue thy Ship from Tyrants stormy rage,
Increase *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on thee, the Rock.

* Parcæ, à non parcendo: *The none sparing Fates, that is to say, Death.*

He concludeth with a most godly prayer accommodated to the state of the Church in our time.

So Morne and Euen the second Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE THIRD DAIE OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Seuer'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:
'Timbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb, and Flowe:
Rare streames, and fountains of strange operation:
Earth's firmnes, greatnes, goodnes: sharp taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Auarice: (price:
Trees, Sbrubs, & Plants: Mines, Metalls, Gemms of
Right vse of Gold: the Load-stones rare effects:
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all respects.

Frō the Heauen & Regions of the Aire, the Poet descendeth to the Earth and Sea.

MY sacred Muse, that lately soared high
Among the glist'ring Circles of the Sky
(Whose various dance, which the first Moover driues
Harmoniously, this Vniverse revives)
Commanding all the Windes and sulphry Storms,
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom discourst vpon a Theam so grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowely by the *Ground*,
She seems constrain'd to keep a lowely sound;
Or, if somtimes, she somwhat raise her voice,
The sound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noise.
O King of grassie and of glassie Plains,
Whose powrfull breath (at thy drad will) constrains

He calleth vpon the true.

The

be assisted in the description of these two Elements, and the things therein.

The deep Foundations of the Hills to shake,
And Seas salt billows 'gainst Heav'ns vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learned numbers teach me sing the natures
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters:
And with a flowring stile the Flowrs to limn
Whose Colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.

God in this third Day, gathers together the Waters, & separates them from the Earth.

All those steep Mountains, whose high horned tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Vnder First Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Vntill th'All-Monarch's bountious Maiesty
(Willing t'enfeof man this worlds Empery)
Commaunded *Neptune* straight to Marshall forth
His Floods a part; and to vnfold the Earth:
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T'haue all the World, for one whole day, possest.

By an apt cõparison, he sheweth how the Water withdrew from off the Earth.

As when the muffled Heav'ns haue wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With vnseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups vp it self, in hollow sponges sinks,
And's ample arms in straighter Chanell shrinks:
Even so the Sea, to 't self it self betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And sodainly in smaller cask did tun
Her Waters, that from euery side did run:
Whether th'imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer Humour, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Crystall Sphears that he hath spred so round:
Whether th'Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide
Th'Earth's hollow Pores, it pleas'd him to conueigh

Of the lodging and bed of the sea.

Deep vnder ground som Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,
That cov'red all (as with a cloudy Robe)

He them impris'ned in those bounds of brass,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not pass
Without his licence. For, th'Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her enuious rage,
For-ever fenç't our Flowry-mantled Stage:
So that we often see those rowling Hils,
With roaring noise threatning the neighbour Fields,
Through their owne spite to split vpon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.

The Sea kept within her bounds by the Almighty power of God.

For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waues, sith at his Seruants call,
His dreadfull voice (to saue his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th'*Erythræan* Deepe?
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compelled *Iordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purl'd?

Exod. 14. 11.
Iosuah. 3. 16.
Gen. 7. 21.
Exo. 17. 6.

Lo, thus the waighty Water did yer-while
With winding turns make all this world an Ile.
For, like as molten Lead being poured forth
Vpon a leuell plot of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs heer direct, thear crookedly doth go,
Heer doth diuide it self, there meets again;
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a worm,
Almost (in th'instant) euery form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; som in fashion round,
Som square, som crosse, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Som triangles, som large, som lesser size;
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
To giue the world more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th'*Indian* Gulf, and such th'*Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-brancht * retortions,
Divide the World in three vnequall Portions.

A fit Simile shewing the winding turns of the Sea about the Earth.

* *Windings.*

And

The arms of the Sea distinguished into smaller members with cõmodities and vse thereof.

And, though each of these Arms (how large soever)
To the great Ocean seems a little Riuer:
Each makes a hundred sundry Seas besides
(Not sundry in waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindely, by their secret Vains,
The thirsty thickness of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serue for fences
Against th'invasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further Traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T'abbridge long Iourneys; and with ayd of Winde
Within a month to visit either *Inde*.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Riuers in the World.

But, th'Earth not only th'Oceans debter is
For these large Seas: But sh'owes him *Tanáis*,
Nile (*Ægypts* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th'other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,
That lends his name vnto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhóne*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Pô*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amazónian* River,
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their liver):
Our siluer Medway, (*which doth deep indent*
The Flowrie Medowes of My native KENT;
Still sadly weeping (*vnder* Pensherst *vvalls*)
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's *bleeding* Funerals)
Our Thames *and* Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent, *and* Humber,
And many moe, too infinite to number.

Fountains Springs and Riuers welling out of the Earth.

Of him, she also holds her Siluer Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repaies
Th'Humour she borrows by two sundry waies.
For, like as in a Limbeck, th'heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th'odoriferous sweat
Above that Miter can no further get,

It

It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And Cleer as Crystall, in the glass doth hop;
The purest humor in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th'Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
Returns to water; and descends again
By sundry waies vnto his Mother Main.

A Similie shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, & then powred into the Sea.

For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)
Through the wide sive of her void entrails fearst;
Giving more room, at length from Rockie Mountains:
She (night and day) pours forth a thousand Fountains:
These Fountains make fresh Brooks (with murmuring cur-
These murmuring Brooks, the swift & violēt Torrents; (rents
These violent Torrents, mighty Rivers; These,
These Riuers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.

How the Fountaines come to breake forth of the Earth.

And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soone as *Titan*, having run his Ring,
To th'ycie climates bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side, it foames, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hilles it gushes,
Making a thousand Brooks; whereof, when one
Perceiues his fellow striving to be gone;
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; so ynt-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater stream:
And He that robs them, shortly doth deliuer
Himselfe and his into a larger Riuer:
And That, at length, how euer great and large
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th'Eternall *Rendez-vous*.

The increasing of Brooks and Riuers, and of their falling into the Sea.

Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Matcht with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;

Why the sea receiueth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

The

The Sun (as yerſt I ſaid) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the ſur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much ſtill of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire and welling Earth pours in.
But as the ſwelting heat, and ſhivering cold,
Gnaſhing and ſweat, that th'Ague-ſick do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell diſorder:
Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea: & ſundry cauſes therof
The Sea hath fits, alternate courſe ſhe keepes,
From Deep to Shoar, and from the Shoar to Deeps.
Whether it were, that at the firſt, the Ocean
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double Motion,
By means whereof, it never reſteth ſtound,
Simile.
But (as a turning Whirli-gig) goes round,
Whirls of it ſelf, and good-while after takes
Strength of the ſtrength which the firſt motion makes:
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call,
Be but a peece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Againſt the Rocks) repulſed with diſdain,
Be thence compelled to turn back again:
Or whether (*Cynthia*, that with Change-full laws
Commands moiſt bodies, doth this motion cauſe:
As, on our Shoar, we ſee the Sea to riſe
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our skies.
Proofe of the third cauſe: viz. that the waxing and waning of the Moon, cauſeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.
And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward *Spayn*,
The Moon deſcendeth, then it Ebbs again.
Again, ſo ſoon as her inconſtant Crown
Begins to ſhine on th'other *Horizon*,
It Flowes again: and then again it falls
When ſhe doth light th'other *Meridionalls*.
Wee ſee more-ouer, that th'*Atlantik* Seas
Doo Flowe far farther then the *Genôeſe*,
Or both the *Boſphores*; and that *Lakes*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:
Becauſe (they ſay) the ſiluer fronted Star,
That ſwells and ſhrinks the Seas (as pleaſeth her)

Pours

Pours with leſs powr her plentious influence
Vpon theſe ſtraight and narrow ſtreamed Fennes,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vaſt and void of bounds:
Euen as in Sommer, her great brothers Ey,
When winds be ſilent, doth more eaſily dry
Wide ſpreading Plains, open and ſpacious Fields,
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills.
If we perceiue not in the *Deep*, ſo well
As by the ſhoar, when it doth ſhrink and ſwell;
Our ſprightfull Pulſe the tide doth well reſemble,
Whoſe out-ſide ſeems more then the midſt to tremble.
Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars leſs mighty
Then his pale Siſter, on vaſt *Amphitrité*.
For *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightſom Heat
The Fiſh-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,
And ſupping vp ſtill (with his thirſty Rayes)
All the freſh humour in the floting Seas,
In *Thetis* large Cells leaveth nought behind,
Saue liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
But ſee (the while) ſee how the Sea (I pray)
Through thouſand Seas hath caried me away,
In feare t'haue drown'd my ſelfe and Readers ſo,
The Floods ſo made my words to over-flowe.
Therfore a-ſhore; and on the tender Lee
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's ſee
The ſoverain vertues of their ſeverall Waters,
Their ſtrange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, raviſh our eyes and ears.
Th'*Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus* Torch is light,
Is cold as Ice; and (oppoſite) all night
(Though the cold Creſcent ſhine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a ſeething Pot.
They ſay (forſooth) the Riuer *Silarus*,
And ſuch another, call'd *Eurimenus*,
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaues, and all,
To very ſtone, that in their Waters fall.

Simile.

Why the tide is not ſo well perceiued at ſea as by the ſhoare.

The cauſe of the ſaltnes of the ſea.

Of waters ſeparated from the Sea.

Wonderfull effects of diuers Fountains.

O! ſhould I blanch the *Iewes* religious River,
Which every *Saboth* dries his Chanell over;
Keeping his Waues from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a ſacred Reſt for ay?
If neere vnto the *Eleuſinian* Spring,
Som ſport-full lig, ſom wanton Shepheard ſing,
The Raviſht Fountain falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his ruſtick ſound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephiſus*, doe make
The thirſty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Black, red, and white. And neer the crimſin Deep,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimſin Sheep.
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellars do you daily bring
The Oyl and Wine that you abound with, ſo?
O Earth! do theſe within thine entrails grow?
What? be there Vines and Orchards vnder ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?
What ſhould I, of th' *Illyrian* Fountain, tell?
What ſhall I ſay of the *Dodónean* Well?
Whereof, the firſt ſets any cloathes on-fire;
Th'other doth quench (who but will this admire?)
A burning Torch; and when the ſame is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of abſurdeſt Fables
I ſhould enroule moſt of theſe admirables;
Saue for the reuerence of th'vnſtained credit
Of many a witnes where I yerſt haue read it:
And ſauing that our gain-ſpurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
A continuation of the admirable effects of certain Waters. Far hence on Forrain vnfrequented Coaſt,
I'le onely chuſe ſom five or ſixe at moſt,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few;
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of thoſe ſame ſeav'n
Whereto our Elders * *Happy* name had giv'n)

* *Inſulæ fortunatæ.*

The

The Savage people neuer drink the ſtreams
Of Wells and Riuers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire; their guſhing ſpring
A weeping Tree out of it ſelfe doth wring:
A Tree, whoſe tender-bearded Root being ſpred
In dryeſt ſand, his ſweating Leafe doth ſhed
A moſt ſweet liquor; and (like as the Vine
Vntimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her wine,
In pearled tears) inceſſantly diſtills
A Cryſtall ſtream, which all their Ciſterns fills,
Through all the Iland: for all hither hy;
And all their veſſels cannot draw it dry.
In frоſty *Iſlands* are two Fountains ſtrange:
Th'one flowes with Wax: the other ſtream doth change
All into Iron; yet with ſcalding ſteam
In thouſand bubbles belcheth vp her ſtream.
In golden *Perú*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount
A ſtream of Pitch comes from a ſpringing Fount.
What more remaines? That *New-found World*, beſides,
Toward the Weſt many a faire River guides;
Whoſe floating Waters (knowing th'vſe aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Reſt-ordained Night,
Better then men) run ſwiftly, all the Day;
But reſt, all Night, and ſtir not any way.
Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Enuy I ſhould be ſuſpect,
Enuy of thy Renown and ſacred glory,
If my ingratefull Rimes ſhould blanch the Story
Of Streams, diſtilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thouſand Griefs we mortals heere endure,
Old in the Aprill of our age therewith,
Whoſe rigour ſtriues to *ante*-date our death.
Now, as my happy *Gaſcony* excells,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;
So doth ſhe alſo in free *Bathes* abound;
Where ſtrangers flock from every part around.

Of Bathes and Medicinable Waters.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gaſcony.

The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,
Th'vlcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,
From East and West arriving, fetch from hence
Their ready help with small or no expence.
Witnes *Ancossa*, *Caud'rets*, *Aigueseald*,
Barege, *Baigners*; *Baigners*, the pride of all,
The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise
Of all those Mountains mounting to the skies,
Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Bastard, meane I not)
On faire *Piréne* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who
By noble deeds, do worthily averr
Their true descent from such an Ancester.
On th'one side, Hils hoar'd with eternall Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe inclose:
The other side is sweetly compast-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praise of the *Penei'an* Vale:
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;
Th'even-slated Roofs reflect with glistring blew:
To keep the Pavement ever cleane and sweet,
A Crystall River runs through every Street,
Whose Silver stream, as cold as Ice, doth slide
But little off the *Physick* Waters side;
Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a iot
To intermix his cold with th'others hot.
But, all these Wonders that adorn my Verse,
Yet come not neer vnto the wondrous *Lers*:
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage
(With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate rage)
Because his Reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend.

Of the most wonderfull Fountain of Belestat.

What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain,
Which springs at *Belestat* neere the famous Mountain

Of

Of *Foix*; whose Floods bathing *Masérian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*?
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a compleat Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shews his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook (for foure whole months) doth Flowe,
Foure-times-six-times, and Ebbs as oft as lowe.
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list:
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist.
Whose foaming stream striues proudly to compare
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that are.
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician!*
Clock-less, so iust to measure *Time's* partition.
And little LAMBS-BOVRN, *though thou match not* Lers,
Nor hadst the Honor of Du BARTAS *Verse*;
If mine *haue any*, Thou *must needs partake*,
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owners *sake*;
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so* neerly *touch*,
That Yeerely *for them Thou doost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke*;
Besides thy Waast, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAVCER's Donnington:
But (*while the rest are full vnto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit *of need-lesse Subsidie*,
To Cramm the Kennet's *Want-less Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent, and Springs be staid:
Then, then, alone Thou lendst a liberall Aid;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine, of late*)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaz still the too-greazy Swine:
Neither, for fame, nor forme (*when others doo*)
To giue a Morsel, or a Mite or two;
But seuerally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to giue the most deuotion.
Most wisely did th'eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:

The intermedling of the Earth and Sea, and of

the commodities thence arising, & contrariwise of the confusion that would follow, if they were separated.

For, sith th'one could not without drink subsist,
Nor, th'other without stay, bottom and list,
God intermixt them so, that th'Earth her brest
Op'ning to th'Ocean, th'Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and vnder it:
For the World's Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Iust the iust midst of the Worlds Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd a-right
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-leuell'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th'one or th'other side:
Th'*Antipodes*, or we, at once should take
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack*:
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And setled Seasons would be then vncertaine.

The Masse of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.

This also serueth for probation sound,
That th'Earth and Waters mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on euery side
The Day and Night successiuely to slide.
Yea, though *Vespucio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, braue *Italian* Trine,
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake*, *Candish*, *and Cumberland*,
Most valiant Earle, *most worthy High Command*,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had neuer brought the *North-Poles* Parallels
Vnder the *South*; and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* vnder vs found out.
Nay, neuer could they th'*Artike* Pole haue lost,
Nor found th'*Antartike*, if in euery Coast
Seas liquid Glass round-bow'd not euery-where,
With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor leuel; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.

But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball,
From falling out, and ouer-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain still round?
Or may't not be, because the surly Banks
Keep Waters captiue in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be but rest (as it were)
With thousand Rocks dispersed heere and there?
Or rather, Lord, is't not Thine onely Powr
That Bows it round about Earths branchy Bowr?
Doubtless (great God) 'tis doubtless thine owne hand
Whereon this Mansion of *Mankind* doth stand.
For, though it hang in th'Aire, swim in the water,
Though euery way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though for ay
It selfs Fundations with swift Motions play,
It rests vn-mooueable: that th'Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

The second part of this 3. Booke intreating of the Element of earth and first of the firmnes thereof.

The Earth receiues man when he first is born:
Th'Earth nurses him; and when he is forlorn
Of th'other Elements, and Nature loaths-him,
Th'Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloaths-him.
Oft hath the Aire with Tempests set-vpon-vs,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods vndon-vs,
Oft hath the Fire (th'vpper as well as ours)
With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and Towrs:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Vnto Mankind is kind without offence:
Onely the Earth did neuer iot displace
From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace.

Earth is the Mother, Nurse, and Hostesse of mankynd.

Yet, true it is (good Lord) that mov'd somtimes
With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes: which (as imprisoned deep)
In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep.
Fear chils our hearts (what hart can fear dissemble?)
When steeples stagger, and huge Mountains tremble
With wind-les wind, and yawning Hell deuours
Somtimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.

Of Earth-quakes and of the opening of the earth

The Globe of the Earth & Sea, is but as a little point, in comparison of the great circumference of Heauen:

Sith then, the Earth's, and Waters blended Ball
Is center, heart, and nauel of this All;
And sith (in reason) that which is included,
Must needs be less then that which doth include it;
'Tis question-less, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.
Let any iudge, whether this lower Ball
(Whose endless greatness we admire so, all)
Seem not a point, compar'd with th'vpper Sphear
Whose turning turns the rest in their Career;

Sith by the Doctrine of Astronomers, the least Starre in the Firmament is 18 times bigger then al the earth.

Sith the least Star that we perceiue to shine
Aboue, dispers't in th'Arches crystalline
(If, at the least, Star-Clarks be credit worth)
Is eighteene times bigger then all the Earth:
Whence, if we but subtract what is possest
(From North to South, & from the East to West)
Vnder the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian*, and *American*;
And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And also what the two *intemperate Zones*
Doo make vnfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in respect):

By consideration wherof, the Poet taketh occasion to censure sharply the Ambitiõ, Bribery, Vsury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Couetousnes of Mankind.

Lo heer, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largest scope
Glory can giue to your ambitious hope.
O Princes (subiects vnto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Couer the Fields with bloudy Carcases:
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Iustice*, on your sacred Seat;
And, broaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leaue a Leek to your vnthankfull Race:
You strict Extorters, that the Poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leaue your Off-spring rich (of others good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood:

You

You Citty-Vipers, that (incestuous) ioyn
Vse vpon vse, begetting Coyn of Coyn:
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, periur'd Hypocrites,
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights,
'Tinrich your selues, and your vnthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud possessions:
You that for gain betray your gracious Prince,
Your natiue Country, or your deerest Friends:
You, that to get you but an inch of ground,
With cursed hands remoue your Neighbours bound:
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors haue set)
What gain you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his subiection;
Lo heer the Guerdon of his glorious pains:
A needles point, a Mote, a Mite, he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess);
Or, if then nothing any thing be less.

God hauing discouered the earth commaunds it to bring forth euery green thing, hearbs, trees, flowers and fruits.

When God, whose words more in a moment can,
Then in an Age the proudest strength of Man,
Had seuered the Floods, leuell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and emboss't the Hils;
Change, change (quoth hee) O fair and firmest Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy sad brows, and stately garnish them,
With a rich, fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freshest colours on thy sallow cheek.
And let from hence-forth thy aboundant breste
Not only Nurse thine own Wombs natiue guests,
But frankly furnish with fit nourishments
The future folk of th'other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,
May all seem iealous of thy praise and port.

Of Trees growing in Mountains and in Valleys.

No sooner spoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Distilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,

Th'euer

Th'euer-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* ſprout,
And th' Airy Mountaines mantle round about:
The Maſt-full *Oke*, the vſe-full *Aſh*, the *Holm*,
Coat changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
Through Hill and Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
With ſlice-Sea *Alders*, and green *Oſiars* ſmal,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
And many Trees beſide, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to ſerue for Shade.

Of fruit-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The veluet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready bear grav'n in their tender barks,
Gods powerfull prouidence in open marks.
The ſent-ſweet *Apple*, and aſtringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Meddeler*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damſon* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olyue*, ayding apperite,
Spread euery-where a moſt delightfull Spring,
And euery-where a very *Eden* bring.

Of ſhrubs.

Heere, the fine *Pepper*, as in cluſters hung,
There *Cinamon* and other *Spices* ſprung.
Heer, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains;
There growes (th' *Heſperian* Plant) the precious Reed
Whence *Sugar* ſirrops in aboundance bleed;
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from whence
Th' *Arabians* fetch perſuming *Frankinſence*.

Of the Vine, and the excellent vſe of Wine temperately taken.

There, th'amorous *Vine*, coll's in a thouſand ſorts
(With winding arms) her Spouſe that her ſupports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the reſt,
In beauty, as in bounty paſt the beſt:
Whoſe ſacred liquor, temperately taen,
Reviues the ſpirits and purifies the brain,
Cheers the ſad heart, increaſeth kindly heat,
Purgeth groſs blood, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the ſtomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder cleanſe,

Opens

Opens obſtructions, excrements expels,
And eaſeth vs of many Languors els.
And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly ſtate
Our Parents barr'd vs) th' Earth degenerate
From her firſt beauty, bearing ſtill vpon her
Eternall Scars of her fond Lords diſhonour:
Though with the Worlds age, her weak age decay.
Though ſhe becom leſs fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;
Who with the Babes of her owne body born,
Having almoſt ſtor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth ſhee yeeld matter enough to ſing
And praiſe the Maker of ſo rich a Thing.

He preuenteth an obiection, & ſheweth that notwithſtanding mans fall, the Earth yeeldeth vs matter inough to praiſe and magnifie her Maker. Simile.

Neuer mine eies in pleaſant Spring behold
The azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the ſweet *Roſe's* ſtammell,
The *Lillie's* ſnowe, and *Panſey's* various ammell;
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then freſh *Aurora's* roſie cheeks diſplay,
When in the Eaſt ſhe Viſhers a fair Day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which bended in the Sky
Boades fruitfull deaws when as the Fields be dry.

Of Flowers.

Heer (deer S. BARTAS) *giue thy Seruant leaue*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flowr *to weaue,*
Whoſe vvondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy diuine, immortalizing Pen:
But, from thy ſight, when SEIN *did ſwell with Blond,*
It ſunk (perhaps) vnder the Crimſin Flood
(*When Beldam,* Medices, Valois, *and* Guiſe,
Stain'd Hymens *Roab with* Heathen *cruelties*)
Becauſe the Sun, to ſhun ſo vile a view,
His Chamber kept; and wept with Bartholmew.
For ſo, ſo ſoon as in the Weſtern Seas
Apollo *ſinks, in ſiluer* Euphrates
The Lotos *diues, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:

An addition by the Tranſlator, of the rare Sun-louing LOTOS.

But not aboue the Water, till the Sun
Doo re-aſcend aboue the Horizon.
So euer-true to Titans *radiant Flame,*
Semper eadem. *That* (*Riſe he, Fall hee*) *it is* Still the ſame.
A Real Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *vpon-her;*
Sacred ELIZA, *that enſu'd no leſs*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteouſnes;
Whoſe liuely lamp (*vvhat euer did betide-her*)
In either Fortune vvas her onely Guider.
For, in her Fathers and her Brothers Daies,
Fair roſe this Roſe *with Truth's new-ſpringing raies:*
And when again the Goſpels *glorious Light*
Set in her Siſters ſuperſtitious Night,
She ſunk withall vnder afflictions ſtreams
(*As ſinks my* Lotos *with* Sols *ſetting beams*):
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royal Crown ſhe rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean ſet
(*Mauger the* Deluge *that* Romes *Dragon ſpet,*
With ſpightfull ſtorms ſtriuing to ouer-flowe her,
And Spain *conſpyring ioyntly t'ouer-throw-her*)
Her Maiden *Flowr flouriſht aboue the Water;*
ELIZABETA REGINA. *For, ſtill Heav'ns Sun cheriſht his louing Daughter:*
Anagram. Bel fior d' Honor, ch'in Mare 'l Mondo ammira.
Ei ben t'alza e gira. Al Soleſacro, ch' EI BEN T' ALZA E GIRA
(*So, my deere* Wiat, *honouring* Stil *the ſame,*
In-ſoul'd an Impreſe *with her* Anagramm):
And laſt, for guerdon of her conſtant Loue,
Rapt her intirely, to himſelfe aboue.
So ſet our Sun; and yet no Night enſu'd:
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her ſtead, of the ſame Stock of Kings
Another Flowr (*or rather Phœnix*) *ſprings;*
Another like (*or rather* Still *the ſame*)
No leſſe in Loue with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,
Th' honour of England, *and the Royall blood,*

Long

Long happy Monark may king IAMES *perſiſt;*
And after him, His; Still the ſame *in Chriſt.*

God, not content t'haue giuen theſe Plants of ours
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, plenty, pleaſant Flowrs,
Infuſed Phyſick in their leaues and Mores,
To cure our ſicknes, and to ſalve our ſores:
Elſe doubt-leſs (Death aſſaults ſo many waies)
Scarce could we liue a quarter of our Daies;
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and falls,
One Feaſt would ſerue our Birth and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.
Good Lord! how many gaſping Soules haue ſcap't
By th'ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Graue hath gap't;
Who, euen about to touch the *Stygian* ſtrand,
Haue yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-leſs *Apollo's* beardy* Sonn did once
With iuice of Hearbs reioin the ſcattered bones
Of the chaſte* Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferred Death before inceſtuous ſport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Iaſon's* ſake,
The frozen limbs of *Æſon* youthfull make.
O ſacred Simples that our life ſuſtain,
And when it flies vs, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your liquor, inly taen,
That oft defends vs from ſo many a baen:
But euen your ſauour, yea, your neighbourhood,
For ſom Diſeaſes is exceeding good;
Working ſo rare effects, that only ſuch
As feel, or ſee them, can beleeue ſo much.
Blew *Succorie*, hangd on the naked neck,
Diſpels the dimneſs that our ſight doth check.
Swines-Bread, ſo vſed, doth not onely ſpeed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If ouer it a Child-great Woman ſtride,
Inſtant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite,
The poyſonie Serpents that vnpeople quite

Of diuers hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.

Simile.

* *Eſculapius.*

* *Hyppolitus.*

The vertue of Succorie.

Of Swines-bread.

Cyrenian Desarts, neuer Danger them
* *Mugwort.* That weare about them th'* *Artemisian* Stem.
Peonie. About an Infants neck hang *Peonie*,
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in excesse,
Trouble thy brains with storms of gyddinesse
Saffron. Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th'inchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandishments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Pestilence,
Infect not those that in their mouthes haue taen
Angelica. *Angelica* that happy counter-baen,
Sent down from Heav'n by some Celestiall scout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.
Pimpernell or Burnet. So *Pimpernel*, held in the Patients hand,
The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand:
Madder. And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handeled,
Dies th'handlers vrine into perfect red.
O Wondrous *Woad!* which, touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find
Your vertues working in fraile humane kind;
But you can force the fiercest Animals,
The fellest Fiends, the firmest Mineralls,
Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie
Haue not bely'd the Haggs of *Thessalie*).
* *Libbards bane* Onely the touch of *Choak-Pard** *Aconite*,
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:
Helleborus. As (opposite) *Helleborus* doth make
His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.
Betonie. With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beset,
Lift vp their heads, and fall to hiss and spet,
With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft vp with rage, to't by the eares they goe,
Baen against baen, plague against plague they throwe,
Charging each other with so fierce a force
(For friends turn'd foes haue lightly least remorse)

That

That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poysoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,
But onely th'end of their detested life.
As *Betonie* breaks friendships ancient bands,
So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands: *Willow-wort.*
For, being fastned to proud Coursers collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.
The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*, *Tamarice.*
Consume their spleen. The like effect there is
In *Finger-Fern*: which, being given to Swine, *Finger-Ferne.*
It makes their Milts to melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth choosing the same so right
Of all their Tripes to serue it's appetite.
And Horse, that, feeding on the grassy Hills,
Tread vpon * *Moon-woort* with their hollow heeles; * *Lunaria.*
Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Maister musing where their shooes become.
O *Moon-woort*! tell vs where thou hid'st the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou vnshoo'st them with?
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't
That can thy subtile secret strength resist,
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoo
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst vndoo?
But I suppose not, that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian* * *Dittanie*, * *Dictaminum Candiæ.*
Which wounded Dear eating, immediatly
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.
Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine
That every where, in every Turfe we find
Such multitude of other Plants to spring, *Great varietie in colour and form of Plants, and strange cõtrariety of effects, according to the bodies that they worke vpon.*
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seasons taen,
To one is Physick, to another baen:
Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.

Th'hearb * *Sagapen* ſerues the ſlowe Aſſe for meat,
But kils the Ox if of the ſame he eat.
So branched * *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit;
But, death to man, if he but taſte of it.
And * *Oleander* vnto beaſts is poyſon;
But, vnto man a ſpeciall counter-poyſon.
What ranker poyſon? what more deadly baen
Then * *Aconite*, can there be toucht or taen?
And yet his iuice beſt cures the burning bit
Of ſtinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Diſdainfull Poyſon! noble combatant!
That ſcorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might:
For, if he find our bodies fore-poſſeſt
With other Poyſon, then he lets vs reſt,
And with his Rivall enters ſecret Duel,
One to one, ſtrong to ſtrong, cruel to cruel,
Still fighting fierce, and never over-giue
Till they both dying, giue Man leave to liue.
And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Ruſh through the Woods, or clamber vp the Hills,
I find God every-where; Thence all depend,
He giueth frankly what we thankly ſpend.
Heer for our food, Millions of flow'rie grains,
With long Muſtachoes, waue vpon the Plains;
Heere thouſand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,
In *Sérean* Forreſts hang in ſilken Globes:
Heer ſhrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner vſe)
The fine white balls of *Bombace* do produce.
Heere th'azure-flowred Flax is finely ſpun
For fineſt Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Heere fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmarke* doth afford,
Doth furniſh vs with Canuaſs, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds aſſiſting either,
We may acquaint the Eaſt & Weſt together,
And dry-foot daunce on *Neptunes* Watry Front,
And in adventure lead whole Towns vpon't.

Heer

* *Fenelgyant.*
* *Hemlock.*
* *Roſe-bay.*
* *Wolfes bane.*
Of grain, ſilke, Cotton-Wool (or Bombace) Flax & Hemp which the Earth produceth.

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Needest thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And passing oyle it soone becommeth so.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then sun it wel, and it will sharply bite.
Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,
And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with ioyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his Name with praise,
Had don enough; if he had made no more
But this one Plant, so full of wondrous store:
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds satiety)
Could not be fair, without so great varietie.
But th'Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treasures glistering every where
(*As glorious vnthrifts, croſt with Parents Curse,*
Wear golden Garments; but an empty Purse:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Diſeaſe, full of Deceipt and Sinne:
Or ſtately Toombes, externly gilt and garniſht;
With duſt and bones inwardly fill'd and furniſht)
Of the riches vnder or within the Earth.
But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches).
Within the deep folds of her fruitfull lap,
So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap,
That th'hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhaust with labour or device.
For, they be more then ther be Starrs in Heav'n,
Or stormy billows in the Ocean driv'n,
Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beasts vpon a thousand Hills,
Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,
Or scattred Leaves in Winter in the Woods.
Of Minerals.
Slat, Iet, and *Marble* shall escape my pen,
I over-pass the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pouder their provision.

I'le onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,
Dye 't with *Vermilion*, deck 't with *Coperass*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,
Tin, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy*:
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Crystall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Cassidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opal*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,
The skie-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethists*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames resists.

Of pretious stones.

I knowe, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)
No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas!) vnto our loss she bears
Blood-shedding *Steele*, and *Gold* the ground of cares:
As if these Metalls, and not Man's amiss,
Had made Sin mount vnto the height it is.
But, as the sweet bait of aboundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts vnto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well apply
For houshold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Country (when it calls)
From forrain dangers, and intestine bralls:
But, with the same the wicked never mell,
But to do seruice to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,
To break a House, or to doo somthing worse;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoyl his Country, murder Innocents.
Even so, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich wrong, and cast poore Innocence:

The vse, or abuse of things, makes thē good or euill: be p'fitt o hurtfu. to Mankind.

So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,
Miss-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.
For, as a Cask, through want of vse grow'n fusty,
Makes with his stink the best *Greeke* Malmsey musty:
So God's best gifts, vsurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyson turn through their contagions.

Of the rare vertue of the Load-stone.

But, shall I baulk th'admired *Adamant*,
Whose dead-live power, my Reasons power doth dant.
Renowned *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the same aloofe attracts;
Attracts it strangely with vnclapsing crooks,
With vnknow'n cords, with vnconceived hooks,
With vnseen hands, with vndiscerned arms,
With hidden Force, with sacred secret charms,
Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Misteriss*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiss;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosom,
Never to part (except we, love-less, loose-em)
With so firme zeal and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone.
And though somtime som Make-bate come betwixt,
Still burns their first flame; 'tis so surely fixt:
And, while they cannot meet to breake their minds,
With mutuall skips they shew their loue by signes
(*As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,*
Parley in silence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceiue, or censure in what sort
One Loadstone-touched Ann'let doth transport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or fiue hang dangling one in other?
Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:
Sith Reason-scanners haue resolved all,
That heavie things, hangd in the Aire, must fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks
In *Romane* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*,
Whose iealous wife, weening to home-revoke-him
With a Love-potion, did with poyson choak-him;

Hath

Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.
But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Star* still the needle draw's,
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this knot,
And still-green *Laurell* shall be still thy Lot:
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confess,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.

Of the excellent vse of the Mariners Compasse.

W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
Ney ther to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
As (*Signor Flauio*) to thy witty triall,
For first inuenting of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th'vse of the Needle, turning in the same)
Diuine deuice! O admirable Frame!
Whereby, through th'Ocean, in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right:
Whereby w'are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and Lamp
To search all corners of the watery Camp:
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns haue whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is; and in the *Card* descries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-sighted Spirits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rymes, though subiect to defect;
If in this Volume, as you ouer-read it
You meet som things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, heer proued yet by no-man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common:
Think, yet, to som the Load-stone's vse is new;
And seems as strange, as we haue try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw such
To credit more then what they see or touch.

Of medicinable Earths.

Nor is th'Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall,
Or in her bosom: but her own selfs worth
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
I call to witnes all those weak diseased,
Whose bodies oft haue by th'effects been eased

Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* soil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.

The Earths Encomion.

All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physik, and Fruits, and Flowrs,
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; laç't about with Floods,
And all embrodered with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about emboss't,
Excelling cunning and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of All the World, the Worlds strong fixed foot,
Heav'ns chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedestall.
All hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse,
Of the Worlds Soverain: of thy liberall purse,
W' are all maintayned: match-less Empéress,
To doo thee seruice with all readiness,
The Sphears, before thee bear ten thousand Torches:
The Fire, to warm thee, foldes his heatfull arches
In purest flames aboue the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waues and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyrs* blasts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains,
Wraps her moist arms, Seas, riuers, lakes and fountains.

Commendations of the Country-life.

O how I grieue, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best wits contemn thee now a-days:
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quight
Study of Hearbs, and *Country-lifes* delight,
To bruitest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reuerend Patriarks,
Whose prayse is penned by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the iust, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* becam)
Were Shepheards all; or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passed their Dayes the best.

Such

Such were not yerst *Attalus, Philometor,*
Archelaus, Hiero, and many a *Pretor*;
Great Kings and Consuls, who haue oft, for blades
And glistering Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius,*
Serranus, Curius, who vn-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coultars, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.
Great *Scipio, sated* with fain'd curtsie-capping,
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggers: and that Emperour,
Of Slave turn'd King; of King, turnd Labourer;
In Country Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who shunns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, seruing *Ceres*, Tills with his own Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Enuie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Auarice:
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never supps,
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrosia* deadly *Arsenick:*
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass)
The siluer Brook his sweetest *Hypocrasse:*
Milk, Cheese, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeuour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsailours (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Attourneys, that with both hands draw;
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster,*
With fained chiding, and foul iarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his ioyes:
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrows,*
With Natures Musick do beguile his sorrows;

Free from enuy, ambition, & auarice: and consequently from the diuelish practises of Machiauilian Politiks.

Not vexed with counterfait wrestlings of wrangling Lawyers.

Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading shipwracke, nor in danger of Pirats.

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
On th'irefull Ocean (as the Windes do blowe)
With sodain Tempest is not ouer-whurld,
To seek his sad death in another World:
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his own smoak; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters, with his siluer Current
His Natiue Medowes: and that very Earth
Shall giue him Buriall, which first gaue him Birth.

Not diseased in body through delitious Idlenes.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthyop's cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppy*-seed;
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should haue said);
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Beuer,
Frenging the round skirts of his winding Riuer,
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawen by factions to an vntimely Death.

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud A-larms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms:
Nor deer respect of som great *Generall*,
Him from his bed vnto the block doth call.
The crested Cock sings *Hunt is vp* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearld with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Ayre.

Neuer gross Aire, poysond in stinking Streets,
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets;
But th'open Sky, where at full breath he liues,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack giues:
And Death, drad Seriant of th'eternall Iudge,
Coms very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

Nor (Chamele-like) changing, with euery obiect, the colour of his conscience.

His wretched yeers in Princes Courts he spends not:
His thralled will on Great mens wils depends not:
He, changing Master, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce:

With

With mercenary lies he doth not chaunt,
Praysing an Emmet for an Elephant:
Sardanapalus (drown'd in soft excess)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;
Thersites foul, for *Venus* louely Loue;
And euery Changeling for a Turtle-Doue;
Nor laviſhes in his laſcivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaſte *Alceſtes* prayſe.
But all ſelf-priuate, ſerving God, he writes
Fear-leſs, and ſings but what his heart indites.
No ſallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him:
Vnto no fraud doth night or day addict-him;
Or if he muſe on guile, 't is but to get
Beaſt, Bird, or Fiſh, in toil, or ſnare, or net.
What though his Wardrobe be not ſtately ſtuft
With ſumptuous ſilks (pinked, and pounc't, and puft)
With gold-ground Veluets, and with ſiluer Tiſſue,
And all the glory of old *Eues* proud Iſſue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cramd
With Miſers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warme-wrapped in his own-growen Wooll;
Of vn-bought Wines his Cellar's ever full;
His Garner's ſtor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks,
His Barns with Fodder, with ſweet ſtreams his Rocks.
For, heer I ſing the happy Ruſtiks weal,
Whoſe handſom houſe ſeems as a Common-weal:
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;
The pined Fiſher, or poor-Dairy-Renter
That liues of whay, for forfeiting Indenture;
Who ſcarce haue bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.
Let me, good Lord, among the Great vn-kend,
My reſt of dayes in the calm *Countrey* end.
Let me deſerue of my deer Æ GLE-Brood,
For Windſor-*Foreſt, walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond my Sea*; Lambs-bourn *my Thames*;
Lambourn *my* London; Kennet's *ſiluer ſtreams*,

Nor ſoothing Sin: nor licking the Tayl of Greatneſſe.

Neither preſt with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.

My

My fruitfull Nile; my Singers and Musicians,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-com may wonder at the same.
Or, if the new North-star, my Souerain, IAMES
(The secret vertue of whose sacred beams
Attracts th' attentiue seruice of all such
Whose mindes did euer Vertue's Load-stone touch)
Shall euer daign t' inuite mine humble Fate
T' approach the Presence of his Royall State:
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall driue or draw me neer their pleasing-Troublet;
Let not their Fauours make me drunk with folly:
In their Commands still keep my Conscience holy:
Let me, true Honour, not the false delight;
And play the Preacher, not the Parasite.

So Morne and Euening the Third Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FOVRTH DAY OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n (*Each in a seuerall Tent*);
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed;
That they (*as Beasts*) *do eat and drink; refuted.*
Heav'ns (*not the* Earth) *with rapid* motion *roule:*
The famous Stars *observ'd in either* Pole:
Heav'ns sloaping Belt: *the* Twelue *celestiall* Signes,
Whear Sol the Seasons *of the* Year *confines:*
Dayes *glorious* Prince: Nights *gloomy* Patroness:
His Light *and Might: Her constant* Change-fulnes.

PVre Spirit that rapt'st aboue the Firmest Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,
Who smiting *Iordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerst diuide the Waters with the stroak:
O! take me vp; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, see th'azure Heav'ns *To-Day.*
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Ioule
With *Phœbus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Driue on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horses,
Their course, their light, their labour, and their forces,
My Muse may sing in sacred Eloquence,
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Ecellence:

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling vpon the God of Heauen, our Poet prayeth to be lift vp in the Heauens, that he may discourse (as he ought) of the starrs, fixed and wandring.

And

And with the Load-ſtone of my conquering Verſe,
Abouethe Poles attract the moſt peruerſe.
And you fair learned ſoules, you ſpirits diuine,
To whom the Heav'ns ſo nimble quils aſſigne,
As well to mount, as skilfully to limn
The various motion of their Tapers trim;
Lend me your hand; lift me aboue *Parnaſſus*;
With your loud *Trebbles* help my lowly *Baſſus*.
For ſure, beſides that your wit-gracing Skill
Bears, in it ſelf, iit ſelf's rich guerdon ſtill;
Our Nephews, free from ſacrilegious brauls,
Where Horror ſwims in bloud about our wa'ls,
Shall one day ſing that your deer Song did merit
Better Heav'n, better hap and better time to hear-it.
And, though (alas) my now new-riſing Name
Can hope heer-after none, or little Fame:
The time that moſt part of our better wits
Miſ-ſpend in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words:
I mean to ſpend, in publiſhing the Story
Of Gods great works, to his immortall glory.
My rymes begot in pain, and born in pleaſure,
Thirſt not for Fame (the Heathen hope's chief treaſure):
'T ſhall me ſuffice, that our deer *France* doo breed
(In happy ſeaſon) ſom more learned ſeed,
That may record with more diuine dexterity
Then I haue don theſe wonders to Poſterity.
Much leſs may theſe abortiue Brats of Mine
Expect Reſpect (but in reſpect of Thine):
Yet ſith the Heav'ns haue thus entaskt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes)*
To ſhadow Thine; and to my Countrey render
Som ſmall reflection of thy radiant ſplendor;
It is enough, if heer-by I incite
Som happier ſpirit to do thy Muſe more right;
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great du BARTAS *trace.*

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,
Who, at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well:
But rather, as a workman neuer weary,
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection,
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Heere resuming his course, hee prosecutes the worke of the Creation.

Hauing therefore the Worlds wide Curten spread
About the circuit of the fruitfull Bed,
Where (to fill all with her vnnumbred Kin)
Kind Natures selfe each moment lyeth in:
To make the same for euer admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;
He th'Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistring sparks.

In the fourth day, God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (vid.) the Sun and the Moone, together with the other fiue Planets.

I knowe, those Tapers, twinkling in the sky,
Doo turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can neuer (rightly) reach, to seeing
Their Course and Force, and much-much less their Being:
But, if coniecture may extend aboue
To that great Orb, whose moouing All doth moue,
Th'imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heau'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht Heau'ns ceeling with those Torches bright:
Or else diuided it; and pressing close
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

Of their Course, Force, Essence, and Substance.

But, if thy wits thirst rather seeke these things,
In *Greekish* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water,
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droues (it seemes)
That haunt the Hills and Dales and Downs and Groues:
So, did he make by his Almighty might,
The Heau'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright;
To th'end these Lamps, dispersed in the Skies,
Might with their Orb, it with them, sympathize.

Opinion of the Greeks touching the matter of the Stars.

And,

Simile.

And as (with vs) vnder the Oaken bark
The knurry knot with branching veins, we mark
To be of ſubſtance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So thoſe gilt ſtuds in th'vpper ſtory driven,
Are nothing but the thickeſt part of Heav'n.

Their ſubſtance is of Fire.

When I obſerue their Light and Heat yblent
(Meere accidents of th'vpper Element)
I thinke them Fire: but not ſuch Fire as laſts
No longer then the fuel that it waſtes:
For then, I think all th'Elements too-little
To furniſh them only with one dayes victual.

Refutation of ſuch as haue thought that the Stars were liuing creatures that did eat and drinke.

And therefore ſmile I at thoſe Fable-Forges,
Whoſe buſy-idle ſtile ſo ſtifly vrges,
The Heav'ns bright Creſſets to be liuing creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry fodder-eaters;
Still ſucking-vp (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceiue no motion in a Star,
But natural, certain, and regular;
Where-as, Beaſts motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, vncertain, diuers, voluntary.
I ſee not how ſo many golden Poſts
Should ſcud ſo ſwift about Heav'ns azure coaſts,
But that the Heav'ns muſt ope and ſhut ſom-times,
Subiect to paſsions, which our earthly climes
Alter, and toſs the Sea, and th'Aire eſtrange
From it ſelfs temper with exceeding change.
I ſee not how, in thoſe round blazing beams,
One ſhould imagine any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I ſee how th'Earth, and Sea ſhould feed
So many Stars, whoſe greatnes doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Diuines ſay troth)
The greatnes of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith heer our Cattle, in a month, will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their owne bulk in meat.
Theſe Torches then range not at random, o're
The lightſom thicknes of an vn-firm Floor:

As

As heer below, diuerſly mooving them,
The painted Birds between two aires do ſwim.
But rather fixed vnto turning Sphears,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers: *Simile.*
As Cart-nailes faſtned in a wheel (without
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about.
As th'Ague-ſicke, vpon his ſhivering pallet, *A compariſon.*
Delaies his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taſte-leſs Taſte delights
In things vnſauory to ſound Appetites:
Even ſo, ſome brain-ſicks liue there now-adaies,
That loſe themſelues ſtill in contrary waies;
Prepoſterous Wits that cannot rowe at eaſe,
On the ſmooth Chanell of our common Seas.
And ſuch are thoſe (in my conceit at leaſt)
Thoſe Clarks that think (think how abſurd a ieſt)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turn at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th'Earth it ſelf, this Maſſie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once euery twice-twelue houres:
And wee reſemble Land-bred nouices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at firſt lanching from the ſhoar, ſuppoſe
The ſhip ſtands ſtill, and that the ground it goes.
So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill, *Opinion of Copernicus cõfuted.*
Equally diſtant ſhould continue ſtill.
So, neuer ſhould an Arrow, ſhot vpright,
In the ſame place vpon the ſhooter light;
But would doo (rather) as (at Sea) a ſtone
Aboord a Ship vpward vprightly throw'n;
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood
A-ſtern the Ship, if ſo the wind be good.
So ſhould the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Weſtern Marſhes toward *Mornings* Light,
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to viſit *Eurus* in his clime,
And Bullets thundred from the Cannons throat
(Whoſe roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders note):

Should

Should ſeem recoyl: ſithens the quick career,
That our round Earth ſhould daily gallop heer,
Muſt needs exceed a hundred-fold (for ſwift)
Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their drift.
Arm'd with theſe reaſons, 'twere ſuperfluous
T'aſſaile the reaſons of *Copernicus*;
Who, to ſalve better, of the Stars th'appearance,
Vnto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water in one only Ball.
But ſithens heer, nor time, nor place doth ſute,
His *Paradox* at length to proſecute;
I will proceed, grounding my next diſcourſe
On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their conſtant *courſe*.
I oft admire greatnes of mighty Hills,
And pleaſant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And count-leſs number of the Oceans ſand,
And ſecret force of ſacred Adamant:
But much-much more (the more I mark their courſe)
Stars gliſtering greatnes, beauty, number, force.
Even as a Peacock, prickt with loues deſire,
To woo his Miſtreſs, ſtrowting ſtately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings and ſtarry-golden tail;
With rattling pinions wheeling ſtill about,
The more to ſet his beautious beautie out:
The Firmament (as feeling like aboue)
Diſplays his pomp; pranceth about his Loue,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks,
Set with gilt ſpangles, ſow'n with gliſtring ſparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, ſpecked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Starrs ſtreaming with glorious light,
T'inflame the Earth the more, with Louers grace,
To take the ſweet fruit of his kind imbrace.
Hee, that to number all the Stars would ſeek,
Had need inuent ſome new Arithmetick;
And who, to caſt that Reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's ſand:

Leauing to diſpute farther vpon the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his diſcourſe, and by a liuely compariſon repreſenteth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.

Simile.

The number of Stars vnder both the Poles innumerable.

Yet

Yet haue our wise and learned Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Howses* to diuide the Skyes.
Of those, are *Twelue* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gaue Nature for her New-years-gift
(When making All, his voice Almighty most,
Gaue so fair Laws vnto Heav'ns shining Hoast)
To wear it biaz, buckled ouer-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling waste to girt-her.
This glorious *Baldrick* of a Golden tindge,
Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with Siluer Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'ns biaz-wise enuirons day and night.
For, from the period, whear the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall ballancing,
Ninetie degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence iust as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th'Years Portall, the like difference.
Nephelian Crook-horn, with brass Cornets crown'd,
Thou butt'st brauely 'gainst the *New-years* bound;
And richly clad in thy fair Golden Fleece,
Doo'st hold the *First Howse* of *Heav'ns* spacious Meese.
Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, least that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,
Coats th'infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.
The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet,
God fill'd with Starrs to shine in season sweet,
Contend in Course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* coms rowing soft,
With his eight owres through the Heav'ns azure loft;
To bring vs yeerly, in his starry shell,
Many long daies the shaggy Earth to swele,

And why the ancient Astronomers obserued 48.

Of the signes in the Zodiacke.

The Zodiacke.

Aries *in Mid-March begins the Spring.*

Taurus *in mid-Aprill.*

Gemini *in mid-May.*

Cancer *in mid-Iune begins the sommer.*

Leo in mid-July.

Almost with like pase leaps the *Lion* out,
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.
The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'ns azure Globe
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching in her left hand brings
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand wings.
After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,
Equall diuider of the Day and Night:
In whose gold Beam, with three gold rings, there fastens
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Basens.
The spitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Skale* addrest,
With two bright Lamps couers his loathsom brest;
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,
Would spet his venom ouer euery thing;
But that the braue *Half-horse Phylirean* Scout,
Galloping swift the heav'nly Belt about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feathered arrow
To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough.
And th'hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is so attentiue to this onely chase,
That dread-less of his dart, Heav'ns shining *Kid*
Coms iumping light, iust at his heels vnspid.
Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,
After the *Goat*, a siluer stream pours-out;
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire
Riuers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whose cleer channel mought at pleasure swim
Those two bright *Fishes* that doo follow him;
But that the Torrent slides so swift away,
That it out-runs them euer, euen as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who euer them pursues;
And by renewing Yearely, all renues.

Virgo in mid-August.

Libra in mid-September begin-neth Autumn.

Scorpio in mid-October.

Sagittarius in mid-November.

Capricornus in mid-December, beginneth Winter.

Aquarius in mid-January.

Pisces in mid-February.

The names of the Principall starrs of the North-Pole.

Besides these *Twelue*, toward the *Artik* side,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* diuide;
After, the *Wainman* coms, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*

Of

Of th'hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same
By *AEsculapius*, or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, louing man;
Ioues stately *AEgle*, and the siluer *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Cassiopeia* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa*'s *Tresses*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
Toward th'other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath't *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure*, *Wolf*, the *Censer*, and the *Foul*
(The twice-foul *Rauen*) the *Southern Fish* and *Crown*,
Through Heav'ns bright Arches brandish vp and down.

The names of the Starres of the South-Pole.

Thus, on *This-Day* working th'*eighth* azure Tent,
With Art-les Art, diuinely excellent;
Th'Almighties finger fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pauilion:
But in the rest (vnder that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, vnto the seuerall Seav'n;
Lest, of those Lamps the number-passing number
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should neuer, in the cleerest night,
Starrs diuers Course see or discern aright.

The fixed starrs are in the eight Heauen.

And the seuen Planets vnder them each in his proper Spheare.

And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers;
But, the *Seauen Lights* that wander vnder them,
Through various passage, neuer shake a beam:
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th'hoast of Sparks sprod in the Firmament
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
To th'Earth and Sea, we doo more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced,
But th'vndermost by th'vpper be imbraced,
And more or less their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:

Why the Planets twinkle not, and the fixed starrs do twinkle.

The firmament much farther from the Earth then the Spheares of the Planets.

Simile.

As in an Egg, the ſhell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.

Two ſimiles repreſenting the motion of the eight inferiour Heav'ns, through the ſwift turning of the ninth which is the Primum Mobile.

Now as the Winde, buffing vpon a Hill
With roaring breath againſt a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the ſails of ſwelling clout,
The ſails doo ſwing the winged ſhaft about,
The ſhaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the ſtone which grindes the flowry corns:
Or like as alſo in a Clock well tended,
Juſt counter-poize, iuſtly thereon ſuſpended,
Makes the great Wheel goe round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch and th'iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelue equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty houres,
Surueying all this various houſe of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth moue;
Whoſe radiant glances gild the World aboue,
And driues them euery day (which ſwiftnes ſtrange is)
From *Gange* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.

Each of the 8. Heauens ſo trãſported by the Primum Mobile *hath alſo his proper oblique and diſtinct courſe each from other.*

But, th'vnder-Orbs, as grudging to be ſtill
So ſtraightly ſubiect to another will;
Still without change, ſtill at an others pleaſure
After one pipe to dance one onely meaſure;
They from-ward turn, and trauerſing aſide,
Each by himſelf an oblique courſe doth ſlide:
So that they all (although it ſeem not ſo)
Forward and backward in one inſtant goe,
Both vp and down, and with contrary paſes,
At once they poſte to two contrary places:

The ſame explained by a proper Simile.

Like as my ſelf, in my loſt Marchant-years
(A loſs, alas, that in theſe lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Iaſon *brought to* Greece*)*
While toward the Sea, our (then, Swan-pcorer) Thames
Bare downe my Bark vpon her ebbing ſtreams:
Vpon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walking in compaſs of that narrow Coop,

Maugre

Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doo,
Haue gone at once towards LEE *and* LONDON *too.*

Why som of these Heauens haue a slower course & shorter compasse then other some.

But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
Approach *th' Empyreall Palace* walls in height,
The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,
Yet they return vnto their Iourneys end.

The terme of the reuolution of the Firmament.

It 's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' vn-niggard hand of Maiesty
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
Spends in his voyage nigh seaven thousand year.

Of the seuenth, which is the Spheare of Saturn.

Ingenious *Saturn*, spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arriue where thy Career begun.

Of the 6. which is the Spheare of Iupiter.

Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Iupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear,
And while thou doost with thy more milde aspect
His froward beams disast'rous frouns correct,
Thy Tinnen Chariot shod with burning bosses,
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six twelue months crosses.

Of the 5. which is the Spheare of Mars.

Braue-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away:
But in the road of his eternall Race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pase,
That thrice, the while the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod,
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
Yet his steed whels haue done their busines.

Of the 4. which is the Spheare of Sol.

Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honour-giuer,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,
Thou, in three hundred threescore dayes and five,
Doost to the period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' Year,
And measur'st Daies with thy constrain'd career.

Of the 3. which is the Sphear of Venus.

Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the world with-childe
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,
Smiles, wittie wiles, youth, loue, and beauty bright,
With soft blind *Cupids* euermore consort)
Of lightsom Day opens and shuts the port;
For, hardly dare her siluer Doves go far
From bright *Apollos* glory-beaming Car.

Of the 2. which is the Sphear of Mercury.

Not much vnlike so, *Mercury* the witty,
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or Citty:
Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,
Fortunat Marchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;
To end his course takes neer a twelue-months leasure:
For, all the while, his nimble winged heels
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheels.

Of the 1. which is the Sphear of Luna.

The lowest Planet neerest the Earth.

And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,
Regent of humours, parting Months aright,
Chaste Emperess to one *Endymion* constant;
Constant in Loue, though in thy looks inconstant
(*Vnlike our Loues, whose hearts dissemble soonest*)
Twelue times a year through all the *Zodiak* runnest.

Of the necessity of diuers motions of the Heauens.

Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,
Should still stand-still as in a sloathfull slumber,
Then should som Places (alwayes in one plight)
Haue alwayes Day, and som haue alwayes Night:
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,
Rest opposite still on the self same Coast:
Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper would
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of distance or of dance,
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,
Th'inconstant parts of this lowe Worlds contents
Should neuer feel so sundry accidents,
As the Coniunction of celestiall Features
Incessantly pours vpon mortall Creatures.

Of the force and influence of the

I'll n'er beleeve that the Arch-Architect
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt

Onely

Onely for Shewe, and with these glistering shields
T'amaze poore Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'll n'er beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath som peculiar vertue of it owne;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n haue none:
But shine in vain, and haue no charge precise,
But to be walking in heav'ns Galleries,
And through that *Palace* vp and down to clamber
As *Golden Gulls about a* PRINCES CHAMBER.
Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparant lies:
And 'gainst Experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learned Disputations:
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though heav'ns effects we most apparant see
In number more then heav'nly Torches be.

Cœlestiall body vpon the terrestriall.

I nill alleadge the Seasons alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not vrge, that neuer at noon daies
His enuious Sister intercepts his Raies
But som great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell,
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foul infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Heer pouring down Woes vniuersall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.

Sundry proofes of the same.
1. The diuers seasons.
2. The fearfull accidents that commonly succeed Eclipses.

I'l overpass how Sea doth Eb and Flowe,
As th' Horned Queen doth either shrink or growe;
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in Bones abound,
The Bloud in Veins, the sap in Plants, the Moisture
And lushious meat, in Creuish, Crab and Oyster:
That Oak, and Elm and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* haue her Cornets shut,

3. The ebbing & flowing of the Sea.

4. The increase and decrease of marrow, bloud and humours in diuers creatures.

Are neuer lasting, for the builders turn,
5. The apparant alterations in the bodies of sick persons.
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while she is filling,
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling.
So that, this Lamp alone approoves, what powrs,
Heav'ns Tapers have even on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy, which while this Flesh we carrie,
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marrie.
I'l only say, that sith the hot aspect
A particular proofe by the effects of certaine notable stars, ordinarily noted in some Month of the year.
Of th'Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand vnseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-vp the Hills,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposit) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright-glistering *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,
Neuer (almost) look down on our aboad,
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad;
With Clowdy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt azure Front
Of Firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark vpon't
But poureth down-ward som apparant change,
Toward the Storing of the Worlds great Grange;
We may coniecture what hid powr is given
T'infuse among vs from the other Seaven,
From each of those which for their vertue rare
Reiecting the Stoiks, he sheweth that God, as the first Cause, doth order all things, and what vse we should make of the force Course, & Light of the cœlestiall bodies.
Th'Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.
Not that (as *Stoiks*) I intend to tye
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*
Th'Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinies* hard Diamantin Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:

And that therefore (the rather) we belovve
Should ſtudy all, their Courſe and Force to knowe:
To th'end that, ſeeing) through our Parents Fall)
T'how many Tyrants we are waxen thrall,
Euer ſince firſt fond Womans blind Ambition,
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'ns *High-Commiſſion*:
We might vnpuff our Heart, and bend our Knee,
T'appeaſe with ſighs Gods wrathfull Maieſtie;
Beſeeching him to turn away the ſtorms
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, and dreadfull Arms,
Which oft the angry Starrs, with bad Aſpects,
Threat to be falling on our ſtubborn necks:
To give vs Curbs to bridle th'ill proclivitie
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativitie:
To pour ſom Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleſhes fell Concupiſcence,
To calm our many paſſions (ſpirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.

Heer proceeding to the ſecond part of this book, he treateth at large of the Sun and Moon.

Latonian Twinns, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you ſo your ſhining Fronts?
What? nill you ſhew the ſplendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?
I pray pul-off your mufflers and your moorning,
And let me ſee you in your native burning:
And my deer Muſe by her eternall flight,
Shall ſpread as far the glory of your Light
As you your ſelues run, in alternat Ring,
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Of the Sun: entring into the deſcriptiõ wherof he confeſſeth that he knowes not well where to begin.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running end-les courſe,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively ſcurſe,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniverſe,
Heav'ns richeſt Gemm: O teach me where my Verſe
May but begin thy praiſe. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth ſtare
To count the Quails, that with their ſhadow cov er
Th'*Italian* Sea, when ſoaring hither over,
Fain of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They com, with vs to paſs the Summer time:

No

No ſooner he begins one ſhoal to ſumm,
But more and more, ſtill greater ſhoals do com,
Swarm vpon Swarm, that with their count-les number
Break off his purpoſe, and his ſenſe incumber.

The Sun as Prince of the Celeſtiall lights marcheth in the midſt of the other ſix Planets which enuiron him.

Daies glorious Eye! euen as a mighty King,
About his Countrie ſtately Progreſſing.
Is compaſt round with *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, and *Knights*,
(Orderly marſhall'd in their noble Rites)
Eſquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;
And there is nought in all his Royal Muſter,
But to his Greatneſs addeth grace and luſtre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt ay,
Which only lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted euermore,
Wayt on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Beſides the Hoaſts of th' vpper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay thou giueſt onely Light.
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)

The Sun is in Heauen, as the heart in mans body.

Within the middle of the body, bears
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion
Supplieth ſpirits to all, and euery portion:
Even ſo (O Sun) thy Golden Chariot marches
Amid the ſix Lamps of the ſix lowe Arches
Which ſeel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beauty, Force, and Light.

His notable effects vpon the Earth.

Praiſing thy Heat, which ſubtilly doth pearce
The ſolid thickneſs of our Vniuerſe,
Which in th' Earths kidneys *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metal turn;
I do digreſs, to praiſe that Light of thine,
Which if it ſhould, but one Day, ceaſe to ſhine,
Th' vnpurged Aire to Water would reſolve,
And Water would the mountain tops inuolve.
Scarce I begin to meaſure thy bright Face,
Whoſe greatneſs doth ſo oft Earths greatneſs paſs,
And with ſtill running the Cœleſtiall Ring,
Is ſeen and felt of every liuing thing;

But that fantastikly I change my Theam
To sing the swiftness of thy tyer-les Teem;
To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Waue,
Thou seem'st (*O Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who from his Chamber early issuing out
In rich array, with rarest Gems about;
With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,
With golden tresses, and attractive grace,
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his presence earnestly did long,
Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Excellent comparisons borrowed out of the 19. Psalme.

Then, as a Prince that feeles his Noble heart,
Wounded with *Loues* pure *Honor*-winged dart
(*As* HARDY LAELIVS, *that great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA'S *Right*
(*Yeerly that Day that her deer raign began*)
Most brauely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his glistering Mazor
A stately Plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runnest so swift we scarse conceive thy pase.

The same exemplified in an honorable personage of our time now very aged: but in his yong years, the glory of Arms and Chiualrie.

When I record, how firly thou dost guide
Through the fourth heav'n thy flaming Coursers pride,
That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper
(For, if thou gallop'st in the neather Room
Like *Phaëton*, thou would'st the World consume:
Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,
For want of heat, then euery thing would dy)
In the same instant I am prest to sing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloath, Sleep, and Night,
Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their sodain Flight.
Th'art (to be brief) an Ocean wanting bound,
Whear (*as full vessels haue the lesser sound*)

Of Gods wonderful prouidence in placing the Sun in the midst of the other Planets, and of the commodities that come therof.

Plenty

Plenty of Matter makes the ſpeaker mute;
As wanting words thy worth to proſecute.
Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong ſo many rare
And match-leſs Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Som one or two ſhall my chaſte ſober *Muſe*
For thine Immortall ſacred Siſters chuſe.
I'll boldly ſing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of thoſe weak Princes Flattery works vpon
(*No ſecond* EDVVARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second*,
Vn-kinged both, as Rule-vnworthy recon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions* paſt proportion,
Pill all their Subiects with extream extortion;
And charm'd with Pleaſures (O exceeding Pity!)
Ly alwayes wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving only that, to mean Lieutenants
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as vnto Tenants.
For, once a day, each Country vnder Heav'n
Thou bidſt *Good-Morrow*, and thou bidſt *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-ſeeing Ey, as *Cenſor*, views
The rites and faſhions Fiſh, and Foule do vſe,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Epheſian* Moan.
But true it is, to th'end a fruitfull lew
May every Climat in his time renew,
And that all men may neerer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beames;
Thy ſumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the ſame Portall mounts not every Morning:
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'ſt every day, thy Courſers Stable ſhift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greeneſt pride,
Raigns heer, elſ-where *Autumn* as long may bide;
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winters Ice may other Countries gripe.
No ſooner doth thy ſhining Chariot Roule
From higheſt *Zenith* toward *Northern Pole*,
To ſport thee for three Months in pleaſant Inns,
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,

Of the Sunnes continuall and daily courſe.

Of his oblique or By-courſe, cauſe of the foure ſeaſons: and of the commodities of all Climats in the world.

A pleaſant and lively deſcription of the foure ſeaſons of the yeare.

But

But that the mealie Mountains (late vnseen)
Change their white garments into lusty green,
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with grass, with leaues the naked Woods,
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buss his *Flora*, *The Spring.*
Swift-winged Singers to salute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Vniverse,
With pleasing wounds, all Creatures hearts to peree.
When, backward bent, *Phlegon* thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid*, doth feed;
Th'Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his *Ceres*
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is:
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crooked Rasor shaves the tufted Plain; *The Summer.*
And the good Husband, that due season takes,
Within a Month his year's Provision makes.
When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly
Toward the *Crost-Stars* in th' *Antartik* Sky, *Harvest.*
To be three months, vp-rising, and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,
Th'Earth by degrees her louely beauty bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Osiar basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth
(Her healthless spouse) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the iuice of *Bacchus* clusters out.
And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem
For three Months more, to soiourne still doth seem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*
(While we in vaine revoke thee with our wishes)
In stead of Flowrs, chill shivering Winter dresses *Winters.*
With Isicles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:
About her brows a Periwig of Snowe,
Her white Freez mantle freng'd with Ice belowe,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth she march *Orythias* loue to meet;
Who with his bristled, hoarie, bugle-beard,
Comming to kiss her, makes her lips afeard;

Wher-

Whear-at, he ſighs a breath ſo cold and keen,
That all the Waters Cryſtallized been;
While in a fury with his boyſtrous wings
Againſt the *Scythian* ſnowie Rocks he flings,
All lusks in ſloath, and till theſe Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* muſt vs both befrend.

Of the Moon & her alterations.

O ſecond honour of the Lamps ſupernal,
Sure Calendar of Feſtiuals eternal,
Seas Soueraintes, Sleep-bringer. Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queen: what ſhall I ſay beſide?
What ſhall I ſay of thine inconſtant brow,
Which makes my brain wauer, I woat not how?
But, if by th'Ey, a mans intelligence
May gheſs of things diſtant ſo far from hence,

Of her roundnes and brightneſſe borrowed of the Sunne.

I think thy body round as any Ball,
Whoſe ſuperfice (nigh equall ouer all)
As a pure Glaſs, now vp, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy ſpouſe, the Sun.

Simile.

For as a Husbands Nobleſs doth illuſtre
A mean-born wife: ſo doth the glorious luſtre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that ſelfly hath no light.

Of her waxing & waning when ſhe is in her laſt quarter, & when ſhe renues and commeth to her Full.

Yet 'tis not alwayes after one ſelf ſort,
For, for thy Car doth ſwifter thee tranſport,
Then doth thy Brothers, diverſly thou ſhin'ſt,
As more or leſs thou from his ſight declin'ſt.
Therfore each month, when *Hymen* (bleſt) aboue
In both your bodies kindles ardent loue,
And that the Starrs-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of deſire, ſhines down direct vpon thee;
Thy neather half-Globe toward th'Earthly Ball
(After it's Nature) is obſerued all.
But, him aſide thou haſt no ſooner got,
But on thy ſide a ſiluer file we noat,
A half-bent Bowe; which ſwels, the leſs thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy ſpouſe approach,
And fils his Circle. When the Imperiall Star
Beholds thee iuſt in one Diameter,

Then

Then by degrees thy *Full* face falls away,
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display:
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Louers arms,
Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasures charms.
Thus dost thou *Wax* and *Wane*, thee oft renuing;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing
(As subiect to thee) thy selfs transmutation,
Feel th'vnfelt force of secret alteration.
Not, but that *Phœbus* alwayes with his shine,
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine;
But 't sems not so: because we see but heer
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear:
Though waxing vs-ward, Heav'n-ward thou dost wane;
And waning vs-ward, Heav'n-ward grow'st again.
Yet, it befalls, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull,
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,
From liuing eys, thy broad, round, glistring Ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eys are seel'd,
Couered with shadow of a rusty shield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* ligne,
And th'Earth between; thou loosest for a space,
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:
But, to reuenge thee on the Earth, for this
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiss,
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou doo'st inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and vs, toward the later end:
And then (because his splendor cannot pass
Or pearce the thicknes of thy gloomy Mass)
The Sun, as subiect to Deaths pangs, vs sees-not,
But *seems* all Light-less, though indeed he is not.
Therfore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but vs bereave of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy shadow, that the Sunne obscures:

Of the cause of the diuers aspect of the Moone.

Of the cause of the Eclips of the Sunne.

Difference between the Eclipses of the Sun, & of the Moon.

East-

East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
West-ward, his brows begin their frowning black:
Thine at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
His, in thy *Wane*, when beautie most declines:
Thine's generall, toward Heav'n and Earth together;
His, but to Earth, nor to all places neither.

Of the admirable & extraordinary Eclipse of the Sun, on the Day that our Saviour suffered on the Crosse, for our Redemption.
Mat. 27. ve. 45
Mar. 15. ve. 33
Luk. 23. ver. 44

For, th'hideous Cloud, that cov'red so long since
With nights black vail th'eys of the Starry-Prince
(When as he saw, for our foul Sinfull slips,
The Match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moors*,
That sweating toyl on *Guinnés* wealthy shoars:
Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noise for euer deaf doth make:
Those, that suruaying mighty * *Cassagale*,
Within the Circuit of her spacious Wall
Do dry-foot dance on th'Orientall Seas;
And pass, in all her goodly crossing ways
And stately streets fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,
Twelue thousand Bridges, and twelue thousand Towrs:
Those that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Crystall) slide about at ease;
Were witnes all of his strange grief; and ghest,
That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.
Moreover *Cynthia*, in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the compass of her Circle round;
And, being so far off, she could not make
(By Natures course) the Sun to be so black:
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her owne had given.
In brief, mine ey, confounded with such Spectacles
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.

What could'st thou doo less, then thy Self dishonour
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear
A moorning Roab on th'hatefull *Hemi-sphеare*?

* *Quinzay.*

Then

Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun
A Sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun?
And (pearç't with sorrow for such iniuries)
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?
So, from the South to North to make apparant,
That God revoak't his Serieant Death's sad Warrant
'Gainst *Ezechias*: and that he would giue
The godly King fifteen years more to liue:
Transgressing Heav'ns eternall Ordinance;
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path didst prance:
And, as desirous of another nap,
In thy vermillion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horse
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:
Dials went false, and Forrests (gloomy black)
Wondred to see their mighty shades goe back.

Of the going back of the Sun in the time of Ezechias.
1. King. 26. ver. 11.
Esay 38. ver. 8.

So, when th'incensed Heav'ns did fight so fell
Vnder the Standard of deere *Israel*,
Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites*;
Among a million of swift-Flashing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, vpon their Armies proud:
That such as scaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thunder,
Victorious swords might after heaw in-sunder;
Coniur'd by *Iosuah*, thy braue steeds stood still,
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd
In midst of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:
Least th'Infidels, in their disordred Flight,
Should saue themselues vnder the wings of Night.

Of the Sunnes standing still in the time of Iosuah.
Iosu. 12. 13.

Those, that then liv'd vnder the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide so long his lovely face away,
Thought never more to haue re-seen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;
And in twelue Houres the Dials shew'd but one.

THE FIFT DAY OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Fish *in the Sea*, Fowls *in the Aire abound:*
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found:*
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens;*
Whose constant Friendship *far exceedeth Mens:*
Arions *strange escape: The* Fowls *attend*
On th'only Phœnix, *to her end-less end:*
Their kinds, *their* customs, *& their* plumes *variety;*
Some presidents of Prudence, *som of* Piety:
The gratefull Aegle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Mistress, the fair Sestian *Dame.*

After a Poeticall manner he craueth time & opportunity to discourse in this Day of the creation of Fishes & of Fowles.

LAtónian Lamps, conducting diuers ways,
About the World, succeſſiue Nights and Days;
Parents of winged Time, haſte, haſte your Carrs,
And paſſing ſwiftly both th'oppoſed Barrs
Of *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, by your returning Ray,
Th'imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Yee *Fiſh*, that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrik ſhine,
If you would ſee the Waters waving brine
Abound with Fiſhes, pray *Hyperion*
T'abandon ſoon his liquid Manſion,
If he expect, in his prehxt Career,
To hoaſt with you a Month in every Yeer.

To which purpoſe eſpecially he calleth on the true God.

And thou, eternall Father, at whoſe wink
The wrathfull Ocean's ſwelling pride doth ſink,

And

And ſtubborn ſtorms of bellowing Windes be dumb,
Their wide mouthes ſtopt, and their wild pinions num;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whoſe hooks can draw
A man aliue from the Whales monſtrous maw,
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,
That through the vaſt Seas I may ſafely float:
Or rather teach me dyue, that I may view
Deep vnder water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I return to land
Laden with ſpoils, extoll thy mighty hand.

IN VAIN had God ſtor'd Heav'n with gliſtring ſtuds,
The Plain with grain, the Mountain tops with woods,
Severd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not ſoon peopled this large Theatre
With living Creatures: Therefore he began
(*This-Day*) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Riuers*
(Whoſe folding Channell fertill Champain ſevers)
So many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
That in the Waters one may ſee all Creatures;
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The firſt part of this Booke: wherin he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fiſhes began to moue in the Waters.

Seas haue (as wel as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
Pinks, Gilliflowrs, Muſhroms, and many millions
Of other Plants (more rare and ſtrange then theſe)
As very Fiſhes living in the Seas:
And alſo Rams, Calfs, Horſes, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Vrchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Biſhop, and the Cowled Fryer:
Whereof, examples (but a few yeers ſince)
Were ſhowen the *Norways*, and *Polonian* Prince.

The Seas no leſſe ſtored with priuiledges & preſidents of Gods glorious power, then Heauen & Earth: & of the ſtrange Fiſhes that liue therein.

You divine wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deep *Invention* of rare Works hath com,
Took you not pattern of your chiefeſt Tools
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?

Which partly in the Waues, part on the edges
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged ſedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, Percers, Needles, Mallets, Pipes, and Yoaks,
Owers, ſayls, and ſwords, ſaws, wedges, Razors, Rammers,
Plumes, Cornets, Kniues, Wheels, Vices, Horns, & Hammers.
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panopé*,
Palæmon, *Triton*, and *Leucothoé*,
Kept publik Roules, there is the *Calamary*;
Who, ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth cary.

Why God created ſo many ſorts of ſtrange Fiſhes

As a rare Painter draws (for pleaſure) heer
A ſweet *Adonis*, a foul *Satyre* there:
Heer a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigmè* Elf;
Somtimes, no leſs buſying his skilfull ſelf,
Vpon ſom vgly Monſter (ſeldom ſeen)
Then on the Picture of faire *Beauties Queen*:
Even ſo the Lord, that, in his Work's varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Dëitie;
And that we might diſcern by differing features
The various kinds of the vaſt Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty Frame, hee every Kind
With diuers and peculiar Signet ſign'd.

Examples.
The Pour-Cuttle.
Cuttle.
Crab.
Sea-Hare.
Oyſter.

Som haue their heads groveling betwixt their feet
(As th'inky *Cuttles*, and the *Many-feet*):
Som in their breaſt (as *Crabs*): ſome head-leſs are,
Foot-leſs, and finn-leſs (as the bane-full *Hare*,
And heat-full *Oyſter*) in a heap confus'd,
Their parts vnparted, in themſelues diffus'd.

The Tortoiſe.

The *Tyrian* Marchant, or the *Portuguze*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
But of one *Tortoiſe*, when he liſt to float,
Th' *Arabian* Fiſher-man can make a Boat:
And one ſuch Shell, him in the ſtead doth ſtand
Of Hulk at Sea, and of a Houſe on land.

Shall I omit the monſtrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth ſpout,
Where-with huge Veſſels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and ſunken ſodainly?

Shall

Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet
Th' *Eoan* Monarchs neuer daunted Fleet,
And beard more brauely his victorious powrs
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius*, that three Battails lost?
When on the Surges I perceiue, from far,
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-pool*, *Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*,
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems som Tempest all the Sea doth toss.
Our fear-less Saylers, in far Voyages
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses)
On th' *Indian* shoare, haue somtime noted som
Whose bodies couered two broad Acres room:
And in the *South-Seas* they haue also seen
Som like high-topped and huge-armed Treen;
And other-som whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayls
Of any VVinde-mill turn'd with merry gales.
But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not onely cast them in so sundry moldes:
But gaue them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
In admiration; that men euermore,
Praysing his Works, might praise their Maker more.
Som loue fresh VVaters, som the salt desire,
Som from the Sea vse yeerly to retire
To the next Rivers, at their owne contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt:
For VVinter th' one, th' other for Sommers heat.
As Citizens, in som inteſtine braul,
Long cooped vp within their Castle wall;
So soon as Peace is made, and Siedge remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;

The Tunnye.

Diuers kindes of Whales.

Of their monstrous shape, and huge greatnes.

Of the diuers qualities of Fishes.

Simile. Describing the custome of certain Sea-Fishes.

frequenting the fresh Waters in some seasons of the yeare.

And, tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Cheuins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-starr'd,
In the Spring Season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take:
And yet the plenty of delitious foods,
Their pleasant Lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countrys tender loue wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th'irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:
Like Englisb Gallants, that in Youth doo go
Comparison. *To visit* Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, *and* Po;
Where though their Sense be dandled, Days and Nights,
In sweetest choise of changeable Delights,
They neuer can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly Home their hearts and eyes recoyle,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Natiue Fier.
One (like a Pirat) only liues of prizes,
The Fishes feeding. That in the Deep he desperatly surprises:
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another, hating thieuing,
Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;
For, the salt humor of his Element
Serues him (alone) for perfect nourishment.
Som loue the clear streams of swift tumbling Torrents,
Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents
Break Banks and Bridges; and doo neuer stop,
Till thirsty Sommer com to drink them vp:
Som almost alwayes pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools, and neuer brook the flood
Of Crystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the Worlds Peers prefer
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:

And

And som again (of a far differing humour)
Holde Reſt ſo deer, that but the only rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the firſt;
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurſt.
O watry Citizens, what Vmpeer bounded
Your liquid Liuings? O! what Monarch mounded
VVith walls your City? What ſevereſt Law
Keeps your huge Armies in ſo certain aw,
That you encroach not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your ſwim-brethren? as (againſt all Orders)
Men dayly practice, ioyning Land to Land,
Houſe vnto Houſe, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand.
Mountain to Mountain, and (moſt-moſt inſaci'ble)
World vnto World, if they could work it poſſible.
And you (wiſe Fiſhes) that for recreation,
Or for your ſeeds ſecurer propagation,
Doo ſomtimes ſhift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learned *Chaldè* (skill'd in Fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth ſhowe?
What Herralds Trumpet ſummons you to go?
What Guide conducteth, Day and Night, your Legions
Through path-leſs paths in vnacquainted Regions?
What Captain ſtout? what Loadſton, Steel, and Star,
Meaſures your courſe in your Adventures far?
Surely, the ſame that made you firſt of Nought,
Who in your Nature ſom *Idéas* wrought
Of good and Euill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Euill flee.
Th'adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wiues euery day, in the deep ſtreams; but (ſtrange)
As if the honey of Sea-loues delights
Could not ſuffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the graſſie ſhoar,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;
Contrary to the conſtant *Cantharus*,
Who, euer faithfull to his deereſt Spouſe
In Nuptiall Duties ſpending all his life,
Loves never none but his owne onely wife.

Of the prouidẽce of God in their diuers and notable manner of liuing: affording many Leſſons to Man-kinde.

Strange nature of the fiſh Sargus.

Of Cantharus.

Of the Mullet. But, for her Loue, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher haue surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shoar she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death:
Simile. As yerst those famous, louing *Thracian Dames*
That leapt aliue into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gon,
Those loyall VViues hated to liue alone.
O! who can heer sufficiently admire
That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
The Vrano-Scopus. Still toward Heav'n? as if beneath the skies
He found no obiect worthy of his eyes.
As the VVood-pecker, his long tongue doth fill
Out of the clov'n-pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emmets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms vpon it creep and crawl:
Th'*Vrano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like vnto a little VVorm (at sight)
Wher-at eft-soons many small Fishes bite;
Which ther-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwayes self-armed with hook, line, and bait.
** The Ozena.* The suttle* *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oister-flesh* would gaine,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,
Least elle (before that he haue had his pray)
The *Oyster*, closing clip his limbs away,
And (where he thought t'haue ioy'd his victories)
Himself becom vnto his prize a prize.
The Torpedo. The *Cramp-fish*, knowing that she harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sense-les Winter,
Benumming all that dare too-neer her venter;
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Ice
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That she not only stayes them in the Deep,
But stuns their sense, and luls them fast a-sleep;

And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed;
VVhose frozen limbs (still liuing) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
VVhen they be prickt, and plunge, and striue, and struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the hooke doo tangle:
But, wily, clasping close the Fishing Line,
So dainly spews into the Siluer Brine
Her secret-spreading, sodain-speeding bane;
Which, vp the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th'Angler; who with-all
Benumm'd and sens-less, sodainly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:
Becomn like one that (as in bed he lies) *Simile.*
Seems in his sleep to see som gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his wife for ayd, his friends, his folks,
But his stuft stomack his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold;
But sleep and feare his feeble hands doo hold:
Then would he run away; but, as he strives,
He feels his feet fetterd with heauy Gyues.
But, if the *Scolopendra* haue suckt-in *The Scolopendra.*
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from-it:
For instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his Office or his wonted room.
The thriuing *Amia* (neer *Abydos* breeding) *The Amia.*
And suttle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-loue exceeding) *The Sea-Fox.*
VVithout so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their vntwining:
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair,
Aboue the hook they it in sunder shear;

So

So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lift vp a bare line, robd of bait and hook.
The Barbel. But timorous *Barbels* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they haue vnhooked it:
And all the baits the Fisher can deuise
Cannot beguile their wary iealousies.
The Cuttle. Euen so almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Wel-neer insnared, yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her self within the Net,
And no way left but one, from thence to get,
She sodainly a certain Ink doth spew,
Which dies the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,
She through the Clouds of the black Waters night,
Might scape with honour the black streames of *Styx*,
Wherof already, almost lost, she licks.
And, as a Prisoner, (of som great transgression,
Simile. Conuict by Witnes and his owne Confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;
Spies euery corner, and pries round about
To finde som weake place where he may get out:
The Golden-eye or Guilt-head. The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-Eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the widest space doth spy,
And thrusting in his tail, makes th' Osiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth so escape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus bested,
He lends his tail to the Imprisoned;
That thereby holding fast with gentle iaw,
Him from his Durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captiuate)
He see him hooked on the biting bait,
Hasting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth snaps-off the hairy twine,
Sundry instructions that Fishes giue to men. You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Centre
Could neuer touch of sacred friendship enter,
Look on these Seas my Songs haue calmed thus;
Heer's many a *Damon*, many a *Theseus*.

The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blaſt *The Sparlings.*
Begins to threat, themſelues together caſt,
In heaps like balls, and heating mutually,
Liue; that alone, of the keen Cold would die.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelues a pray
Expos'd in euery Water-Rouers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold
Combine themſelues, that their ioint ſtrength doth hold
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-thieues ſallies;
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.
As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppreſt *Simile.*
With her ſelfs-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with ſo quick Careers,
As a ſmall Fregat, or ſwift Pinnaſs ſteers:
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed, *Another.*
Either of *Friſeland*, or of *German* breed,
Can neuer manage half ſo readily,
As *Spaniſh* Iennet, or light *Barbarie*:
So the huge *Whale* hath not ſo nimble motion, *Of the Whale and his friend Muſculus.*
As ſmaller Fiſhes that frequent the Ocean;
But ſomtimes rudely 'gainſt a Rock he bruſhes,
Or in ſom roaring Straight he blindly ruſhes,
And ſcarce could liue a Twelue-month to an end,
But for the little *Muſculus* (his friend)
A little Fiſh that ſwimming ſtill before,
Directs him ſafe from Rock, from ſhelf and ſhoar:
Much like a Childe that louing leads about *Simile.*
His aged Father when his eyes be out;
Still wafting him through euery way ſo right,
That reft of eyes he ſeems not reft of ſight.
Waues-Mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample ſpace,
A firmer League of friendſhip is not ſeen
Then is the *Pearl-fiſh* and the *Prawn* betweene; *Strange League betweene the Pearl-Fiſh and the Prawne.*
Both haue but one repaſt, both but one Palace,
But one delight, one death, one ſorrow, and one ſolace:

That

That, lodgeth this; and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindnes with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fish* gaping wide doth gliſter,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright ſiluer luſtre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a ſign doth mak-her
That inſtantly her ſhining ſhell ſhe cloſe
(Becauſe the Prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, ſhe ev'nly ſhareth-out
The Prey betwixt her, and her faithfull ſcout.

Alſo between the Sponge and his ſpy.

And ſo the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull ſenſe, when repaſt it takes.

The Galley-Fiſh. The Sayle-Fiſh. Boat-Crab. Sea-Vrchin.

But O! what ſtile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Vrchin*) your dexteritie
In Saylers Art, for ſafeneſs and celeritie?
If *Iaffa* Marchants, now Comburgers ſeem
With *Portugalls*, and *Portugalls* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born vnder other Sky,
Seem born in Ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundry way-leſs waies addreſt:
If (to be brief) this VVorld's rich compaſs round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choice) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that Pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-Fleece*,
Or *Belus* Son, firſt builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Windes ſtorms, and the Waters ſtowrs;
What e'r he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sayling too.

The ſea-Hermit.

Heer would I ceaſe, ſaue that this humorous ſong,
The *Hermite-Fiſh* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a Defence
'Gainſt VVeathers rigour and VVarr's inſolence,
Firſt dearly buies (for, VVhat good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare VVorkmanſhip:

But

But, without buying Timber, Lime, and stone,
Or hiring men to build his Mansion,
Or borrowing House, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth safe: for, finding on the shoar
Some handsom shell, whose Native Lord, of late
Was dispossessed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes possession
Of th'empty Harbour, by the free concession
Of Natures Law; who *Goods that Owner vvant*
Alwaies allots to the first Occupant.
In this new Cace, or in this Cradle (rather)
He spends his Youth: then, growing both together
In age and Wit, he gets a wider Cell
Wherein at Sea his later Daies to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou teadious
In numbering *Neptunes* busie Burgers thus?
If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soverain, bring but only forth
One little *Fish*, whose admirable Story
Sufficeth sole to shewe his might and glory.
Let all the Windes in one Winde gather them,
And (seconded with *Neptunes* strongest stream)
Let all at once, blow all their stiffest gales
A-stern a Galley vnder all her sails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by fiue lusty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempest-beaten Vessels stern,
Stayes her stone-still; while all her stout Consorts
Saile thence at pleasure to their wished Ports.
Then loose they all the sheats, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Vessell bougeth not a foot;
No more then if three fadom vnder ground,
A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:
No more then doth an Oak, that in the Wood
Hath thousand Tempests (thousand times) withstood,
Spreading as many massy roots belowe,
As mighty arms aboue the ground do growe.

The strange and secret property of the Remora or Stop-ship.

O *Stop-ſhip* ſay, ſay how thou canſt oppoſe
Thy ſelfe alone againſt ſo many foes?
O! tell vs where thou doo'ſt thine Anchors hide,
Whence thou reſiſteſt Sayls, Owers, Wind, and Tide?
How on the ſodain canſt thou curb ſo ſhort
A Ship whom all the Elements tranſport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy ſecret force
That fruſtrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
Dolp'hin. And ev'n already ſet one foot a-ſhoar;
When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainſt the bank,
'Gan mine obliuion moodily miſ-thank:
Peace Princely Swimmer, ſacred *Fiſh*, content thee;
For, for thy praiſe, th'end of this Song I meant thee.
Braue Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the ſcaly Legions,
Who liuing, ever liv'ſt (for neuer ſleep,
Deaths liuely Image in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody,
Thou vp and down through the moyſt World doeſt ply
Swift as a ſhaft; whoſe Salt thou loueſt ſo,
That lacking that, thy life thou doeſt forgo:
Thou (gentle Fiſh) wert th'happy Boat, of yore
Which ſafely brought th' *Amicleau* Harp a-ſhoar.
Arion, match-leſs for his Muſiks skill,
The ſtrange adventure of Arion ſaued by a Dolphin. Among the *Latines* hauing gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain
To re-ſalute his learned *Greece* again;
Vnwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ſhip:
Who loath to let ſo good a Booty ſlip.
Soon waighes his Anchors, packs on all his ſail,
And Windes conſpiring with a proſperous gale,
His winged Fregat made ſo ſpeedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quickly out of ſight;
And all, ſaue Skies, and Seas, on every ſide;
Where, th'onely Compaſs is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom) many times we finde
Falſer then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)

Fall

Fall straight to strip him, ryfling (at their pleasure)
In every corner to find out his treasure:
And, hauing found it, all with one accord
Hoist th'Owner vp, to heaue him ouer-boord.
Who weeping said, ô *Nereus* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That vnder-foot all worldly wealth they throwe.)
No (braue Triumphers ouer Winde and Waue,
Who in both Worlds your habitation haue,
Who both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures view)
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:
I but beseech you offer no impieties
Vnto a person deer vnto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be euer mute when you your voyage make,
And *Tritons* Trumpet th'angry Surges swage,
When (iustly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtain
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plain)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voice,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so the Sea-Nimphs (rapt in admiration
Of my diuine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shoar, with weeping showrs
May deaw the same, and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and giue vs both together
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th'inchanting sinnews of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys* and the *Congers* rowe
Friendly together, and their natiue hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.

But,

But among all the Fishes that did throng
To daunce the Measures of his Mournfull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,
Seem'd to inuite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had essayd
To heaue him o're; yet twice himselfe he staied:
And now the third time stroue they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast:
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphins* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Oceans azure surges slid,
So, that far-off (his charge so cheered him)
One would haue thought him rather fly, then swim:
Yet fears he every shelfe and euery Surge
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
And, sloaping swiftly ouerthwart those Seas
(Not for his owne, but for his Riders ease)
Makes double haste to find some happy strand,
Where his sweet *Phœbus* he may safely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
Paies his deer Pylot his delightfull fare.
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;

O thou Almightie! who Mankind to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
And yet didst saue, from th'vniuersall Doom,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to com
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise;
Looke downe (ô Lord) from thy supernall rayes;
Look, look (alas!) vpon a wretched man,
Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:
O! bee my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-les Boat, and bit-les Horse I ride;
So that, escaping Windes and Waters wrath,
I once againe may tread my natiue path:

And hence-forth, heer with ſolemn vowes I ſacre
Vnto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great fauour's high Memoriall,
My heart and Art, my voyce, hand, Harp, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The Clowdy Welkin waxed cleer again,
And all the Windes did ſodainly conuert
Their mouths to ears, to hear his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, diſcrying Land (at laſt)
Storms with himſelf, for hauing made ſuch haſte,
And wiſht *Laconia* thouſand Leagues from thence,
T'haue ioy'd the while his Muſiks excellence.
But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring far
Th'vnhoped ſafety of the Minſtrell rare,
Sets him a ſhoar, and (which moſt ſtrange may ſeem)
Where life he took, there life reſtoreth him.
But now (deer *Muſe*) with *Ionas* let vs hie
From the Whales belly; and from ieopardy
Of ſtormfull Seas, of wreakfull Rocks and Sand,
Com, com (my Darling) let vs haſte to Land.
While buſie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I ſing of *Fiſhes* (that there Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowls* are from my fancy fled,
And their high prayſes quight out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muſe almoſt
The better half of this bright *Day* hath loſt.
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your ſhadows (as ye paſs)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty, and your due concerns.
But firſt I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchſafe to waken with your various Notes
The ſenſe-leſs ſenſes of thoſe drowſie Sots,
Whoſe eye-lids laden with a waight of Lead
Shall fall a-ſleep the while theſe Rymes are read.
But, if they could not cloſe their wakefull eyes
Among the Water's ſilent Colonies;

The ſecond part of this book, treating of Fowles.

How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean doth redound?
Of the admirable and Onely Phœnix. The Heav'nly Phœnix first began to frame
The earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus*, circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such form, such fethers, and such Fate he gaue-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; vpon her crown, a creſt
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)
A golden doun about her dainty neck,
Her description. Her breſt deep purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and train of fethers (mixed fine)
Of orient azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her heer
Her life. Her life again, which neuer shall expire
Vntill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, hauing passed vnder diuers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;
Worn-out with yeers, wishing her endless end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend:
Dies to reuiue, and goes into her Graue
To rise again more beautifull and braue.
Perched, therfore, vpon a branch of Palm,
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm,
By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room)
Her Vrn, her nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting)
Som flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)
To burn her sacred bones to seed-full cinders
Her death. (Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)
The *Phrygian* Skinker, with his lauish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;
The shivering *Coach-man* with his Icy Snowe
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:
Auster presumes not *Libyan* shoars to pass
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*

(As the moſt boiſtrous and rebellious ſlaue)
Is priſoned cloſe in th'*Hyper-Borean* Caue:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
To her liuing Death a helping hand doth lend:
And ſtopping all thoſe Mouths, doth mildely ſted
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himſelf, glauncing his golden eyes
On th'odoriferous Couch wherein ſhe lies,
Kindles the ſpice, and by degrees conſumes
Th'immortall *Phœnix*, both her fleſh and plumes.
But inſtantly out of her aſhes ſprings
A Worm, an Egg then, then a bird with wings,
Iuſt like the firſt (rather the ſame indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it's ſelfly ſeed)
By nobley dying a new Date begins,
And where ſhe loſeth, there her life ſhe wins:
End-leſs by'r End, eternall by her Toomb;
While, by a proſperous Death, ſhe doth becom
(Among the cinders of her ſacred Fire)
Her own ſelfs Heir, Nurſe, Nurſling, Dam, and Sire:
Teaching vs all, in *Adam* heer to dy,
That we in *Chriſt* may liue eternally.

Her re-generation.

The beſt application.

The *Phœnix*, cutting th'vnfrequented Air,
Forth-with is followed by a thouſand pair
Of wings in th'inſtant by th'Almighty wrought,
With diuers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

Birds that follow the Phœnix and their natures.

The ſent-ſtrong *Swallow* ſweepeth to and fro,
As ſwift as ſhafts fly from a Turkiſh Bowe,
When (vſe and Art, and ſtrength confedered)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying ſhe ſings, and ſinging ſeeketh where
She more with cunning, then with coſt, may rear
Her round-front Palace in a place ſecure,
Whoſe Plot may ſerue in rareſt Arch'tecture:
Her little beak ſhe loads with brittle ſtraws,
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws,
Whereof ſhe Morter makes, and there-with-all
Aptly ſhe builds her ſemi-circle Wall.

The Swallow.

The Lark.

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin cleer,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer, peer-I neer my Deer*;
Then ſtooping thence (ſeeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (ſhe ſaith) *adieu, deer Deer, adieu.*

The Linot.
The Finch.

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold-Finch* fill
All the freſh Aire with their ſweet warbles ſhrill.

The Nightingale.

But all This's nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing, ſo ſweetly from a breſt ſo ſmall,
So many Tunes whoſe Harmony excels
Our Voice, our Violls, and all Muſick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oken Grove,
In the cool ſhadow haue I ſtood and ſtrove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A Nightingale to warble ſweetly-cleer:
One while ſhe bears the Baſe, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Trebble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then, all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rareſt voices with her ſelf to ſing:
Thence thirty ſteps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Juſt Note for Note, and adds ſom Strain at laſt,
That ſhe hath conned all the Winter paſt:
The firſt replyes, and deſcants there-vpon;
With divine warbles of Diviſion,
Redoubling Quauers; And ſo (turn by turn)
Alternatly they ſing away the Morn:
So that the Conqueſt in this curious ſtrife
Doth often coſt the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the reſt admire,
And after count her Miſtreſs of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a Delicious ſong
She ſets the *Gam-vt* to a hundred young:
And, when as, fit for higher Tunes ſhe ſees-them;
Then learnedly ſhe harder Leſſons giues-them;
Which, ſtrain by ſtrain, they ſtudiouſly recite,
And follow all their Miſtreſs Rules aright.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chastest *Turtle-Doue*,
The grizel *Quoist*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth love)
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes Boords)
And the greene *Parrat*, fainer of our words,
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themselues in her blew-golden plumes.

Diuers other delicate, and gentle Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply
A Rudders place; the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle-*Tercell*,
Th'*Ospray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble sarcell
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almost)
At once discovering many an vnknow'n Coast.

Rauenous Birds.

In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the glistring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, backsable, sanguin brest,
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons, alwaies prest
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:
With these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he pulls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With these, he guards against an Army bold
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men vpon his right should rove,
Or theevish hands vsurp his *Tresor-troue*.

Detestation of Auarice, for her execrable & dãgerous effects.

O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Foul)
For this dire bane of our seduced soule;
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants, so ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,
That hence-forth hopeless, mans frail mind may rest-her
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master:
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th'abundant gifts she outward offereth,

With ſacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ranſack deeply in her boſom tender,
While Vnder ground wee liue in hourly fear
When the frail Mines ſhall over-whelm vs there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thouſand Seas to ſeek another Pole;
And, maugre Windes and Waters enmity,
We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds deſcry:
For which (alas!) the brother ſels his brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not ſell wee heer,
Sithence to ſatiat our Gold-thirſty gall,
We ſell our ſelues, our very ſoules and all?

Night-Fowles and ſolitary Birds.

Neer theſe, the *Crowe* his greedy wings diſplayes,
The long-liv'd *Raven*, th'*infamous Bird* that layes
His baſtard Egges within the neſts of other,
To have them hatcht by an vnkindely Mother:
The *Skritch-Owl*, vs'd in falling Towrs to lodge,
Th'vnlucky *Night-Raven*, and thou laſie *Madge*:
That fearing light, ſtill ſeekeſt where to hide,
The hate and ſcorn of all the Birds beſide.

Water fowles.

But (gentle *Muſe*) tell me what *Fowls* are thoſe
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns aroſe?
Tis th'hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doo haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* ſtrong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:
The ſilver *Swan*, that dying ſingeth beſt,
And the *Kings-Fiſher*, which ſo builds her neſt
By the Sea-ſide in midſt of Winter Seaſon,
That man (in whom ſhines the bright Lamp of Reaſon)
Cannot deviſe, with all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raiſe or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch ſhe keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly ſleeps;
For, *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.

The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Marchant resolutely venters,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, shee feeds vpon his hart.
NEVV-SPAIN's *Cucuio*, in his forhead brings
Two burning Lamps, two vnderneath his wings: *Strange admirable Birds.*
VVhose shining Rayes serue oft in darkest night,
Th' Imbroderer's hand in royall VVorks to light:
Th' ingenious Turner, with a waketull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
The Vsurer, to count his glistring treasures:
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.
But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) * *Mamuques* * *With vs called Birds of Paradise.*
(VVond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,
Saw ever wonder, swim, or goe, or fly)
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that breeds
Food-lesse they liue; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them: (them:
VVing-lesse they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till with their flight, their vnknow'n lives-date ends.
The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*, *Charitable Birds.*
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Prayse-worthy Payer; which pure examples yield
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe:
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
From whom shee had her birth and tender breeding;
Not onely brooding vnder her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor only bearing them vpon her back
Through th' empty Aire, when their own wings they lack;
But also, sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavy Gyves of Eld.

The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Vnto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by som fell Serpent slain,
She rents her breſt, and doth vpon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recouering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Chriſt*, who, ſin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a Captive; and on shamefull Tree
(Self-guiltleſs) ſhed his blood, by's wounds to ſave-vs,
And ſalue the wounds th'old Serpent firſtly gave-vs:
And ſo became, of meer immortall, mortall;
Therby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Leſſons for mankinde, out of the Conſideration of the natures of divers creatures.

Thus doo'ſt thou print (O Parent of this All)
In every breſt of bruteſt Animall
A kinde Inſtinct, which makes them dread no leſs
Their Childrens danger then their own deceaſe;
That ſo, each Kinde may laſt immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* paſs ſucceſſively.
So fights a *Lion*, not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roare thout,
He wounds, he kills; amid the thickeſt rout,
He ruſhes-in, dread-leſs of Spears, and Darts,
Swords, ſhafts, & ſtaves, though hurt in thouſand parts;
And, brave-reſolved, till his laſt breath lack
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath ſalves his wounds: and laſtly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs muſt dy; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captiue little-Ones.
So, for their yong our *Maſty Currs* wil fight,
Eagerly bark, briſtle their backs, and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fiſh* for her Fry
Lucina's throes a thouſand times doth try:
For, ſeeing when the ſuttle Fiſher follows them,
Again alive into her womb ſhee ſwallows them;

And

And when the perill 's past, shee brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;
And (thousand lyues to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that shé hath in charge:
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.
I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry;
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y, *The Crane.*
By the brave orders practiz'd vnder her, Y
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.
For, when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northern Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southern Climates* for a milder Winter;
Afront each Band a forward Captaine flies,
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voice hasten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veins to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
Still houlding in his claw a stony clod,
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Vntill, by turns, the Night be turned forth.
There, the fair *Peacok* beautifully brave, *The Peacock.*
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.
Close by his side stands the courageous *Cock*, *The Cock.*
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,
Who dayly riseth when the Sun doth rise,
And when *Sol* setteth, then to roost he hies.

The Estridge.

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Estridge*, striving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd):
VVhose greedy stomack steely gads digests;
VVhose crisped train adorns triumphant crests.
Thou happy Witnes of my happy Watches,
Blush not (my Book) nor think it thee dismatches,
To bear about, vpon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, Butterflies, Gnats, Bees, and all the rabbles
Of other *Insects* (end-less to rehearse)
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse;
Sith These are also His wise VVorkmanships,
VVhose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:
And sith in These he showes vs every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatsoever other Monster haunts
In storm-less Seas, raising a storm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.
For, if olde Times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermécides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, so small
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no vse were but inuentions vain)
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,
Which doth within so narrow space dispence
So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant hart,
So loud a voice, so prudent wit and Art.
For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whose eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth pase,
Sees heer no City, that in Rites and Laws
(For Equity) neer to their Iustice draws:
Not *That, which flying from the furious *Hun*,
In th' *Adrian*-Sea another World begun.

Of Insects: in the Creation whereof the wisdom of their Maker shineth admirably.

Of Flyes.

Of Bees.

**Veniet.*

Their

Their well-rul'd State my ſoule ſo much admires,
That, durſt I looſe the Rains of my deſires,
I gladly could digreſs from my deſigne,
To ſing a while their ſacred Diſcipline:
But if, of all, whoſe ſkilfull Pencils dare
To counterfait th' Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durſt finiſh that fair Peece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Loue's* wanton Queen;
Shall I preſume *Hymetus* Mount to climbe,
And ſing the *Bees* prayſe in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?
Yet many I not that little * *Worm* paſs-by, *The Silk-worm.*
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:
Two births, two deaths, heer Nature hath aſſign'd-her,
Leaving a Poſt-hume (dead-liue) ſeed behinde-her,
Which ſoon transforms the freſh and tender leaues
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to thoſe ſlender ſleaves
(On ovall clews) of ſoft, ſmooth, *Silken* flakes
Which more for vs, then for her ſelf, ſhee makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The ſacred loyns of Princes heer-toforn:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuſe,
Hath ſo profan'd th' old honorable vſe,
That Shifters now, who ſcarce haue bread to eat,
Diſdain plain *Silk*, vnleſs it be beſet
With one of thoſe deer Metals, whoſe deſire
Burns greedy ſoules with an immortall fire.
Though laſt, not leaſt; brave *Ægle*, no contempt
Made me ſo long thy ſtory hence exempt
(*Nor* LESS-EX *told ſhall thy true vertues be,*
For th' Eyrie's ſake that owes my Muſe and mee;
Whear Iov's *and* Iuno's *ſtately Birds be billing,*
Their azure Field with faireſt Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin grailed* Or *between*),
WIT, CHIEFTIE, RICHES, *to* THEM *all I Wiſh*
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown *of Bliſs.*)

For,

For, well I knowe, thou holdeſt (worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon* or the *Cocatrice*
Among the baneſull Creeping Companies:
The noble *Lion* among ſavage beaſts:
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving gueſts.
I knowe thy courſe, I knowe, thy conſtant ſight
Can fixly gaze againſt Heav'ns greateſt Light.
But, as the Phœnix on my Front doth gliſter,
Thou ſhalt the Finials of my Frame illuſtre.

A ſtrange and notable ſtory of the loue and death of an Eagle.

On *Thracian* ſhoar of the ſame ſtormy ſtream,
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Siſter (and not far from thence
Whear love-blind *Heros* hap-les diligence,
In ſteed of Loves lamp lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft *Leanders* naked limbs to land)
There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As faire as *Hero*, but more chaſte by much:
For, her ſteel breſt ſtill blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eſchew'd his Arts.
One day, this Damſell through a Foreſt thick
Hunting among her Friends (that ſport did ſeek)
Vnto a ſteep Rocks thorny-thrummed top
(Whear, one (almoſt) would fear to clamber vp)
Two tender *Æglets* in a neſt eſpies,
Which 'gainſt the Sun ſate trying of their eyes;
Whoſe callow backs and bodies round about
With ſoft ſhort quils began to briſtle out;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.
Of theſe two *Fowles* the faireſt vp ſhe takes
Into her boſom, and great haſte ſhe makes
Down from the Rock, and ſhiuering yet for fear
Tripps home as faſt as her light feet can bear:
Even as a Wolf, that hunting for a pray,
And having ſtoln (at laſt) ſom Lamb away;
Flies with down-hanging head, and leereth back
Whether the Maſty doo purſue his tracke.

In

In time, this *Ægle* was so throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry, to her Mistress hand
At the first call 't would com; and faun vpon-her,
And bill and bow, in signe of loue and honour:
On th'other side, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird; stroking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voice
It wantonly doth cherish and reioyce:
And (prety-fondling) she doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our single ioyes,
With bitter gall of infinit annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her louely face.
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Fairest* both a-like;
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick:
So that, to note their passions, one would gather
That *Lachesis* spun both their liues together.
But oft the *AEgle*, striuing with her Fitt,
Would fly abroad to seek som dainty bitt,
For her deer Mistress, and with nimble wing,
Som *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,
From those fair, Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft,
During her nonage, yet she durst essay
To cleaue the sky, and for her self to prey.
The Feuer now with spitefull fitts had spent
The bloud and marrow of this Innocent;
And Life resign'd to cruell Death her Right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.
The fearefull Hare durst now frequent the Down;
And round about the Walles of *Hero*'s Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,
Dread-less of th' *AEgle* that so well they knew:
For she (alas) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still-sadly mourning; though a-liue, yet dead:

For,

For, O! how should she liue, sith Fatall knife
Hath cût the thread of her lives deerest life?
O're the deer Corps somtimes her wings she hovers,
Somtimes the dead brest with her brest she covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes she kisses the cold lips and face;
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so.
That her strange moan augments the Parents wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run
Past the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmænas* son,
Since the fair Virgin past the fatall Ferry
Whear (lastly) Mortals leaue their burthens weary;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-les, Rest and Repast forbears:
So much (alas!) shee seemeth to contend,
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.
But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to wreak;
With ire and anguish both at once enraged,
Vnnaturally her proper brest she gaged,
And tears her bowells, storming bitterly
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, lo the while, about the lightsom door
Of th'hap-les house, a mournfull troop, that bore
Black on their back, and Tapers in their fists,
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their brests;
Who, taking vp the sacred Load (at last)
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embraç't;
With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With solemn pase: The silly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails,
Honoring with conuoy, two sad Funerals.
No sooner had the Ceremonious Flame
Embraç't the Body of her tender Dame,
But sodainly, distilling all with blood,
Down souse the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his sacred wand
A hundred times to beat her from her stand;

For,

For, to the midst still of the *Pyle* she plies;
And, singing sweet her Ladies Obsequies,
There burns her self: and blendeth happily
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.
O happy Payr! vpon your sable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* euer showring come;
May sweetest Myrtles euer shade your Herse,
And euermore liue you within my Verse.

So Morne and Euening the Fist Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE SIXT DAIE OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Inuiting all, which through this world, aſpire
Vnto the next, God's glorious Works t'admire;
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beaſts of the Earth, Cattell, and Creeping things:
Their hurt and help to vs: The ſtrange euents
Between Androdus, *and the Forreſt Prince.*
The little-World (*Commander of the greater*)
Why formed laſt: his admirable Feature:
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation:
His deereſt Rib. All Creatures generation.

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend toward the euerlaſting City, to conſider well the excellent works of God, heer repreſented by our Poet.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) wend.
Toward th'happy City, whear withouten end
True ioyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Whear Deaths pale horrors neuer do reſort:
If you will ſee the fair Amphitheatres,
Th' Arks, Arcenalls, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Coloſſes, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly diperſed in your Paſſages;
Com, com with me: for, ther's not any part
In this great Frame, where ſhineth any Art,
But I will ſhow 't you. Are you weary, ſince?
What I tyr'd ſo ſoon? Why, will you not (my friends)
Hauing already ventur'd forth ſo far
On *Neptun's* back (through Windes and Waters wo

Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whose shoars already my glad eyes discover?
Almighty Father, guide their Guide along, *Invocation.*
And pour vpon my faint vnfluent tongue
The sweetest hony of th'*Hyantian* Fount,
Which freshly purleth from the Muses Mount.
With the sweet charm of my Victorious Verse,
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make all the wilde Beasts, laying fury by,
To com with Homage to my Harmony.
Of All The Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst build, *The Elephant.*
To haunt the Hills, the Forest, and the Field,
I see (as vice-Roy of their brutish Band)
The *Elephant*, the Vant-gard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towred back, whear many Souldiers ward;
Or else his Prudence, whearwithall he seems
T'obscure the wits of human-kind somtimes:
As studious Scholar, he self-rumineth
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoreth,
Adores the Moon: mooved with strange desire,
He feels the sweet flames of th'*Idalian* fire,
And (pierç't with glance of a kinde-cruell ey)
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dy.
Yea (if the *Gracians* doo not miss-recite)
With's crooked trumpet he doth somtimes write. *His combat with the Rhinocerot.*
But, his huge strength, nor subtle wit, can not
Defend him from the sly *Rhinocerot*:
Who never, with blinde fury led, doth venter
Vpon his Fo, but (yer the Lists he enter)
Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike vpon his armed snout:
Then buckling close, doth not (at randon) hack
On the hard Cuiras on his Enemies back;
But vnder's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Whear (and but thear) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe
Fo[illegible] th'*Elephant*, vp a thick Tree doth goe;

So, cloſely ambuſht almoſt every Day,
To watch the Carry-Caſtle, in his way:
Who, once approaching, ſtraight his ſtand he leaues,
And round about him he ſo cloſely cleaues
His combat with the Dragon. With's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His ſtinging knots vnable to vn-ty)
Haſtes to ſom Tree, or to ſom Rock, whearon
To ruſh and rub-off his deteſted zone,
The fell embraces of whoſe diſmall claſp
Haue almoſt brought him to his lateſt gaſp.
Then, ſodainly, the *Dragon* ſlips his hold
From th'*Elephant*, and ſliding down, doth fold
The true Image of Ciuill War. About his fore-legs, fetter'd in ſuch order,
That ſtocked thear, he now can ſtir no furder:
Whileth'*Elephant* (but to no purpoſe) ſtrives
With 's windlng Trunk t'vndoo his wounding gyves,
His furious ſo thruſts, in his noſe, his noſe;
Then head and all; and thear-withall doth cloſe
His breathing paſſage: but, his victory
Hee ioyes not long; for his huge Enimy,
Falling down dead, doth with his waighty Fall
Cruſh him to death, that caus'd his death, withall:
Simile. Like factious *French-men*, whoſe fel hands purſue
In their own breſts their furious blades t'embrew,
While pitty-les, hurried with blinded zeal,
In her own bloud they bathe their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux* S. *Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their parricidiall bloody ſwords incounter;
Making their Country (as a Tragik Tomb)
T'inter th'Earth's terror in her hap-les womb.
Simile. *Or, like our own (late)* YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,
Which did the womb of their own Dam deuour,
And ſpoyl'd the freſheſt of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
When (WHITE *and* RED) ROSE *againſt* ROSE, *they ſtood,*
Brother 'gainſt Brother, to the knees in blood:
While WAKEFIELD, BARNET *and* S. ALBAN'S *ſtreet*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:

Wher,

Whear, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;
Sith, by them both, was but their Owne vndon.

Neer th'*Elephant*, coms th'horned * *Hirable*,
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,
The lazy-pased (yet laborious) *Asse*,
The quick, proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready lightnes moving:
This, out of hand, will self aduance, and bound,
Corvet, pase, manage turn, and trot the Round:
That follows loose behinde the Groom that keeps-him;
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps-him:
This, runs on Corn-Ears and ne'r bends their quills;
That, on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.

* *Alias* Gyraffa *alias Anabula*, an Indian Sheep or a wilde Sheep.
The Hirable.
Camell.
Bull.
Asse.
Horse.

In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,
Th' oblivious *Conney* and the brouzing *Goat*,
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden fleeced *Sheep*,
The light-foot *Hart*, which euery yeer doth weep
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Sommer in som spacious stream!
One swims before: another on his chine,
Nigh half-vpright, doth with his brest incline;
On that, another; and so all doe ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can lead no more,
He that was hindmost coms and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common State;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others shoulders his sweet bitter Charge.
But, of all Beasts, none steadeth man so much
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purvayor, that with perfect smell

The Hare.
The Connie.
Goat.
Sheep.
Swine.
Deere.

Provides great Princes many a dainty mess,
A friend till death, a helper in distress,
Dread of the Wolf, Feare of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.

Squirrel. There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise,
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the winde will change,
Hee shifts the portall of his little Grange.

Weazell. There's th'wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,
Foxe. The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:
Monkey. The sweat-sweet *Civit*, deerly fetcht from far
Civit Cat. For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.

Beuer, or Bezar. There, the wise *Beuer*, who, pursu'd by foes,
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes;
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath
Doo more desire that ransom, then his death.

Hedgehog. There, the rough *Hedge-hog*; who, to shun his thrall,
Shrinks vp himself as round as any Ball;
And fastning his slowe feet vnder his chin,
On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in.

But th'Ey of Heav'n beholdeth nought more strange
Chameleon. Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change
Receiues the colour that each obiect giues,
And (food-les else) of th'Aire alonely liues.

My blood congeals, my sodain swelling brest
Can hardly breathe, with chill cold cakes oppress;
My hair doth stare, my bones for fear do quake,
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:
And, round about, Deaths Image (ghastly-grim)
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.
O! who is he that would not be astound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round
Creatures venomous, and offensiue to man. With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery,
Haue vow'd against vs end-les Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides* self would dread,
Although the first drad *Python* conquered,
And th'other vanquisht th'*Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.

What

What ſtrength of arm, or Art-full ſtratagem,
From *Nile*'s fell Rover could deliver them, *The Crocodile.*
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water
'Gainſt Men and Fiſhes, ſubiect to his ſlaughter?
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone *Dragon.*
Set-on a Roman Army; whearupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines ſpent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* walls haue rent?
What ſhot-free Corſlet, or what counſail crafty,
'Gainſt th' angry *Aſpick* could aſſure them ſafety, *Aſpick.*
Who (faithfull husband) over hill and Plain
Purſues the man that his deer Pheer hath ſlain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickeſt throng,
And in an inſtant venge him of his wrong?
What ſhield of *Aiax* could avoid their death
By th' *Baſilisk*, whoſe peſtilentiall breath *Baſilisk.*
Doth pearce firm Marble, and whoſe baneſull ey
Wounds with a glance, ſo that the ſoundeſt dy?
Lord! if ſo be, thou for mankinde didſt rear *Why God created ſuch noyſom and dangerous creatures: Sin the occaſion of the hurt they can do vs.*
This rich round Manſion (glorious euery whear)
Alas! why didſt thou on *This-Day* create
Theſe harmfull Beaſts, which but exaſperate
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Ceraſtes*, th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Drynas* (full of odious ſtink)
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipſas* (cauſing deadly Thirſt):
Why haſt thou arm'd them with a rage ſo curſt?
Pardon, good God, pardon me; 't was our pride,
Not thou, that troubled our firſt happy tyde,
And in the Childehood of the World, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena* her double baneſull ſting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) taſted of the *ſacred Tree*,
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:
The fierceſt Beaſts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoak their ſelf-obedient neck;

Smile.

As now the ready *Horse* is at command
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his owne will perform,
But his that rules him with a steddy arm.

God hath giuen vs wisedom to auoid and vanquish them.

Yea, as forgetfull of so foul offence,
Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdom, whence
He might subdue, and to his seruice stoop
The stubborn'st heads of all the savage troop.
Of all the Creatures through the Welkin gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,
Th' hast armed som with Poyson, som with Paws,
Som with sharp Antlers, som with griping Claws,
Som with keen Tushes, som with crooked Beaks,
Som with thick Cuirets, som with scaly necks;
But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which rusts and duls, except it subiect finde
Worthy it's worth, wheron it self to grinde;
And (as it were) with enuious armies great,
Be round about besieged and beset.
For, what boot *Milo*'s brawny shoulders broad,
And sinnewie arms, if but a common load
He alwayes bear? what Bayes, or Oliue boughs,
Parsly, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,
Except som other *Milo*, entring Lists,
Courageously his boasted strength resists?
" In deepest perils shineth Wisdoms prime:
" Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to clime;
" Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,
" If bloody Danger doo not wait vpon her.

God hath set them at enmity among themselues.

O gracious Father! th' hast not only lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherwith these foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife
Serpents with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes
Which, vnprouoked, felly them oppose.

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:

Thou

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Then, like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth fly,
And feeds vpon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Niles* fat margents could scarce furnish diet.

God hath taught vs to make great vse of them.

Nay more (good Lord) th'hast taught Mankinde a Reason
To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Balance ballancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Vnto Mans life, we shall perceiue, the first
By many grains to over-waigh the worst.

Fierce and vnsameable beasts.

From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safety:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Sauvages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-les, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former feares again.

The Wolfe. Already howls the waste Fold *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Boare. Whetts foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
Beare. The Cat-fac't *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
Ounce. With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
Tigre. The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Leopard. Foaming with fury do besiege me hard;
Vnicorn. Then th' *Vnicorn*, th' *Hyena* tearing-tombs
Hyæna. Swift *Mantichor*, and *Nubian* Cephus coms:
Mantichora, a kind of Hyæna. Of which last three, each hath (as heer they stand)
Cephus, a kind of Ape or Munkey Churca. Man's voice, Man's visage, and Man's foot and hand
I fear the Beast, bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb,
She doth as oft her liuing brood re-tomb.

The Percupine.

But, O! what Monster's this that bids me battail,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle:
Who string-les shoots so many arrows out,
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Bristled with bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his ayd still new supplies to bring?

O fortunate Shaft-neuer-wanting Bowe-man!
Who, as thou fly'st canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never missest (or but very narrow)
Th'intended mark of thy selfs-kindred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollos* quiver,
Nor bowe-strings fetch from *Carian Aleband*,
Brazell from *Peru*, but hast all at hand
Of thine owne growth; for in thy Hide do growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bowe.
But (Courage now.) heers coms the valiant Beast, *The Lyon King of Beasts.*
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
VVho brauely-minded is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce vnto his foes:
To humble suiters, neither stern nor statefull;
To benefactors never found ingratefull.
I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall, *A memorable Historie of a Lion acknowledging the kindnes he had receiued of* Androdus *a Romane Slaue.*
VVho (to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master, that (for lucre) vs'd-him
Not as a Man, but, as a Beast, abus'd-him)
Fled through the desart, and with trauail tir'd,
At length into a mossie caue retir'd:
But thear, no sooner gan the drowzy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch,
But comming swift into the caue he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thief, to shamefull execution sent
By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,
Feeling his ey's clout and his elbows cord,
VVaiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
VVithout delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slaue, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction,
(Having no way to fly, nor arms to fighe,
But sighs and tears, prayers, and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,
Pale, cold, and sense-les, in a deadly swown.

At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pitty rather)
In his new Hoast, who with milde looks and meek
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
Showing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A festering thorn for a long time had been:
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slaue draw nigher,
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the Bryer,
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th'hot impostume run vpon the ground.
Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
Through Hill and Dale, to cheer his new-com Guest,
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,
Soon leaues his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;
And once more wanders through the wildernes,
Whither his froward Fortune would addres.
Vntill (re-taen) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle vnto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloudily torn with greedy Lions paws.
Fell *Cannibal*! Flint-harted *Polyphem*!
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
Why from thine owne hand hast thou let him gon,
To Beares and Lions to be giuen for prey,
Thy self more fell a thousand-fold, then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions and *Panonian* Beares,
Be not so cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall subiects; making his recreations
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp Taxations.
'Boue all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With bloud and slaughter, one was most beheld;
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights
Had conquered hundreds of those guilty wights,
Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain
To scape by combat their deserued pain.

That

That very Beaſt, with faint and fearfull feet
This Runnagate (at laſt) is forç't to meet;
And being entred in the bloody Liſt,
The Lion rowz'd, and ruffles-vp his Creſt,
Shortens his body, ſharpens his grim ey,
And (ſtaring wide) he roareth hideouſly:
Then often ſwindging, with his ſinnewy train,
Somtimes his ſides, ſomtimes the duſty Plain,
He whets his rage, and ſtrongly rampeth on
Againſt his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethe*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows; not for his life, but ſoule.
After the Beaſt had marcht ſom twenty paſe,
He ſodain ſtops; and, viewing well the face
Of his palefoe, remembred (rapt with ioy)
That this was he that eaſed his annoy:
Wherefore, conuerting from his hateſull wildenes,
From pride to pittie, and from rage to mildenes,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slaue, thus knowing, and thus being knowen,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front now hoary growen,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He ſtroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *A good turn at need,*
At firſt or laſt ſhall be aſſur'd of meed.

THER's vnder Sun (as *Delphos* God did ſhowe) Noſce te ipſum
No better Knowledge, then *Our ſelf to Knowe:*
Ther is no Theam more plentifull to ſcan,
Then is the glorious goodly Frame of MAN:
For in Man's ſelf is Fire, Aire, Earth, and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitomé*
Or little Map: which heer my Muſe doth try
By the grand Pattern to exemplifie.

The ſecond part of the ſixt book: Wherein is diſcourſed at large of the creation of Man.

A witty Maſon, doth not (with rare Art,)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks conuert,
Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Rayſe the proud Turrets of his Battlement,

And of the wonders of Gods wiſedom, appearing both in his body and Soule.

And

And (to be brief) in euery part of it,
Beauty to vse, vse vnto beauty fit,
To th'end the Skrich-Owl, and the Night-Raven should
In those fair walls their habitations hold:
But rather, for som wise and wealthy Prince
Able to iudge of his arts excellence:
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
The world made for Man. For the rude guests of Air, and VVoods and VVaters;
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey
The vast salt kingdoms, or th'Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or cast his eys vp to those twinkling Eys
That with disordered order gild the Skyes)
Can every-where admire with due respect
Th'admired Art of such an Architect.

Man was created last, & why. Now of all Creatures which his VVord did make,
MAN was the last that liuing breath did take:
Not that he was the least; or that God durst
Not vndertake so noble a VVork at first:
Rather, because he should haue made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Raign.

Fit comparison. A wise man never brings his bidden guest
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
Garnisht with Lights, and Tables neatly spred
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnished:
So our great God, who (bountious) euer keeps
Heer open Court, and th'ever-bound-les Deeps
Of sweetest *Nectar* on vs still distills
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills,
Would not our Grandsier to his Boord inuite,
Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,
And, vnder starry State-Cloaths plaç't his plates
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.

All th'admirable Creatures made beforn,
All other creatures nothing in respect of Man, made to the Image of God, with (as it were) VVhich Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorn,
Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,
To this diuinest Master-Piece of Art.
Therefore the supream peer-les Architect,
VVhen (of meer nothing) he did first erect

Heav'n,

Heav'n, Earth and Aire, and Seas; at once his thought,
His word and deed all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold he cyteth
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inuiteth,
Summons his Loue, his Iustice he adiourns,
Calleth his Goodnes, and his Grace returns,
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Som excellence vnto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with's onely Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion,
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should bestowe
Vpon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm belowe.
When th' other things God fashion'd in their kinde,
The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd,
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand,
His very self he seemed to command.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but, when in Man he meant
In mortall limbs immortall life to place,
Hee seem'd to pawse, as in a waighty case:
And so at sundry moments finished
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.

great preparation, not all at once, but by interims, first his Body, and then his reasonable Soule.

Gen. 1. 26.

Admired Artist, Architect divine,
Perfect and peer-les in all Works of thine,
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,
That graue Spectators, in his face may spy
Apparant marks of thy Divinity.

Inuocation.

Almighty Father, as of watery matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
The slimy Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.

Mans body created of the dust of the Earth.

Therefore,

Therfore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempered'st it, that of the very same
Dead shape-les lump didst *Adams* body frame:
Yet, not his face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th' azure Skyes
Bright golden Lamps lifting his louely Eyes;
That through their nerues, his better part might look
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.

His head the seat of vnderstanding.

Also thou planted'st th' Intellectuall Powr
In th' higest stage of all this this starely Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 'twere)
Might Auarice, Enuy, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still striue to gaine
The golden Sceptre from their Soverain.

The Eyes full of infinite admiration.

Th' Eys (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinel
In noblest place of all this Cittadel,
To spy far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At vnawares the sacred Animal.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to haue it self excell'd,
Them not transpearcing, least our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes do see,
Yet see small circuit of the welkin bright,
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:
And least so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face.

These louely Lamps, whose sweet sparks liuely turning,
With sodain glaunce set coldest hearts a-burning,
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twinns,
These *Cupids* quivers haue so tender skinns
Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses)
Their radiant point of pearcing splendor passes,

That

That they would soon be quenched and put-out,
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about;
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix
The front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed. *The Browes and Eye lids.*
And as a Pent-house doth preserue a Wall
From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall:
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous feares.
Who fain would see how much a human face
A comly Nose doth beautifie and grace;
Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Nose
For's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes. *The Nose.*
The Nose, no less for vse then beauty makes:
For, as a Conduit, it both giues and takes
Our liuing breath: it's as a Pipe put-vp,
Whereby the moyst Brain's spongy boan doth sup
Sweet smelling fumes: it serueth as a gutter
To voyd the Excrements of grossest matter;
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin
Euaporate those that are light and thin:
As through black Chimneys flyes the bitter smoak,
Which but so vented would the Houshold choak.
And, sith that Time doth with his secret file
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;
And whatsoever heer begins and ends,
Wears every howr and its self-substance spends;
Th'Almighty made the Mouth, to recompence *The Mouth.*
The Stomaks pension, and the Times expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume
Sap for the sap, that howrly they consume)
And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way,
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,
The watchfull Ey might true distinction make
'Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake;
And then th'impartiall Tongue might (at the last) *The Tongue.*
Censure their goodnes by their savory taste.

Two

The Teeth.

Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale
The open Throat: which (Queen like) grinding small
Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send-it
(Our Maister-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-it.
But least the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;
With wondrous Art, over that Mill do meet
Two mooving Leaues of Corall soft and sweet.

The Lips.

O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst
Through way-les Woods, and hollow Rocks dispersst,
With Acorns fed, with Fells of Fethers clad
(When neyther Traffik, Love, nor Law they had)
Themselues vniting, built them Towns, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O mouth! by thee, the rudest wits haue learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the wise discern'd.
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits
Heroïk flames affecting glorious merits.
By thee, we wipe the tears of wofull Eyes,
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-les Treason
Striues to dis-throne and to dis-sceptre Reason.
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n haue conuersation.
By thee, we calm th'Almighties indignation,
When faithfull sighs from our soules centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Maiesty.
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings;
Our Tongu's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling strings,
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)
The hollow belly of the Instrument;
Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that playes
So divine lessons, and so Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,
Ioues forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.

The Eares.

But O! what member hath more marvails in't,
Then th'Ears round-winding double labyrinth:
The Bodie's scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers

Of the excellent vse and end of Speach.

Of diuine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends vs th' Embassage of his sacred Word?
And, sith all Sound seems alwayes to ascend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailing their hollow entries so a-sloap,
That, while the voyce about those windings wanders,
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Meanders*;
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or as a noyse extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Riuers; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double)
And that no sodain sound, with violence
Pearcing direct the Organs of this Sense,
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazie holes
Conueigh the voyce more softly to our Soules:
As th' Ouse, *that crooking in and out, doth run*
From Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntingdon,
By Royall Amptill; *rusheth not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trowt-famous Drift*
From Marleborow, *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermarston,
Her Siluer Nymphs (almost) directly leading,
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) *at* Reading.
But, will my hands, in handling th'human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids vnto *Nature*,
Th'Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our hearts,
Mindes Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceipts,
And bodies victuallers, to prouide it meats?
Will you the Knees and Elbow's springs omit,
Which serue th' whole Body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bowe, according as the string,
Is stiff or slack, the shafts doth farther fling;
Our Nerues and Gristles diuersly dispense,
To th'human Frame, meet Motion, Might and Sense:

Sundry Similies expressing the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Eares.

Another comparison to that purpose.

The hands.

Ioynts. The Knees and Armes.

The Sinews, Gristles and Bones.

Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong,
The Beams and Rafters, whose firm Ioynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker calls)
Support the Fabrik of these Fleshly Walls?

The Feet.

Can you conceal the Feets rare-skilfull feature,
The godly Bases of this glorious Creature?
But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To see th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twin Brains diuision:
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense:
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountain, whence
Our sinewes flowe: whom Natures prouidence
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,
Whose hardnes else might hap to bruise or harm-her:
A Registre, where (with a secret touch)
The studious daily som rare Knowledge couch?
O, how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall,
Making its powrs of *Vital, Animal:*
Euen as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Of the Heart.

Shall I the Hearts vn-equall sides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally sustain?
Wherof, th' one 's fill'd with bloud, in th' other bides
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:
Whose rest-les panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witnes health; or if that take repulse,
And shift the dance and wonted pase it went,
It shews that Nature's wrongd by Accident.

Of the Lungues.

Or, shall I cleaue the Lungs, whose motions light
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:
Like Summer gales waiuing, with gentle puffs,
The smiling Medows green and gaudy tuffs:

Light

Light, ſpungy Fans, that euer take and giue
Th' æthereall Air, whereby we breathe and liue:
Bellows, whoſe blaſt (breathing by certain pawſes)
A pleaſant ſound through our ſpeech-Organs cauſes?
Or, ſhall I rip the Stomachs hollowneſs, *Of the Stomach.*
That ready Cook concocting euery Meſs,
Which in ſhort time it cunningly conuerts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the ſame doth faithfully deliuer
Into the *Port-vain* paſſing to the Liuer, *Of the Liuer.*
Who turnes it ſoone to Blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vain*,
Through all the members doth it duly ſcatter:
Much like a fountain, whoſe diuided Water
It ſelf diſperſing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes ſom fair Garden with her winding Crooks. *An apt Similitude.*
For, as theſe Brooks thus branching round about,
Make heer the Pink, there th' Aconite to ſprout,
Heer the ſweet Plum-tree, the ſharpe Mulbery there,
Heer the lowe Vine, and there the lofty Pear,
Heer the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Heer bitter Worm-wood, there ſweet-ſmelling Spike:
Euen ſo the Blood (bred of good nouriſhment)
By diuers Pipes to all the body ſent, *Of the Bloud & Nouriſhment.*
Turns heer to Bones, there changes into Nerues,
Heer is made Marow, there for Muſcles ſerues,
Heer Skin becoms, there crooking Veins, there Fleſh,
To make our Limbs more forceſull and more freſh.
But, now me liſt no neerer view to take
Of th' Inward Parts, which God did ſecret make,
Nor pull in peeces all the Human Frame:
That worke were fitter for thoſe men of Fame,
Thoſe skilfull ſons of *Æſculapius*:
Hippocrates; or deep *Herophilus*:
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
T' ſufficeth me, in ſom ſort, to expreſs
By this Eſſay the ſacred mightineſs,

Not of *Iaphetus* wittie-fained Son,
Of the Creation of the Soule. But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I haue sung in part.
Now, this more peer-les learned Imager,
Life to his louely Picture to confer,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymik Quint-essence:
But, breathing, sent as from the liuely Spring
Of his Diuineness som small Riuerling,
It self dispersing into euery pipe
Of the frail Engin of this earthen Type.
Of her Essence and substance. Not, that his own Selfs-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Vnitie* partake
Vnto his Work; but, without Selfs-expence
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his power so spread his Rays thereon,
That euen as yet appers a portion
Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light
Whearwith at first it was adorn'd and dight.
Whence it is proceeded. This *Adam's* spirit did from that spirit deriue
Which made the World: yet did not thence depriue
Of Gods self-substance any part at all;
Diuers Similes. As in the Course of Nature doth befall,
That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig
There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig.
In brief, it 's but a breath: now, though the breath
Out of our Stomacks concaue issueth;
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought:
Onely, it seemeth to be simply fraught
And to retain the purer qualities
Of th'inward place whence it deriued is.
Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire
Of the excellence of Mans soule. His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.

Yet

Yet wot I well, that as the Ey perceiues
All but it self, even so our Soule conceiues
All saue her owne selfs Essence; but, the end
Of her owne greatnes cannot comprehend.
Yet as a sound Ey, void of vicious matter,
Sees (in a sort) it selfe, in Glass or Water:
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glass)
Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face.

How she may know her selfe.

The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring blasts
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountains from the watery World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, sighing on the field,
Enammels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts-on her richest Lyuory:
Th'accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent
From th' Iuorie ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely void,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smel (the powrs)
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flowrs.

Three fit comparisons to that purpose.

Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight
Be not subiected: yet her motion light
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs doe giue,
We haue more soule than to suffice to liue;
A Soule diuine, pure, sacred, admirable,
Immortall, end-les, simple, vnpalpable.

The Soule not only vitall, but also diuine and immortall.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in euery part:
Whether the Brain or Heart doo lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca*, where, where could'st thou enroule
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)
Which at first hearing thou could'st back rehearse?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table shut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands vander'd,
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?

The Seat of the Soule.

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

In what deep vessell did th' Embassader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler
Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cesterns did he pour Those Treasures
Of learned store, which after (for his vse)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memorie, is th' Eyes true Registor,
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasorer,
Keeping Records of Acts and accidents
Whatsoeuer, subiect vnto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past euents, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage,
More happily to lead our later age.

Of the quicke swiftnes, & sodain motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heaue and Earth.

And, though our Soule liue as imprison'd here,
In our frail flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; Yet at one flight she flies
From *Calpè* t' *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leauing these base slimie heaps,
With cheerfull spring aboue the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire, and there she learns to knowe
Th' Originalls of Winde, and Hail, and Snowe,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Starrs and storms,
Of Rain and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: shee marketh all the Sphears,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:
With sure account, and certain Compasses,
She counts their Starrs, she metes their distances

And differing paſes; and, as if ſhe found
No Subiect fair enough in all this Round,
She Mounts aboue the Worlds extreameſt Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;
Where ſhe beholds her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Iuſtice*, and his ſmiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaſte and ſober Port
And ſacred Pomp of the Celeſtiall Court.

Of learned, curious, pleaſant, marualous, and more then humane inuention of mans wit.

What can be hard to a ſloath-ſhunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with deſire of Fames eternall merit?
Look (if thou canſt) from Eaſt to Occident,
From *Iſland* to the *Moors* hot Continent;
And thou ſhalt nought perfectly fair behould,
But Pen, or Pençill, Grauing-tool, or Mould,
Hath ſo reſembled, that ſcarce can our ey
The Counterfait from the true thing deſcry.

Of Carving and Painting.

The brazen Mare that famous *Myron* caſt,
Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbraç't:
The liuely picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd ſo rarely fine
That ſhoals of Birds, beguiled by the ſhapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with ſtrangeſt fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths deſire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loues, as *Venus* ſelfe had heer;
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can
Can (Goddeſs-like) another Nature frame.

The ſubtle concluſions of the Mathematikes witnes Archytas Doue.

But th' Art of Man, not only can compack
Features and forms that life and Motion lack;
But alſo fill the Aire with painted ſhoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Doue, that ſoar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded ſleights
And counterpoiz of ſundry little weights.

The Eagle and the Flie, of Iohn de Monte-Regio: *or* Regi-Montanus.

Why ſhould I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learned *Germanes* late-admir'd invention)

Which mounting from his fist that framed her,
Flew far tô meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And hauing met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close vnto the Castle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hangd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Graç't not so much, as onely This Deuise.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth then meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,
From vnder's hand an iron Flie flew out;
Which, hauing flowen a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings, return'd vnto her Master,
And (as iudicious) on his arm she plaçt-her.
O divine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Flie, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.
Yea, you your selues, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Astronomy. Although no stop your rest-les Daunce disturbs,
Nor stays your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men (that are but men in shape.)

The king of Persia his Heauen of Glass.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content, well-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:
To raign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like brauing *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Giants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hills*:
But, without mouing from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that there-upon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shyning Lamps of th'other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence again advance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Saue Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince.

But

But, who would think, that mortall hands could mould
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses should
With constant windings, though contrary waies,
Mark the true mounds of Yeats, and Months, and Daies?
Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by graue Witnes hundred times auerr'd,
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fier'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who hugest Vessels, that did ever pass
The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From Shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to Land;
Framed a *Sphear*, where every *Wandring Light*,
Of lower Heav'ns and th'vpper *Tapers*, bright,
Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselues) with ruled motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heav'n of Siluer, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)
Vnto *Bizantium* to the Greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit still mouing to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go;
And though th'one Sphere did alwaies slowely slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide;
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n:
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*
His shining Houses, neuer did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.
O compleat Creature! who the starry Sphears
Canst make to moue, who 'boue the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:

Admirable Dialls & Clocks, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg.

The Engines of Archimedes, & his Spheare.

The Heauen of Siluer sent by the Emperour Ferdinand *to* Solyman *the great Turk.*

Of mans resemblance to his first Paterne, which is God.

This

This curious Luſt to imitate the beſt
And faireſt Works of the Almightieſt,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high deſcent; and that his ſacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when firſt his Spirit
(The ſpring of life) did in thy limms inſpire-it.
For, as his Beauties are paſt all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair:
As hee's immortall; and is neuer idle:
Thy Soule's immortall; and can brook no bridle
Of ſloath, to curb her buſie Intellect:
He ponders all; thou peizeſt each effect:
And thy mature and ſettled Sapience
Hath ſom alliance with his Prouidence:
He works by Reaſon; thou by Rule: Hee's glory,
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:
Hee's great High-prieſt; thou his great Vicar heer:
Hee's Souerain Prrnce; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

Other teſtimonies of the excellency of Man, conſtituted Lord of the World.

For, ſoon as euer he had framed thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy:
Made all the Creatures knowe thee for their Lord,
And com before thee of their own accord:
And gave thee power (as Maſter) to impoſe
Fit ſenſe-full Names vnto the Hoaſt that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forreſt people; and the painted Birds:
O too-too happy! had that Fall of thine
Not cancell'd ſo the Character diuine.

Wherein conſiſteth Mans felicitie.

But ſith our Soules now-ſin-obſcured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our Fleſh ſo bright;
What ſacred ſplendor will this Starr ſend forth,
When it ſhall ſhine without this vail of Earth?
The Soule, heer lodg'd, is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noyſom ſmells;
In an old Houſe, open to winde and weather;
Neuer in Health, not half an hour together:
Or (almoſt) like a Spider, who, confin'd
In her Webs centre, ſhak't with euery winde;

Excellent comparisons.

Moues in an inſtant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a ſtring of her Lawn Canapie.
You that haue ſeen within this ample Table,
Among ſo many Modules admirable,
Th'admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Com, com and ſee the Womans rapting features:
Without whom (heer) Man were but half a man,
But a wild Wolf, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like:
Born ſolely for himſelf, bereft of ſenſe,
Of heart, of loue, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to ſeeme leſs liberal
To Man, then elſe to euery animal;
For perfect patern of a holy Loue,
To *Adams* half another half he gaue,
Ta'en from his ſide, to binde (through euery Age)
With kinder bonds the ſacred Mariage.
Euen as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Som-cureleſs limb; before in vre he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his Patient in a ſenſe-leſſe ſlumber,
And grief-leſs then (guided by vſe and Art)
To ſaue the whole, ſawes off th'infected part:
So, God empal'd our Grandſiers liuely look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilneſs ſtrook,
Siel'd-vp his ſparkling eys with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almoſt) to *Lethè* Sands;
In briefe, ſo numm'd his Soul's and Body's ſenſe,
That (without pain) opening his ſide, from thence
Hee tooke a rib, which rarely he refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind:
Grauing ſo liuely on the liuing Bone
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could haue the Louer from his Loue deſcry'd,
Or know'n the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Sauing that ſhe had a more ſmiling Eye,
A ſmoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dy,

Of the Creation of Woman made for an ayde to Man, and without whom Mans life were miſerable.

Simile.

A fainter

A fainter voice, a more inticing Face,
A Deeper Tresſ, a more delighting Grace,
And in her boſom (more then Lillie-white)
Two ſwelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Their Mariage.

Now, after this profound and pleaſing Traunce,
No ſooner *Adams* rauiſht eyes did glaunce
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,
Kiſſing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Reſt, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refreſh)
Bone of his Bone, Fleſh of his very Fleſh.

Their Epithalame, or wedding Song.

Source of all ioyes! ſweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-One,
Thy ſacred Birth I neuer think vpon,
But (rauiſht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O bleſſed Bond! ô happy Mariage!
Which dooſt the match 'twixt Chriſt and vs preſage!
O chaſteſt friendſhip, whoſe pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Hart!
O holy knot, in *Eden* inſtituted
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with miſchiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell
To curſed Creatures that 'gainſt Heav'n rebell)
O ſacred Cov'nant, which the ſin-leſs Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he firſt begun
To publiſh proofs of his drad Powr *Diuine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At leſſer *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did with his preſence ſanctifie and honor!

The commodities of Mariage.

By thy deer Fauour, after our Deceaſe,
We leaue-behind our liuing Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children liue eternally.
By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* ſhot inſpires:
And taught (by thee) a Ioue more firm and fitter,
We find the Mel more ſweet, the Gall leſs bitter,

Which

Which heer (by turns) heap vp our human Life
Ev'n now with ioyes, anon with iars and strife.
This done; the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaste embraces to repleniſh Fair
Th' vnpeopled World; that while the World endures,
Heer might ſucceed their liuing Pourtraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droues that in the Deſarts roar,
The fethered Flocks, and fruitfull-ſpawning Legions
That liue within the liquid Cryſtal Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendered;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men: and Nature, with a change-leſs Courſe,
Still brought forth Children like their Anceſtors:
Though ſince indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Siluer pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neyther) make,
Which yet of eythers ritches doth partake:
So, oft, two Creatures of a diuers kinde,
Againſt the common courſe through All aſſign'd,
Confounding their luſt-burning ſeeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to eyther,
But (baſtard Mongrel) bearing marks apparant
Of mingled members, ta'en from eyther Parent.
God, not contented, to each Kinde to giue
And to infuſe the Vertue Generatiue,
Made (by his Wiſdom) many Creatures breed
Of liue-leſs bodies, without *Venus* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander
With-childe with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r ſo much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace, ſprings
The Fly *Pyrauſta* with the flaming Wings:
Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;
Liuing in that, which each thing elſe deſtroyes.
So, ſlowe *Boötes* vnderneath him ſees,
In th' icy *Iles*, thoſe Goſlings hatcht of Trees,

Propagation by the bleſsing of God.

Vnnatural Coniunctions produce monſtrous Births.

Of things ingendered without ſeed or commixtion of ſexes.

Whoſe

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THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

In sacred Rest, *vpon* This sacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious Works *survay:*
His only Powr *and* Prouidence *perseuer*
T'vphold, maintain, and rule the World *for euer:*
Maugre Mens *malice and* Hells *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his Children *good:*
Sabboths *right vse; From all* Worlds-Works *to cease;*
To pray (*not play*) *and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Instructions *drawn from dead and liuing things,*
And for our selues; for all Estates; for Kings.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set a-work, in all and euery part,
Inuention, Iudgement, Nature, Vse and Art;
And hath at length (t'immortalize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the same;
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.

By an excellent Similitude of a Painter delighted with the sight of a curious table which he hath lately finished; our Poet sheweth how God rested the seauenth Day, and saw (as saith the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

First in a Mead he marks a frisking Lamb,
Which seems (though dumb) to bleat vnto the dam:
Then hee obserues a Wood, seeming to waue:
Then th'hollow bosom of som hideous Caue:
Heer a High-way, and there a narrow Path:
Heer Pines, there Oaks torn by tempestuous wrath:

Heer

Heer from a craggy Rocks steep-hanging boss
(Thrumm'd half with Iuy, half with crisped Moss)
A siluer Brook in broken streams doth gush,
And head-long down the horried Cliff doth rush;
Then winding thence aboue and vnder ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There, on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)
A skilfull Gunner with his left ey winking,
Leuels directly at an Oak hard-by,
Whereon a hundred groaning Guluers cry;
Down falls the Cock, vp from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dies.
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings
The thundering bullet, born on fiery wings.
Heer, on a Green, two Striplings, stripped light,
Run for a prize with laboursom delight;
A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all do goe)
They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout
Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.
Heer, six pyed Oxen, vnder painfull yoak,
Rip vp the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.
Heer, in the shade, a pretty Shepherdess
Driues softly home her bleating happiness:
Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,
A man would think som Sonnet she begins.
Heer runs a Riuer, there springs forth a Fountain,
Heer vales a Valley, there ascends a Mountain,
Heer smokes a Castle, there a Citie fumes,
And heer a Ship vpon th'Ocean looms.
In brief, so liuely, Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Work the Work-mans self is rapt,
Vnable to look off; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he findes his skill:
So th'Architect (whose glorious Workmanships
My cloudy Muse doth but too much eclipse)
Hauing with pain-less pain and care-less care,
In These *Six Dayes*, finisht the Table fair.

God rested the seuenth Day, & contemplates on his Works.

And

And infinite of th' *Vniuerſall Ball*,
Reſteth *This Day*, t'admire himſelfe in All:
And for a ſeaſon eying nothing els,
Ioyes in his Work, ſith all his Work excels
(If my dull, ſtutting frozen eloquence
May dare coniecture of his high Intents).
One while, hee ſees how th'ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;
And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Aboundant vapours (for our benefit):
And yet it ſwels not for thoſe tribute ſtreams,
Nor yet it ſhrinks not for thoſe boyling beams.
There ſees he th' Ocean-peeples plentious broods;
And ſhifting Courſes of the Ebbs and Floods;
Which with inconſtant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth ſway.
Anon, vpon the flowry Plains he looks,
Laced about with ſnaking ſiluer brooks.
Now, he delights to ſee foure Brethrens ſtrife
Cauſe the Worlds peace, and keep the World in life:
Anon, to ſee the whirling Sphears to roule
In reſt-leſs Dances about either Pole;
Whereby, their Creſſets (caried diuers waies)
Now viſit vs, anon th' *Antipodés*.
It glads him now to note how th'Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:
How th'Airs glib-gliding firmleſs body bears
Such ſtore of Fowls, Hail-ſtorms, and Floods of tears:
How th'heauy Water, proneſt to deſcend,
'Twixt Air and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earth's prop-leſs maſſie Ball
Stands ſteddy ſtill, iuſt in the midſt of All.
Anon his noſe is pleaſ'd with fragrant ſents
Of Balm, and Baſill, Myrrh, and Frankincenſe,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyſop, Sauory, Cinamon,
Pink, Violet, Roſe, and Cloue-Carnation.
Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody
Of winged Conſorts curious Harmony:

A briefe recapitulation & conſideration of the Works of God in the whole World and a learned Expoſition of the words of Moſes Gene. 1. 31. *God ſaw that all that hee had made, was perfectly good.*

For, though each bird, guided with Art-leſs Art,
After his kinde, obſerue a ſong a-part,
Yet the ſole burden of their ſeuerall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious praiſe.
In briefe, th'Almightie's *ey*, and *noſe*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *ſee*, *ſent*, or *hear*,
But *ſhowes* his greatnes, *ſauours* of his grace,
And *ſounds* his glory ouer euery place.
But aboue all, Mans many beautious features
Detain the Lord more then all other Creatures:
Man's his owne Minion; Man's his ſacred Type,
And for Man's ſake, he loues his Workmanſhip.
Not, that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and neuer looks abroad,
That Crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,
Blinde to our ſeruice, deafe vnto our ſighs;
A Pagan Idol, void of powr and pietie,
A ſleeping Dormouſe (rather) a dead Deitie.
For though (alas!) ſomtimes I cannot ſhun,
But ſome profane thoughts in my mind will run,
I neuer think on God, but I conceiue
(Whence cordiall comforts Chriſtian ſoules receiue)
Of the Prouidence of God. In God, Care, Counſail, Iuſtice, Mercy, Might,
To puniſh wrongs, and patronize their right:
Sith Man (but Image of th'Almightieſt)
Without theſe gifts is not a Man, but Beaſt.
Epicurus *and his followers, denying the ſame, confuted by ſundry Reaſons.* Fond *Epicure*, thou rather ſlept'ſt, thy ſelf,
When thou didſt forge thee ſuch a ſleep-ſick Elf.
For life's pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent
(Not ſhunning th' *Atheïſts* ſin, but puniſhment)
Imagined ſt a God ſo perfect-leſs,
In Works defying, whom thy words profeſs.
God is not ſitting (like ſome Earthly State)
In proud Theátre, him to recreate
With curious Obiects of his ears and eys,
(Without diſpoſing of the Comœdies)
Content t'haue made (by his great Word) to moue
So many radiant Starrs as ſhine aboue;

And

And on each thing with his owne hand to draw
The ſacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, boſoming his hand, to let them ſlide,
With reans at will, whether that Law ſhall guide:
Like one that hauing lately forç't ſome Lake, *Simile.*
Through ſome new Channell a new Courſe to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to thoſe effects,
But lets the Streame run where his Ditch directs.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence, *1 Gods power, goodnes, & wiſdom ſhine gloriouſly in gouerning the world.*
Nor Loue, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Prouidence.
He prov'd his Power, by *Making* All of nought:
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought:
His Care, by *Ending* it in ſix Daies ſpace:
His Loue, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race:
His Prouidence (maugrè Times waſtefull rages)
Preſerving it ſo many Yeers and Ages.

For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own Greatnes caus'd his proper Fall?
How often had this World deceaſt, except
Gods mighty arms had it vpheld and kept?

God is the ſoule, the life, the ſtrength, and ſinnew, *2 In him, and through him, all things liue and moue, and haue their Beeing.*
That quickens, moues, and makes this Frame continue.
God's the main ſpring, that maketh every way
All the ſmall wheels of this great Engin play.
God's the ſtrong *Atlas*, whoſe vnſhrinking ſhoulders
Haue been and are Heav'ns heauy Globes vpholders.

God makes the Fountains run continually, *3 All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and Power, working continually.*
The Daies and Nights ſucceed inceſſantly:
The Seaſons in their ſeaſon he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
God makes th'Earth fruitfull, and he makes the Earth's
Large loignes not yet faint for ſo many births.
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their Heat themſelues inflameth not;
And that their ſparkling beams preuent not ſo,
With woſull flames, the *Laſt* great *Day* of wo:
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wreſt)
They turn at-once both North, and Eaſt, and Weſt:

Heav'ns conſtant courſe, his heaſt doth neuer break:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fand
In all theſe Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With ſecret touch of his eternall Powr.

4 God is the Iudge of the World: hauing all Creatures viſible and inviſible, ready armed to execute his Iudgements.

God is the Iudge, who keeps continuall Seſſions,
In every place to puniſh all Tranſgreſſions;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wreſted with Deuice,
Sans Fear, or Fauour; hate, or partiall zeal;
Pronounceth Iudgements that are paſt appeal.
Himſelfe is Iudge, Iury, and Witnes too,
Well knowing what we all think, ſpeak, or doo:
Hee ſounds the deepeſt of the doubleſt hart,
Searcheth the Reins, and ſifteth euery part:
Hee ſees all ſecrets, and his *Lynx*-like ey
(Yer it be thought) doth euery thought deſcry:
His Sentence giuen, neuer returns in vain;
For, all that Heavn, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serue him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions,
That ſoar aboue the bright Star-ſpangled Regions,
Are euer preſt, his powrfull Miniſters;
And (laſtly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, aſſiſted with th'infernall band,
Stands ready ſtill to finiſh his Command.

Yea, he maketh euen the wicked his inſtruments to puniſh the wicked, and to proue his Choſen.

God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpoſe aptly mannage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for iuſt puniſhment,
He arms our ſins vs ſinners to torment;
And to preuent th'vngodly's plot, ſomtime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

Againe, againſt Epicures, who

Yet true it is, that human things (ſeem) ſlide
Vnbridledly with ſo vncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Euents ſo many,
Somtimes Gods Iudgements are ſcarce ſeene of any:
Rather, it ſeems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the ſiluer Moon betideth.

Yet

Yet, art thou euer iuſt (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Iudgements depth deſcry:
My wit's too ſhallow for the leaſt Deſigne
Of thy drad Counſails, ſacred, and diuine:
And thy leaſt-ſecret Secrets, I confeſs
Too deepe for vs, without thy Spirit's addreſs.
Yet oftentimes, what ſeemeth (at firſt ſight)
Vniuſt to vs, and paſt our reaſon quite,
Thou mak'ſt vs (Lord) acknowledge (in due ſeaſon)
To haue been done with equitie and reaſon.
So, ſuffering th'*Hebrew* Tribes to ſell their brother,
Thy eternall Iuſtice thou didſt ſeem to ſmother.
But *Ioſeph* (when, through ſuch rare hap, it chanced
Him of a ſlaue to be ſo high aduanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood
Dry Heav'ns defects endeuours to make good)
Learn'd, that his enuious brethrens treacherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there prouide Reliefe and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, againſt (then) time to com.
When thy ſtrong arm, which plagues the Reprobate,
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate,
With flood and flame: becauſe there liued then
Some ſmall remains of good and righteous men,
Thou ſeem'dſt vniuſt: but when thou ſauedſt *Lot*
From Fire, from Water *Noah* and his Boat,
'Twas plainly ſeen, thy Iuſtice ſtands propitious
To th'Innocent, and ſmiteth but the vicious.
He wilfull winks againſt the ſhining Sun,
That ſee's not *Pharao*, as a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned hart,
Smoothed the paſſage for their ſoon-depart:
To th'end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his Glory finde the larger field.
Who ſees not alſo, that th'vniuſt Decree
Of a proud Iudge, and *Iudas* treachery,
The Peoples fury, and the Prelat's gall,
Serv'd all as organs to repair the Fall

hold that all things happen in the World by Chance.

1 Gods Iudgements paſt our ſearch: yet euer iuſt in thẽſelues.

Gen. 45. ver. 6. 7 and Gen. 50 ve. 20.

2. In executing his iudgements on the rebellious, he ſheweth mercie on his Seruants.

3 He ſheweth his power in the cõfuſion of the Mightieſt: and in the deliuerance of his Church.

Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for euer slide?
4 He turneth the malice of Sathan and his instruments, to his own glory, and the good of his: of whom he hath alwaies speciall care.
Th'Almighties Care doth diuersly dispersе
Ore all the parts of all this Vniuerse:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For ay he watcheth for his Children choice
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voice:
For them, he built th'ay-turning Heav'ns Theater;
For them, he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,
Handles their hands, and speaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.
A remedy for temptation of the godly, seeing the prosperity of the wicked, and the afflictions of Gods children.
But heer, what hear I? Faith-less, God-less men,
I meruail not, that you impugn my pen:
But (ô!) it grieues me, and I am amaz'd,
That those, whose faith, like glistering Stars, hath blaz'd
Even in our darkest nights, should so obiect
Against a doctrine of so sweet effect;
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see
Th'vngodly-most in most Prosperitie,
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Sceptres, hoording Gold and Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kind affection,
As priuiledged by the Heav'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this Worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:
In Earth, less rest then *Euripus* they finde,
Gods heauy Rods still hanging them behinde:
Them, shame, and blame, trouble and loss pursues;
As shadows bodies, and as night the deawes.
The same cõforted in diuers sorts with apt Similitudes, cõfirming the rea-
Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancel quite
This profane thought from your vnsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th'end he be not thought
A powr less Iudge) heer plagueth many a fault;

And

And many a fault leaues heer vnpuniſhed;
That men may alſo his laſt iudgement dread.
On th'other ſide, note that the Croſſe becoms
A Ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milkenway*,
Which doth the Saints to *Ioues* high Court convay.
O! ſee you not, how that a Father graue,
Curbing his Son much ſhorter then his Slaue,
Doth th'one but rare, the other rife reproue,
Th'one but for lucre, th'other all for loue?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of ſome great Prince, or Perſon honourable,
Giues oftеſt to that Horſe the teaching ſpur,
Which he findes fitteſt for the vſe of War.
A painfull School-maſter, that hath in hand
To inſtitute the flowr of all a Land,
Giues longeſt Leſſons vnto thoſe, where Heav'n
The ableſt wits and apteſt wills hath giv'n.
And a wiſe Chieftain, neuer truſts the waight
Of th'execution of a braue Exploit,
But vnto thoſe whom he moſt honoureth,
For often proofe of their firm force and faith:
Such ſends he firſt t'aſſault his eager foes;
Such 'gainſt the Canon on a Breach beſtowes;
Such he commands naked to ſcale a Fort,
And with ſmall number to re-gain a Port.
God beats his Deer, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw deuout ſighes from calamitie,
And by the touch to try their Conſtancy,
T'awake their ſloath, their minds to exerciſe
To trauail cheer'ly for th'immortall Prize.
A good Phyſician, that Arts excellence
Can help with practice and experience,
Applies diſcreetly all his *Recipés*,
Vnto the nature of each fell-diſeaſe;
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with ſtrict Diet, th'other with a Lotion,

ſon & declaring the right end of God's diuers dealing with men.

Afflictions profitable to the Faithfull.

They are neceſſary to cure the diſeaſes of the ſoule.

And ſometime cutteth off a leg or arm,
So (ſharply ſweet) to ſaue the whole from harm:
Euen ſo the Lord (according to th'ill humours
That vex his moſt-Saints with ſoule-tainting tumours)
Sends ſomtimes Exile, ſomtimes lingring Languor,
Sometimes Diſhonour, ſomtimes pining Hunger,
Somtime long-Law-ſuits, ſomtime Loſs of good,
Somtimes a Childes death, or a Widdowhood:
But ay he holdeth, for the good of His,
In one hand Rods; in th'other Remedies.

Without them Gods children decline.

The Souldier, ſlugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decreaſe:
The ruſt doth fret the blade hangd vp at reſt:
The Moath doth eate the garment in the Cheſt:
The ſtanding Water ſtinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.
All that is faireſt in the world, we finde,
Subiect to trauail. So, with ſtorms and winde
Th'Air ſtill is toſt: the Fire and Water tend;
This, ſtill to mount; that, euer to deſcend:
The ſpirit is ſpright-leſs if it want diſcourſe,
Heavn's no more Heav'n if it once ceaſe his Courſe.

The Croſſe an honorable mark.

The valiant Knight is known by many ſcars:
But he that ſteals-home wound-les, from the Wars,
Is held a Coward, void of Valours proof,
That for Deaths fear, hath fled, or fought a-loof.

God will be glorified in the conſtant ſufferings of his Seruants.

The Lord therefore, to giue Humanitie
Rare preſidents of daunt-leſs Conſtancy,
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels
Won from a thouſand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours downe more euils on their hap-leſs head,
Then yerſt *Pandora's* odious Box did ſhead;
Yet ſtrengthning ſtill their harts with ſuch a Plaiſter,
That though the Fleſh ſtoop, ſtill the Spirit is Maiſter.

There is nothing euill in Mans life, but ſin: and vertue is beſt perceiued in the proofe.

But, wrongly I theſe euils Euills call:
Sole Vice is ill; ſole Vertue good: and all,
Beſides the ſame, is ſelfly, ſimply, bad
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.

Let

Let envious Fortune all her forces wage
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage
Can never change his godly resolution,
Though Heav'n it selfe should threaten his confusion.
A constant man is like the Sea, whose brest
Lyes ever open vnto every guest;
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, cannot
Make her to change her qualities a iot:
Or, like a good sound stomack, not soone casting
For a light surfet or a small dis tasting;
But, that, vntroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.

True constancie liuely represented by two comparisons.

Though then, the Lords deep Wisedom, to this day,
Work in the Worlds vncertain-certain Sway:
Yet must we credit that his hand compos'd
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*;
By his example, giving vs behest,
On the Seaventh Day for evermore to Rest.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of Stone, or Steel, or Brass *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our soule in a frail earthen Mass,
Thinner then Water, britteler then Glass:
He knowes our life is by nought sooner spent,
Then hauing still our mindes and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for som fewe Years, will yield
The richer Crop, when it again is till'd:
A River stopped by a sluce a space,
Runs (after) rougher and a swifter pase:
A Bowe, awhile vnbent, will after cast
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:
A Soudier, that a season still hath layn,
Coms with more fury to the Field againe:
Even so, this Body, when (to gather breath)
One Day in Seav'n *at Rest* it soiourneth;
It re-collects his Powrs, and with more cheer,
Falls the next morrow to his first Career.

God, Resting on the seuenth Day, and blessing it; teacheth vs that in resting one day of the Week, we should principally imploy it in his seruice: That we should cease from our worldly and wicked workes, to giue place to his grace, and to suffer his Spirit to worke in vs by the Instrument of his holy word.

But, the chiefe End, this Precept aims at, is
To quench in vs the coals of Covetize;

That

That while we rest from all profaner Arts,
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:
That wee, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts, to *heav'nly* meditations:
Simile. Following good Archers guise, who shut one ey,
That they the better may their mark espy.
Against prosaners of the Sabbath. For, by th'Almighty, this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to daunce, to mask, and play,
To slugg in sloath, and languish in delights,
And loose the Reans to raging appetites:
To turne Gods Feasts to filthy *Lupercals*,
To frantike *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*:
To dazle eys with Prides vain-glorious splendor,
To serue strange Gods, or our Ambition tender;
As th'irreligion of loose Times hath since
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaster innocence.
We ought on the Lords Day, attēd his seruice & meditate on the euerlasting Rest, & on the workes of God. God would, that men should in a certain place
This Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentiue ear
To learn his great Name's deer-drad Loving-Fear:
He would that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scriptures marrow from the bones vnfold,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our mindes;
Doubtlesse, the Doctrine *preacht* doth deeper pearce,
Proves more effectuall, and more waight it bears.
The practise of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches, on the Sabaath Day. He would, that there in holy Psalmes we sing
Shrill prayse and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On vs and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest;
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and be assur'd to speed;

Sith

Sith in th'Exchequer of his Clemency,
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body lie.
He would, this Sabbaoth should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbaoth of Eternity.
But th'one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th'other, to Rest both Soule and body brings:
Th'one but a Day endures; the others Date
Eternity shall not exterminate:
Shadows the one, th'other doth Truth include:
This stands in freedom, that in seruitude:
With cloudy cares th'one's muffled vp som-whiles;
The others face is full of pleasing smiles:
For, never griefe, nor fear of any Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neer to it.
'Tis the grand *Iubilé*, the Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbaoth of Sabbaoths, end-less Rest of Rests;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian fellows,
Gods faithfull Seruants, and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n we hope (within short time) to keep.

The Corporall Rest, a figure of the spirituall.

He would this Day, our soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read,
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-less Bounty, Powr and Providence;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th'illiterat, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Meditations of the workes of God, especially on the day of Rest.

Com (Reader) sir, com sit thee down by mee;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:
Hear this dumb Doctor, study in this Book,
Where day and night thou mai'st at pleasure look,
And thereby learn vprightly how to liue:
For, every part doth speciall Lessons giue,
Even from the gilt studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element.

Exhortations to this Meditation, with the vse and profit thereof.

Seest thou those *Starrs* we (wrongly) *Wandring* call,
Though diuers waies they daunce about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Course of the *First Moving* Sphear?

The Planets teach vs to follow the will of God.

This

This teacheth thee, that though thine own Desires
Be oppoſit to what Heav'ns will requires,
Thou muſt ſtill ſtriue to follow (all thy daies)
God (the firſt Mover) in his holy waies.

The Moone teacheth that wee haue not any thing that wee haue not receiued.

Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride bewitches,
For Bodies beauties or Mindes (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whoſe ſplendor from her Brother ſprings,
May by Example make thee vail thy wings:
For thou, no leſs then the pale Queen of Nights,
Borrow'ſt all goodnes from the Prince of Lights.

The Elementary fire and ours, where our happineſſe, and where our miſery conſiſts.

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th'Earth deſcend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n, the ſame is cleer and pure;
Ours heer belowe, ſad, ſmoaky, and obſcure:
So, while thy Soule doth with the Heav'ns converſe,
It's ſure and ſafe from every thought perverſe;
And though thou won heer in this world of ſinn,
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angells been:
But, if thy minde be alwaies fixed all
On the foul dunghill of this darkſome vale,
It will partake in the contagious ſmells
Of th'vnclean houſe wherein it droops and dwells.

The Aire, that afflictions are profitable for vs.

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doo toſs thee to and fro;
Remember, th'Aire corrupteth ſoon, except
With ſundry Windes it be oft ſwing'd and ſwept.

The Sea, that we ought for no reſpect to tranſgreſſe the Law of God.

The Sea, which ſomtimes down to Hell is driv'n,
And ſomtimes heaues a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherein the Lord her boiſterous arms hath linkt;
Inſtructeth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,
Ambition's windes, nor golden vaſſallage
Of Auarice, nor any love, nor fear,
From Gods Command ſhould make thee ſhrinke a hair.

The Earth, that we ſhould be conſtant.

The Earth, which never all at once doth moue,
Though her rich Orb receiued, from aboue,
No firmer baſe her burthen to ſuſtent,
Then ſlippery props of ſofteſt Element;

By

By her example doth propose to thee
A needfull Lesson of true Constancy.
Nay, there is nought in our deer Mother found,
But Pithily some Vertue doth propound.
O! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poore, faint, and ignorant;
And, looking on the fields, when *Autumn* shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still the fuller of the flowery grain,
Bow down the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their Chaffie Crests the more.

The Eares of Corne, that we should be humble.

Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes)
Dares spot the Spouse-bed with vnlawfull kisses,
Blush (at the least) at Palm-Trees loyaltie,
Which neuer bears, vnless her Male be by.

The Palme-Tree, that wee should be chaste.

Thou, thou that prancest after Honors prize
(While by the way thy strength and stomack dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinamon
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-less
Approach the Plant, much less the Fruit possess.

Cinamon teacheth Diligence and Prudence.

Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold,
And not consider, that we must no less
Follow in life the Sun of Righteousnes?

The Sunne and the Marigold, direct vs vnto Christ, the Sunne of righteousnes.

O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow brest
Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.
For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water,
And swell, and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter,
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was
Vnder the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:
He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast)
Yeelds his hearts kingdom to the holy-Ghost;
And, for braue Seruice vnder Christ his Banner,
Looks to be crown'd with his Chiefe Champions honor,
Must in Affliction wake his zeale, which oft
In Calmer times sleeps too-securely soft.

Lyme in water, teacheth vs to shew our vertue in extreamitie.

And,

The Diamond exhorteth to constancy.

And, oppoſit, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth ſtoutly both withſtand:
So the true Chriſtian ſhould, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with ſom ruth-leſs ſmart
A little ſhake the ſinnews of his heart,

Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity, & puritie.

He muſt be like the richeſt Minerall,
Whoſe Ingots bow, but never break at all;
Nor in the Furnace ſuffer any loſs
Of waight, but Lees; not of the Gold, but droſs.

The ſtone Iris, to edification of our Neighbour.

The pretious Stone that bears the Rain-bowes name,
Receiues the bright face of *Sols* burniſht flame;
And by reflection, after, it diſplaies
On the next obiect all thoſe pointed rayes:
So whoſo hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the centre of his happy Soule
Receiv'd ſom ſplendor of the beames divine,
Muſt to his Neighbour make the ſame to ſhine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receiue his Gold,
With thirty, ſixty, and an hundred fold.

The needle in the Mariners compaſſe ſheweth that wee ſhould inſtantly looke on Chriſt our onely loadſtar.

As th'Iron, toucht by th'Adamant's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the ſecret power
Of a true liuely Faith, looks every howr
To the bright Lamp which ſerues for *Cynoſure*
To all that ſail vpon the Sea obſcure.

Leſſons from liuing Creatures.

Theſe preſidents, from liue-les things collected,
Breed good effects in ſpirits well affected;
But leſſons, taken from the things that liue,
A liuelier touch vnto all ſorts doo giue.

Bees, to ſubiects and to Princes.

Vp, vp ye Princes: Prince and People, riſe,
And run to Schoole among the Hony-Flies:
There ſhall you learn, that an eternall law
Subiects the Subiect vnder Princes aw:
There ſhall you learn, that a courageous King,
To vex his humble Vaſſals hath no ſting.

The

The *Persian* Prince, that princely did conclude
So severe laws against Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a liue Lark, remits it without harm;
And least her frend-bird she should after slay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

The Marlin, to the vnthankeful.

Fathers, if you desire, your Children sage
Should by their Blessings bless your crooked age;
Train them betimes vnto true Vertues Lore,
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more):
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his yong to follow him about.
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to vse their feeble wing,
He leaues them then some dayes vnfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length constraine them fly.
If that prevail not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings to stir their fearefull sloath.

The Eagle, to Parents.

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,
Black deadly poyson in his dish doo blend;
O! can ye see with vn-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Doue? sith, when her husband dies,
Dies all her ioy: for, never loues shee more;
But on dry boughs doth her drad Spouse deplore.

The Turtle, to Wedlock-breakers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:
As the wise Wild-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bills doo bear
A pebble-stone both day and night; for fear
Least rauenous Eagles of the North descry
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry.

Wilde geese to Babblers.

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O vnkind!)
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to mind
That many Fishes, many times are fain
Receiue their seed into their wombs again
(*Lucinas* sad throes, for the self-same birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth)?

Diuers Fishes, to vnnaturall Mothers, that will not nurse their owne Children.

O!

Dolphins, to the cruell.

O! why embrace not wee with Charity
The liuing, and the dead with Pietie?
Giuing theſe ſuccour, ſepulture to thoſe:
Euen as the Dolphins doe themſelues expoſe,
For their liue fellows, and beneath the Waues
Couer their dead-ones vnder ſandy Graues.

The wild Kid, to children.

You Children, whom (paſt hope) the Heav'ns benignity
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaued-vp to dignity,
Doo not forget your Parents: but behold
Th'officious Kids, who (when, their Parents old,
With heavy Gyues, Eld's trembling fever ſtops
And fetters-faſt vpon the Mountain-tops)
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz
The tendreſt tops of all the ſlendereſt boughs;
And ſip (ſelf-thirſt-leſs) of the Riuers brink,
Which in their mouths they bring them home to drink.

The Spiders, to Man and Wife.

For Houſe-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagirian* (glory of good wits):
Nor his, whom, for his honny-ſteeped ſtile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attik Muſe* yer-while:
Sith th'onely Spider teacheth euery one,
The Husbands and the Huſwifes function.
For, for their food, the valiant Male doth roam;
The cunning Female tends her work at home:
Out of her bowels, wooll and yarn ſhe ſpitteth,
And all that elſe her learned labour fitteth:
Her waight's the ſpindle that doth twiſt the twine,
Which her ſmall fingers draw ſo ev'n and fine.
Still at the Centre ſhe her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds ſhe pins,
And equall diſtance to their compaſs leaues:
Then neat and nimbly her new web ſhe weaues,
With her fine ſhuttle circularly drawn,
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, leaſt elſe th'vngentle Windes ſhould tear
Her cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)
And that the fooliſh Fly might eaſier get
Within the meſhes of her curious Net:

Which

Which he no ſooner doth begin to ſhake,
But ſtreight the Male doth to the Centre make,
That he may conquer more ſecurely there
The humming Creature, hampred in his ſnare.
You Kings, that bear the ſword of iuſt Hoſtilitie, *The Lion, to Kings.*
Purſue the Proud, and pardon true Humilitie;
Like noble Lions that do neuer ſhowe
Their ſtrength and ſtomach on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the ſtouteſt throngs do forrage.
'Mid thouſand Deaths to ſhew their dauntleſs courage.
Thou ſluggard (if thou liſt to learn thy part) *The Emmet and Hedge hog, to the ſlouthfull.*
Goe learn the Emmets, and the Vrchins Art;
In Summer th'one, in Autumn th'other takes
The Seaſons fruits, and thence prouiſion makes,
Each in his Lodging laying vp a hoord
Againſt cold Winter, which doth nought affoord.
But (Reader) We reſemble one that windes, *Man may finde in himſelf excellant inſtruction.*
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To ſeek far-off for Incenſe, Spice, and Gold;
Sith we, not looſing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth ſtand;
And our own Bodies ſelf-contained motions,
Giue the moſt groſs a hundred goodly Notions.
You Princes, Paſtors, and ye Chiefs of War, *The head teacheth all perſons in authority.*
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar;
Leaſt your examples banefull leaproſies
Infect your Subiects, Flocks, and Companies;
Beware, your euill make not others like;
For, no part's ſound if once the Head be ſick.
You Peers, O do not through ſelf-partiall zeale, *The Eys inſtruct Princes and Noble-men.*
With light-brain'd Counſails vex your Common-weal:
But, as both Eys do but One thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good vp-hold.
You that for Others trauail day and night, *The Teeth, ſuch as Trauaile for others.*
With much-much labour, and ſmall benefite,
Behold the Teeth, which Toule-free grinde the food,
From whence themſelues do reap more greef then good.

The Heart, the Miniſters of the Word.

Euen as the Heart hath not a Moments reſt,
But night and day moues in our panting breſt,
That by his beating it may ſtill impart
The liuely ſpirits about to euery part:
So thoſe, to whom God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwayes ſtudy, alwayes work, and wake,
To breathe (by Doctrin and good Conuerſation)
The quickning ſpirit into their Congregation.

The Stomacke, the ſame.

And as the Stomack, from the holeſom food
Diuides the groſſer part (which is not good)
They ought from falſe the truth to ſeparate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the beſt receiv'd for nouriſhment,
The bad caſt forth as filthy excrement.

The Hands, all Chriſtians, to Charity.

If Bat or Blade doo threaten ſodain harm
To belly, breſt, or leg, or head, or arm,
With dread-leſs dread the hand doth ward the blowe,
Taking her ſelf her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then, 'mid the ſhock of ſacrilegious Arms
That fill the world with blood and boiſtrous ſtorms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,
Whom Faith hath made more neer and deer then Brothers?

The whole body the whole ſociety of mankind, that euery one ought to ſtand in his own vocation.

Nor can I ſee, where vnderneath the Sky
A man may finde a iuſter Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Eſtate
Exempt from Faction, Diſcord, and Debate,
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:
Where, one no ſooner feels the leaſt offence,
But all the reſt haue of the ſame a ſenſe.
The Foot ſtriues not to ſmell the Noſe to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Bee't vile or honeſt, honoured or baſe.
But, ſoft my Muſe: what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modulet?

If

If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,
'Tis teadious; how euer sweet we sing.
Ther-fore a-shoar: Mates, let our Anchor fall:
Heer blowes no Winde: heer are we Welcom all.
Besides, consider and conceiue (I pray)
W' haue row'd sufficient, for a *Sabbath Day.*

THE END
OF
THE FIRST WEEK.

Du BARTAS HIS SECOND WEEK.

DISPOSED

(After the proportion of his First)

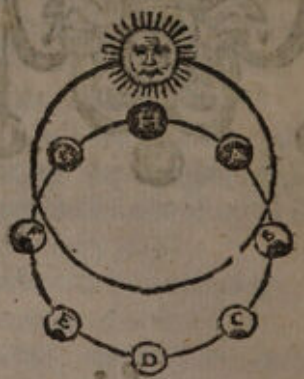
Into SEAVEN DAYES:

(viz.)

The { I. ADAM,
II. NOAH,
III. ABRAHAM,
IIII. DAVID.

The { V. ZEDECHIAS,
VI. MESSIAS,
VII. Th'ETERNAL SABBATH.

But, of the three last, Death (preuenting Our Noble Poet) hath depriued vs.



Acceptam refero.

*

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERNE
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,

IAMES

(By The Grace Of God)

KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, & IRELAND:
TRVE DEFENDER OF
THE TRVE, ANCIENT,
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLIKE, AND
APOSTOLIKE FAITH,
&c.

1. SONNET.

From ZEAL-*Land*, saying with the Winde of *Loue*,
In the Bark LABOVR, steer'd by *Theorems*,
Laden with *Hope*, and with DESIRE t'approve,
Bound for Cape-*Comfort* in the Ile of IEMMES;
In such a *Mist*, we fell vpon the *Coast*,
That sodainly vpon the Rock *Neglect*
(Vnhappily) our *Ship* and *Goods* we lost,
Euen in a *Place* that we did least suspect.
So, *Cast-away* (my LIEGE) and quight vn-don,
We *Orphan*-remnants of a wofefull *Wrack*,
Heer cast a-shore, to *Thee* for *succour* run:
O *Pittie* vs, for our deer Parent's sake,
Who *Honour'd* Thee, both in his Life and Death,
And to thy *guard* his POSTHVMES did bequeath.

2. SONNET.

These glorious WORKS, and gratefull *Monuments*
Built by *DuBARTAS*, on the *Pyrenaeis*
(Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich *Munificence*)
Haue prov'd so Charge-full to *Trans-port* from thence,
That our final *Art's-stock* hardly could suffize,
To vnder-go so great an *Enterprize*;
But is euen beggerd with th'*vn-cast* Expense.
So that, except our *Muses SOVERAIN*
With gracious Eye regard her spent Estate;
And, with a hand of Princely *Fauour*, daign
To stay her fall (before it be too-late)
She needs must fail: as (lending Light about)
Self-spending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (*Sire*) *Saluste.*

TO THE RIGHT EXcellent, and most hopefull young *Prince*, HENRY, PRINCE *of* VVALES.

ANAGR. {Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic strenuus ratus.*}

{THE TROPHEIS, & / MAGNIFICENCE.}

THE gratious Welcome You vouchsaf't yer-while
To my graue PIBRAC (*though but meanly clad*)
Makes BARTAS (*now, no Stranger in this* Isle)
More bold to come (*though suited euen as bad*)
To kisse Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(*Whose weary longings languish in our* Stile:
For in our Wants, *our very* Songs *be sad*).
He brings, for Present *to so great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made first for* SALOMON:
The fitter therfore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look-in, as you look vpon.
Som Glasses flatter: other-som deform:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy Sire Saluste.

TO THE RIGHT HONO-rable, the Lord High Chancel-*lor of England.*

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton. / 1. *Geſtat Honorem.* / 2. *Age mett Honors.* / 3. *Honors mett Age.* }

THE LAWE.

M*oſt humbly*

Shewes to thy Great Worthineſs,
(*Graue* MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAVVES)
The Muſes *Abiect* (*ſubiect of* Diſtreſs)
How, long -Wrong-vext, *in a not*-Need-*leſs* Cauſe,
Not at the Kings-Bench, *but the* Penny-leſs)
By one, I Want (*the ſon of* Simpleneſs);
Vnable, more to greaze *the ſtraping paws*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the iaw*
Of his (dear) *Counſell, Serieant* Penſiueneſs;
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,
To Plead, *himſelfe* (*and ſhew his* (*little*) LAVV)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courteſies.
Pleaſe it thee therfore an Iniunction *grant*,
To ſtay *the* Suit *between himſelf and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay,
So He and His ſhall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO-rable, the Earle of Salisbury, Lord high Threasurer of England.

ANAGRAMMATA.

Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecillius.
Cui ortus celebris: (vel) *Cerebro sic Tullius.*
Robertus Comes Sari. *Carus est Orbi sermo.*

THE CAPTAINES.

ARms *yield to* Arts: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Aiax *Prize the wise* Vlysses wann:
It will not seem then that we haue mis-sung,
To sing of CAPTAINS *to a* Counsail-*man:*
Sith, without Counsail, Courage *is but rage;*
Rude in Resoluing, rash in Acting it:
In which respect, those of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddess *both of* Warr *and* Wit:
Therfore, to Thee, *whose* Wit *so much hath sted*
(*In* Warr *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee (*whose* Vertue *hath now Triumphed*
Of cause-les Enuy, *and misgrounded* Hate:
To Thee (Witt's-*WORTHIE*) *had it not bin wrong,*
Not to haue sounded my War-*WORTHIE's Song?*

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO-rable, the Earl of Dorſet (late) Lord *high Threaſurer of England.*

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. / *Vas lucis.* } { Comes Dorſetius. / *Eſto decor Muſis.* / *Sacris Muſis celo deuotus.* }

THE SCHISME.

NOt with-out Error, *and apparant* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muſes, *and my* Self (*the moſt*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Hoaſt*
Of learned *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song,*
To muſter Thee; Thee, *that haſt lov'd ſo long*
The ſacred Siſters, *and* (*ſad-ſweetly-moſt*)
Thy Self *haſt ſung* (*vnder a fayned Ghoſt*)
The tragik Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng.*
Thearfore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muſes, *honour'd by the ſame,*
And to expreſs my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I ſacre vnto* SACRVIL's *Name,*
No leſs renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Than for thy loue *to Other's Labours ſhow'n.*

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, the Earle of *Pembroke*.

(***)

ANAGR. {William Harbert.} {*With liberall arm.*}

THE DECAY.

FAr be *The* Title *of this tragik* page
From Thee (*rare Module of* Heröik *mindes*)
Whose noble Bounty *all the* Muses *bindes*
To honour Thee; *but mine doth most engage:*
And yet, to Thee, *and to Thy* Patronage
(*For present lack of other* gratefull *signes*)
Needs must I Offer *these* DECAYED *lines*
(*Lyned with* Horrors *of* ISAACIAN *rage*)
Whear-in, to keep decorum *with my* Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd *every-way*)
My Care-clogd Muse (*still caried* down *the stream*)
In singing Other's, *sighes her* Own DECAY.
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For, Vines, vnpropped, on the ground do craul.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO-rable, the Earle of *Essex*, Earle *Marshall of England*, &c.

(**)

EDEN.

GReat Strong-bowe's *heir, no self-conceipt doth cause*
Mine humble wings aspire to you, vnknowne:
But, knowing this that your renown alone
*(As th'*Adamant, *and as the* Amber *drawes:*
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I haue presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)
To graue your name (which all Iberia awes)
Heer on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T'inuite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vitious and the vile;
Or stop their toth from enuious tongues (at least).
If I haue err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet vngraced Muse.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT Honourable Earle of ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

*FRom th'*ARK *of* Hope, *ſtill toſſed in diſtreſſe*
On th'angry Deluge *of diſaſtrous plight,*
My ſilly Doue, *heer takes her ſecond flight,*
To view (great Lord) thy World *of worthineſs:*
Vouchſafe (rare Plant of perfect Noblenes)
Som branch *of ſafety, whereon ſhe may light;*
Som Oliue leaf, *that may preſage me right*
A ſafe eſcape from this wet wildernes.
So, when the Floud *of my deep cares ſhall* fall,
And I be landed *on ſweet* Comfort's Hill;
Firſt, my pure thoughts to Heav'n preſent I ſhall:
Then, on thy fauours meditating ſtill,
My Zealous Muſe *ſhall daily ſtriue to frame*
Som fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE *Charles* Lord *Mount-ioy*, Earle of Devonshire.

***

THE IMPOSTVRE.

THough in thy Brook (great Charles) ther swim a (Swan,
Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
The vertuous Greatnes of thy Noble praise
To higher notes, than my faint numbers can;
Yet, while thy Lucan doth in silence scan
Vnto himselfe new meditated laies,
To finish vp his sad Pharsalian fraies;
Lend ear to BARTAS (now our Country-man).
For, though his English be not yet so good
(As French-men hardly do our tongue attain)
He hopeth yet to be well vnderstood;
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign
His bashfulnes a little to aduance,
With the milde fauours of your countenance.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT Honourable the Earle of *Deuonshire*, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THe Mome-*free Passage, that my* Muse *hath found*
Vnder Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping Censures of this curious Age
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)
Makes her presume (O Mountioy, *most renownd!*)
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Pasport of thy Tutelage,
To salue her still from sullen Enuies wound.
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes
Glance on our Glowe-worm's scarce discerned spark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Obserue a while our tender-imped Lark.
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, than drosse-full Vanity.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT Honourable Earle of *Deuonshire*, &c,

THE COLONIES.

RENowned Scipio, *though thine* Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-ferr'd
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for vs;
Yet, sith one Pen, how-euer plentious
(Were it the Mantuan *or* Meonian *Bard)*
Suffizeth not to giue Fame's *full Reward*
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer *be; Thou, his* Achilles;
Both by each other Happy: Thou (heer-in)
T'haue such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;
Hee such a Theam as thy High Vertues been:
It shall (Great Worthie*) no Dis-Honour be*
That (Englisht) Bartas *hath Sung (thrice) to thee.*

I. S.

TO THE HONOVRA-ble, learned, and religious Gentle-man, Sir PETER YOVNG of Seton, Knight, Almoner of Scotland, and one of his Maiesties Priuy Councell there.

THE COLVMNS.

YOVNG, Ancient Seruant of our Soueraign Lord,
Graue Maister of thy Maister's minor-years;
Whose Prudence and whose Piety appears
In his Perfection, which doth Thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His royall Trusts approue
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:
Whose Duty and Deuotion He endeers
With present Fauours of his Princely Loue:
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poore Orphans (pyn'd in Hope-les cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loues reward;
Wher-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we haue sung)
Through euery Age thou shalt liue euer YOVNG.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT VERtuous (fauourer of Vertue, furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of *London*) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Maiesty, to the Emperour of RVSSIA.

IONAS.

TO *thee, long tost in a fell* Storm *of* State;
Cast out, and swallowed *in a Gulf of* Death,
On false-suspect *of thine vn-spotted* Faith,
And flying from thy (*Heav'n-giuen*) Charge *of late:*
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Case *to that he suffereth,*
Though (*in effect*) *thy* Cause *far differeth*)
I send my IONAS; *to congratulate*
Thy (*happy*) Rescue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Wher-by (*as Fire doth purifie the Gold*)
Thy Loyaltie *is more notorious* Loyal,
And worthy th' Honours *which thou now doo'st hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppressed,* mount *the more:*
And Spices, *bruz'd, smell* sweeter *than before.*

I. S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, learned, and religious Gent. Mr ANTHONIE BACONE.

(¶Ь¶)

THE FVRIES.

Bound by thy Bounty, and mine own Desire,
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
My proto-BARTAS *from Self-doomed Fire:*
Having new-tuned to du BARTAS *Lyre,*
These tragik murmurs of His FVRIES *fell,*
Which (with the Horrors of an Earthly Hell)
The Sinn-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine incouragement,
My sacred-fury *thou didst first inflame*
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of Thankfull Loue from Him, whose all is Thine.

I. S.

TO THE SAME MOST Honourable Gentleman, Maister *Anthony Bacone*, &c.

BABYLON.

THy friendly censure of my first ESSAIE
(Du Bartas FVRIES, *and his* BABYLON)
My faint Endeuours hath so cheared on,
That both His WEEKS *are also* Ours, *to-day.*
Thy gracious hand, repriuing from decay
My fame-les Name, doom'd to obliuion,
Hath so stirr'd-vp my Soule's deuotion,
That in my Songs thy Name *shall liue for ay.*
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth heer again my gratefull Muse *inuite*
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to Thy desart:
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

I. S.

ADAM.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND WEEK;

Contayning

I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTVRE,
III. The FVRIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



Acceptam refero.



EDEN.

THE I. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:
The Scope and Subiect of his Second Week,
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall Place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life; *and* Knowledge-Tree *with-all:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His exercise, and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect; whereby
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in Description of the Infancy & first estate of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made me see,
GVnfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy:
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleis
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys
Foure liuely flouds crauld: tell mee what mis-deed
Banisht both *Edens*, *Adam* and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought-vs
The Balm from Heav'n which hoped health hath wrought-vs:
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbaoth to his fatall toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doom.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shoar;

But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet I will
Extoll thy fauors, and my vowes fulfill.

The Translator, cõsidering his own weakneſſe and insufficiency for a Worke so rare & excellent, as all the World hath worthily admired: craueth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at least) his endeuour may both stirr vp some abler Spirit to vndertake this Taske; and also prouoke all other good Wits to take in hand some holy Argumẽt: and with-all, that Him selfe may be for euer sincerely affected, and (as it were) throughly seasoned with the sweet relish of these sacred & religious discourses.

And gratious Guide, which doost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-les Pen
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine vnlearned lips;
Least, as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams, when it is interpos'd*
Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this diuine Sun of these learned dayes.
O! furnish me with an vn-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wean our wanton ILE
From Ouids *heirs, and their vn-hallowed spell*
Heer charming senses, chayning soules in Hell.
Let this prouoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee, their Maker:
That our mysterious ELFINE *Oracle,*
Deep, morall, graue, Inventions miracle;
My deer sweet DANIEL, *sharp-conceipted, brief,*
Ciuill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that so passionates*
Th' heroïke sighes of loue-sick Potentates:
May change their subiect, and aduance their wings
Vp to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in self-inuention)
They scorn (as I) to liue of Strangers Pension,
Let them deuise new Weeks, *new works, new wayes*
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to som Citie from som Conduit-head
Brings holsom water, yet (self-wanting sense)
It self receiues no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,

Simile.

Simile.

Retains

Retains (long after all the wine is ſpent)
Within it ſelfe the liquors liuely ſent:
Let me ſtill ſauour of theſe ſacred ſweets
Till Death fold-vp mine earth in earthen ſheets;
Leaſt, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRVTVS *heyrs, bluſh at mine elder Story.*

GOD (*Supreme Lord*) committed not alone
T'our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the ſcaly Nation
That in the Ocean haue their habitation:
Thoſe that in horror of the Deſarts lurk:
And thoſe that capering in the Welkin work;
But alſo choſe him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paueth ſumptuouſly
With flowry VER's inameld tapiſtry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whoſe taſte excels;
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber ſmels:
Where God himſelf (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corn couers the hills and vallies,
Summons ſweet ſleep with noiſe of hundred Brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in ſundry nooks:
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th'ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heer-there the courſe of the th'holy Lakes he leads,
With thouſand Dies hee motleys all the meads.

Ye Pagan Poets, that audaciouſly
Haue ſought to dark the ever-Memory
Of Gods great works; from henceforth ſtill be dum
Your fabled prayſes of *Elyſium*,
Which by this goodly module you haue wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught;
For, the Almighty made his bliſfull Bowrs
Better indeed, then you haue fained yours.

For, ſhould I ſay that ſtill, with ſmiling face,
Th'all-claſping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey ſweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That foſtering milk flow'd vp and down the Plain;

Narration.

God, hauing created and eſtabliſhed Man Lord of the creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Garden of Eden.

The Elyſian *Fields of the Heathen Poets are but Dreams.*

A large Deſcription of the rich beauties of the Garden of Eden *or earthly Paradiſe.*

That

That ſweet as Roſes ſmelleth' ill-ſavory Rew:
That in all ſoyls, all ſeaſons, all things grew:
That ſtill there dangled on the ſelf ſame treen
A thouſand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:
That egreſt fruits, and bittereſt hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more holeſom food then all the meſſes,
That now taſte-curious, wanton Plenty dreſſes,
Diſguiſing (in a thouſand coſtly diſhes)
The various ſtore of dainty Fowls and Fiſhes,
Which far and neer weſeek by Land and Seas,
More to prouoke then hunger to appeaſe;

Excellent eſtate of the Earth, & eſpecially of Eden before Adams fall.

Or ſhould I ſay, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but *Manna* did abound:
That never guttur-gorging durty muds,
Defil'd the cryſtall of ſmooth-ſliding flouds,
Whoſe waters paſt, in pleaſant taſte, the drink
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brink:
That ſhady Groues of noble Palm-tree ſprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never vn-leav'd; but euermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thouſand Arbours grew:
Where thouſand ſorts of birds, both night and day,
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;
And, marrying their ſweet tunes to th' Angels layes,
Sung *Adams* bliſs and their great Makers prayſe.
For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'ns, and Howlets noiſe
Was like the Nightingals ſweet-tuned voice;
And Nightingals ſung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th' Ayre's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks but onely anſwers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part, and full of curious skill,
They ceaſing ſung, they ſinging ceaſed ſtill:
There Muſick raign'd and ever on the Plain,
A ſweet ſound rais'd the dead-liue voice again.

If

If there I say the Sun (the Seasons stinter)
Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoary Winter,
But louely VER kept still in liuely lustre
The fragrant Valleys smiling Meads and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink
For Northren windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gaue bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowrs, those flowrs sweet savor yeeld:
That Day did gladly lend his sister Night,
For half her moisture, half his shining Light:
That neuer hail did Harvest preiudice,
That neuer frost, nor snowe, nor slippery ice
The fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr
Dismounted Mountains, nor no violent showr
Poverisht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and vse:
I thinke I ly not, rather I confess,
My stammering Muses poore vnlearnednes.
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say't was the type of th' vpper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himself, with Angels intercourse.
Yet (over-curious) question not the site,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine,
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East.
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plentious, pleasant, happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King,
Was a choise soil, through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tygris* tyde,
And that fair stream whose silver waues do kiss
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.
Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou finde no place that answers now in worth.

All discommodities far from Eden before Sin

Edens principal and most excellent beauty.

Of the place where the Garden of Eden *was situate.*

It was a certain materiall Place:

This

howsoeuer now a-dayes, we can exactly obserue neither the Circuit, nor extent of it.

This beautious place, nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes those noted flouds doe flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth binde.
A certaine place it was (now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,
Our Elders were: whereof the thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angell Porter.

It was no allegoricall nor mysticall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastik-wise
A mystike tale of fained Paradise:
('T was a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,
And seat of graces) least thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantasticall,
His sinne suppos'd, his pain Poeticall:
Such Allegories serue for shelter fit
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit;
And chiefly then, when reading Histories,
Seeking the spirit, they do the body leese.

It was defaced by the generall Flood.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelyhood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beautious place, which formost saw
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoild the fair Gardens, made the fat fields lean,
And chang'd (perchance) the rivers channell clean:

Why the Situation of the Garden of Eden *is now hard to finde.*

And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play
In humane causes with inconstant sway,
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fordes.
For, as through sin we lost that place, I fear
(Forgetfull) we haue lost the knowledge where
'T was situate, and of the sugred dainties
Wherewith God fed vs in those sacred plenties.

Of the two Trees seruing as Sacraments to Adam.

Now of the Trees wherwith th' immortall Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that blisfull Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth, saue two sustaind the minde:
All serv'd for food, saue two for seals assign'd.

God

God gaue the first, for honourable stile,
The tree of Life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th'effect it had, but should haue kept,
If Man from duty never had mis-stept.
For, as the ayr of those fresh dales and hills
Preserved him from *Epidemik* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarrels of the crosse complexions;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefs, whose swift-slowe posting-pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

Where of the Tree of Life was a Sacrament.

Strong counter bane! O sacred Plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rymes to sute
Vnto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The rarest Simples that our fields present-vs
Heal but one hurt, and healing too torment vs:
And with the torment, lingring our relief
Our bags of gold void, yer our bulks of grief.
But thy rare fruits hid powr admired most,
Salveth all sores, *suns* pain, delay, or cost,
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ills away.

The excellency of that Tree.

O holy, peer-less, rich preseruatiue!
Whether wert thou the strange restoratiue
That suddainly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* yonger then his heir?
Or holy *Nectar*, that in heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebé* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare)?
Or els the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or pretious *Moly*, which *Ioues* Pursuiuan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or else *Nepenthé*, enemy to sadnes,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnes?

We cannot say what Tree it was.

Or

Or *Mummie?* or *Elixir* (that excels
Save men and Angels euery creature els)?
No, none of these: these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceipts, and lies.
But thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, then sound, thine Excellence.

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good & Euill.

The Tree of Knowledge, th'other Tree behight:
Not, that it selfly had such speciall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things knowe.
'Twas a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'n, should to light man reveal
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;
Gods wrath, and loue; drad death, and deerest life;
Solace and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride and humble obedience.

Of the excellence of mans knowledge before Sin.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Then now: blinde Error had not bleard his eys,
With mists which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought hee knowes, saue this, that nought hee knowes.*
That euen light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasies
Reave him the skill his vn-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

How he knew good and euill before Sinne.

Hee (happy) knew the Good, by th'vse of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hyppocrates*,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excess,
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th'Angine and Lunacy,
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt a hundred yeers and foure.
Or like the pure Heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,
Because the World's Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

But

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Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rousing betimes som often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds vncouple,
Winde lowd their horns, their whoops, and halloos double,
Spur-on and spare not, following their desire,
Themselues vn-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.
But, for in th' end of all their iolity,
Ther's found much stifnes, sweat and vanity;
I rather match it to the pleasing pain
Of Angels pure, who ever sloath disdain:
Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-les say
About the welkin posteth night and day.

Adam admireth the beauties of the World in generall.

Doubtles, when *Adam* saw our common ayr,
He did admire the mansion rich and fair
Of his Successors. For, frosts keenly cold
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor given the earth her sad Diuorces Writ.

But most especially of the Garden of Eden.

But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant world he iustly did despise:
[Much like a Boor far in the Country born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Which, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
Our welthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himself to be
In a new World; and gazing greedily,
One while he Art-les, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-les spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-buzzing swarms, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing ouer all the strects;
Then at the signes, the shops, the waights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treasures.

In this comparison my Author setteth down the famous Citie of Paris: *but I haue presumed to apply it to our own City of* London, *that it might be more familiar to my meere English and vn-trauaild Readers.*

But of all sights, none seems him yet more strange
Then the rare, beautious, stately, rich Exchange.
Another while he marvails at the Thames,
Which seems to bear huge mountains on her streams:
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth iudge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence a-long the Northren shoar,
That princely prospect doth amaze him more.]

For in that Garden man delighted so,
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.
For such excess his extasie was small;
Not having spirit enough to muse withall,
He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses,
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eys,
Smelt, hard, or saw, more sauors, sounds, or Dies.

Happines of the first Man before his fall.

But, *Adams* best and supreame delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conuersation
His soule and body had so many wayes
With God, who lightned *Eden* with his Rays.
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retain a middle kinde:
And (Vmpires) mortall to th' immortall ioyn;
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.

Of the visions of the spirit.

Som-times by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streams
And glutton vapours ouer-flowe the Brain,
And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or Saffron-coloured *Choler*,
In feeble stomacks belch with diuers dolor,
And print vpon our Vnderstandings Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies our spirits deceiues,
And guilefull vitions in our fancy leaues:
Nor when the pencill of Cares ouer-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.

But when no more the ſoules chief faculties,
Are ſperſt to ſerue the body many wayes,
When all ſelf-vned, free from dayes diſturber,
Through ſuch ſweet Trance, ſhe findes a quiet harbour;
Where ſom in riddles, ſom more plain expreſt,
Shee ſees things future, in th'Almighties breſt.

Of the certainty of the viſions of the ſpirit, the body being at reſt.

And yet far higher is this holy Fit,
When (not from fleſh) but from fleſh-cares, acquit)
The wakefull ſoule it ſelf aſſembling ſo,
All ſelfly dies; while that the body though
Liues motion-les: for, ſanctified wholly,
It takes th' impreſſion of Gods Signet ſolely;
And in his ſacred Cryſtall Map, doth ſee
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then ſpirit, Now, Morrow, Yeſterday,
To it, all one, are all as preſent aye.
And though it ſeem not (when the dream's expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rareſt men, and ſhines among them bright
Like gliſtring Starrs through gloomy ſhades of night.

Of diuine & extraordinary viſions and Reuelations.

But aboue all, that 's the diuineſt Trance,
When the ſoules eye beholds Gods countenance;
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-ſweet face he ſcales.
As when S. *Paul* on his deer Maſters wings,
Was rapt aliue vp to th' eternall things:
And he that whilom for the choſen flock,
Made walls of waters, waters of a rock.

Of the excellency of ſuch viſions and Reuelations.

O ſacred flight! ſweet rape! loues ſoueraign bliſs!
Which very loues deer lips doſt make vs kiſs:
Hymen, of *Manna*, and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doſt Heav'n with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts diuine
Dooſt purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting vs to Heav'n, vn-mouing hence,
Man (in a trice) in God dooſt quinteſſence:
O! mad'ſt thou man diuine in habitude,
As for a ſpace; O ſweeteſt ſolitude,

Thy

Thy bliſs were equall with that happy Reſt
Which after death ſhall make vs ever-bleſt.
Now, I beleeve that in this later guiſe
Man did conuerſe in Pleaſant Paradiſe
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there
His body ſaw (or body as it were)
Glorioufly compaſt with the bleſſed Legions
That raign above the azure-ſpangled Regions.
ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manyfold
That in this *Eden* thou doeſt heer behold,
Are all thine, onely: enter (ſacred race)
Come, take poſſeſſion of this wealthy place,
The Earth's ſole glory: take (deer Son) to thee,
This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;
And th' only Rent that of it I reſerue, is
One Trees fair fruit, to ſhew thy ſute and ſeruice:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
I'le not exact hard fines (as men ſhall woont).
For ſigne of Homage, and for ſeal of Faith,
Of all the profits this Poſſeſſion hath,
I only ask one Tree; whoſe fruit I will
For Sacrament ſhall ſtand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the reſt, I bid thee: but I vow
By th' vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doo bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled Ire
(More fiercely burning then conſuming fire)
That of the Fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull Death ſhall plague Thee and thy Seed.
If then, the happy ſtate thou hold'ſt of me,
My holy mildnes, nor high Maieſty,
If faith nor Honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy ſelf, and thy owne Seeds condition.
Moſt mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I ſhould thee render
For all thy liberall fauors, far ſurmounting
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recounting.
At thy command, I would with boyſt'rous ſhock
Goe run my ſelf againſt the hardeſt rock:

What manner of viſions the firſt Man had in Eden.

Man is put in poſſeſſion of Eden, vnder a condition.

Before Sin, Man was an humble and zealous ſeruant of God.

Or cast me headlong from som Mountain steep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix, sister-daughter-wife*:
Obaying thee, I finde the things impossible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.
But since thy first Law doth more grace afford
Vnto the Subiect, than the souerain Lord:
Since (bountious Prince) on me and my Descent,
Thou doost impose no other tax, nor Rent,
But one sole Precept, of most iust condition
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);
And since (good God) of all the Fruits in EDEN
Ther's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Euen only that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eate)
I honour in my soule, and humbly kiss
Thy iust Edict (as Author of my bliss):
Which, once transgrest, deserues the rigor rather
Of sharpest Iudge, then mildnes of a Father.
The Firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles shall diue; Whales in the air shall keep,
Yer I presume, with fingers ends to touch
(Much less with lips) the Fruit forbod so much.

Description of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

Thus, yet in league with Heav'n and Earth, he liues;
Enioying all the Goods th' Almighty giues:
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures,
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures;
Heer, vnderneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,
Full of all kindes of sweet all-coloured Roses,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dress
In true-loue-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.

The Orchard.

Anon he walketh in a leuell lane
On either side beset with shady Plane,
Whose arched boughs, for *Frize* and *Cornich* bear
Thick Groues, to shield from future change of air:

Then

Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;
Whose leauy twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted walls whereon true fruits do dangle.
Now in a plentious Orchard planted rare
With vn-graft trees, in checker, round and square:
Whose goodly fruits so on his will doe wait,
That plucking one, another's ready straight:
And hauing tasted all (with due satiety)
Finds all one goodnes, but in taste variety.
Anon he stalketh with an easie stride, *The Brooks.*
By some cleere Riuer's lilly-paued side,
Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious Gemms,
And liquid siluer all the curling streams:
Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:
And th'art-less Bridges, ouer-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks selfe-arched by the eating current: *The Bridges.*
Or louing *Palms*, whose lustie Femals willing
Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling,
And reach their Husband-trees on th'other banks)
Bow their stiff backs, and serue for passing-planks.
Then in a goodly Garden's alleis smooth, *The Alleis, beds and Borders.*
Where prodig Nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide posies diuers dies and order.
Now, far from noise, hee creepeth couertly
Into a Caue of kindly *Porphyry*, *The Caues.*
Which, rock-fall'n spowts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with smooth anticks to haue seeled fair:
There laid at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iaspir fring'd with yvie round,
Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie Beuer,
Hee falls asleep fast by a silent Riuer;
Whose captiue streams, through crooked pipes still rushing, *The pleasant murmur of the Waters.*
Make sweeter Musick with their gentle gushing,
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th' *Hydrantick* Braul
Of rich *Ferrara's* stately Cardinall:

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Whereof the rich *Egyptian* ſo endears
Root, bark, and fruit, and much-much more the teare.
There liues the *Sea-oake*, in a little ſhel;
There growes vntill'd the ruddy *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermez*, which on each ſide Arms
With pointed prickles all his precious arms:
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in thoſe Worms of Price,
Which preſſed, yeeld a *crimſin*-coloured juice,
Whence thouſand Lambs are died ſo deep *in grain*
That their own Mothers know them not again.
There mounts the *Melt*, which ſerues in *Mexico*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to ſowe)
Brick, hony, ſugar, ſucket, balm, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaues are fit
For thouſand vſes of inventiue wit.
Som-times ther-on they graue their holy things,
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the geſts of Kings:
Som-times conioyned by a cunning hand,
Vpon their roofs for rowes of tyle they ſtand:
Som-times they twine them into equall threeds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His vpper ſap the ſting of Serpents cures:
His new-ſprung bud a rare Conſerue indures:
His burned ſtalks, with ſtrong fumoſities
Of pearcing vapours, purge the *French* diſeaſe:
And they extract, from liquor of his feet,
Sharpe vinegar, pure hony, ſugar ſweet.
There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*
Is call'd the *Shame-fac't*: for, aſham'd of man,
If towards it one doo approach too much,
It ſhrinks his boughs, to ſhun our hatefull touch;
As if it had a ſoule, a ſenſe, and ſight,
Subiect to ſhame, fear, ſorrow and deſpight.
And there, that Tree from off whoſe trembling top
Both ſwimming ſhoals, and flying troups doe drop:
I mean the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whoſe leaues diſperſt by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing,

The Sea-Oake.
The Cochenel.
The Chermez.

The admirable Melt.

The ſhame-faced

A Tree whoſe leaues tranſform to fowl and fiſh.

Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter,
On land to Fowls, to Fishes in the water.

A modest correction of our Poet vnwilling to wade farther in curious search of hidden secrets.

But seest thou not (deer *Muse*) thou tread'st the same
Too-curious path, thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
The which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceiue, less pourtray, least express,
All ouer-whelm'd in gulfs so bottomless.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth,
By painted Butter-flies th'imperiall Eagle;
And th'Elephant by euery little Beagle.

Or to wander vnprofitably in nice Questions, concerning the Garden of Eden, and mans aboad there.

This fear to fail, shall serue me for a bridle,
Least (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And ouer-bold, Gods Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place and search the very time,
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What Children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should haue propagated,
If the sly malice of the serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And vnborn seed, with leprosie of Sin.
If void of *Venus*; sith vnlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head, or folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loues imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lies)
And slack our sinews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.
Or whether else as men ingender now,
Sith spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether

Whether their Infants ſhould haue had the Powr
We now perceiue in freſh youths luſty flowr,
As nimble feet, lims ſtrong and vigorous,
Induſtrious hands, and hearts couragious;
Sith before ſin, Man ought not leſs appear
In Natures gifts, then his then ſeruants were:
And loe the Partridge, which new-hatched beares
On her weake back her parent-houſe, and wears
In ſtead of wings, a bever-ſupple down,
Follows her dam through furrows vp and down.
Or elſe as now; ſith in the womb of Eue
A man of thirtie yeares could neuer liue:
Nor may we iudge 'gainſt Natures courſe apparant,
Without the ſacred Scriptures ſpeciall warrant:
Which for our good (as heau'ns deere babe) hath right
To countermaund our reaſon and our ſight.
Whether their ſeed ſhould with their birth haue brought
Deepe Knowledge, Reaſon, Vnderſtanding-thought;
Sith now wee ſee the new-fall'n feeble Lamb,
Yet ſtayn'd with bloud of his diſtreſſed Dam,
Knowes well the Wolf, at whoſe fell ſight he ſhakes,
And right the teat of th' vnknow'n Eaw he takes:
And ſith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can
Is a dead image, and no liuing man.
Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-vp theire iſſues inward ſight;
Sith the much moiſture of an Infant brain
Receiues ſo many ſhapes, that ouer-lain
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' vnderſtanding hull, which ſettle would,
But findes no firm ground for his Anchors hold.
Whether old ADAM ſhould haue left the place
Vnto his Sonnes; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to heav'n haue paſt.
Search whoſo liſt, who liſt let vaunt in pride
T' haue hit the white, and let him (ſage) decide

The deciſion of ſuch Queſtions.

The

In a busie idlenes.

The many other doubts that vainly rise,
For mine owne part I will not seem so wise:
I will not waste my trauail and my seed,
To reap an empty straw, or fruitless reed.

Sin makes vs perceiue more then sufficiently what happines our Grand-fire lost, and what misery he got, by his shamefull Fall.

Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curst head of the creatures *Chief*,
After that God against him war proclaim'd,
And Satan princedom of the earth had claim'd.
But none can know precisely how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious fall:
An vnknow'n Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miss:
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,
Could scant vnwinde the knotty snarled clew
Of double doubts, and questions intricate
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.

But for sinne, man had not been subiect vnto Death.

But this sole point I rest resolved in,
That seeing Death's the meer effect of sin,
Man had not dreaded Death's all-slaying might,
Had hee still stood in Innocence vpright.

Simile.

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An yron bar; which on the Anuil beat,
Seems no more yron, but flies almost all
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cinders small:
So, the Worlds Soule should in our soule inspire
Th'eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our soule (as form) breathe in our corse
Her count-less numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautified,
Should (like our death-less soule) haue neuer died.

Obiections against the estate of man, who had not been subiect vnto death but for Sinne.

Heer (wot I well) some wranglers will presume
To say, Small fire will by degrees consume
Our humor radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of those fruits, as yet
Had no agreement with the harmfull spight
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite*;

And

And notwithstanding that then ADAMS taste
Could well haue vsed all, without all waste,
Yet could they not restore him euery day
Vnto his body that which did decay;
Because the food cannot (as being strange)
So perfectly in humane substance change:
For, it resembleth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life
Is ouer-cool'd; and so there rests, in fine,
Nought of the strength, sauour, or taste of Wine.
Besides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th'Humour-enemies,
Our death conspiring, vndermine, at last,
Of our Soules prisons the foundations fast.
I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay
Which th'Humours caused in this house of clay;
And stopping th'euill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Only the soules contagious malady
Had force to frustrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, man was made;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th'effects of his rebellious ill,
To die or liue, was in his power and will:
But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,
Ah! die he may, but not (alas!) not-dy;
As after his new-birth, he shall attain
Onely a powr to neuer-dy again.

Simile.

Answer to those obiections.

Conclusion.

FINIS.

THE

THE IMPOSTVRE.

THE II. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iuſtice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satans *proud Hate, and Enuie to Mankinde:*
His many Engins, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the beſt he many-times beguiles:
Why he aſſum'd a Body, and began
With Eue; *by Her to vndermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drouſie* Conſcience:
Gods righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (and Theirs): Their Exile Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſſing Swallows, and the ſwifteſt things)
Euen in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who ſhall ſhewe the countenance and geſtures
Of *Mercy* and *Iuſtice?* which fair-facted ſiſters,
With equall poiz, doe euer ballance ev'n
Th'vnchanging Proiects of the King of Heav'n?
Th'one ſtern of look, the other milde-aſpecting:
Th'one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting:
Th'one bears the Sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings Pardon for the true-repenting:
Th'one, from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſs,
Th'other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliſs.

Who

Who shall direct my pen to paint the Story
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-lost glory?
What Spell shall charm th' attentiue Readers sense?
What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may rauish all this* ILE
With graue-sweet warbles of my sacred stile;
Though *Adams* Doom, in euery Sermon common,
And founded on the error of *a woman*,
Weary the vulgar, and be iudg'd a iest
Of the profane, zeal-scoffing *Atheist*.

He hath recourse to God the onely giuer of all sufficiency and dexterity in good and holy things.

Ah! Thou my God, euen Thou (my soule refining
In holy *Faith's* pure furnace, cleerely shining)
Shalt make my hap farr to surmount my hope,
Instruct my spirit, and giue my tongue smooth scope:
Thou, bountious in my bold attempts shalt grace-me,
And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me;
And frankly grant, that (soaring neer the sky)
Among our Authors Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the least (if Heav'n such hap denay)
I may point others, Honors beautious Way.

The enemy of God enuieth Man and plotteth his destruction.

WHILE *Adam* bathes in these felicities,
Hell's Prince, sly parent of revolt and lies,
Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of neuer-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his blood, tyring vpon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giuing torments, and in taking:
But aboue all, *Hate*, *Pride*, and *Enuious* spight,
His hellish life doo torture day and night:
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Iustly for euer, from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknes of a sulph'ry clow'd
(Though still his brethrens seruice be allow'd:)
The Proud desire to haue in his subiection
Mankinde inchain'd in gyues of Sins infection,
And th' Enuious heart-break to see yet to shine
In *Adams* face Gods Image all diuine,

Which

Which he had loſt; and that Man might atchieue
The glorious bliſs, his Pride he did depriue:
Growen barbarous Tyrants of his treacherous wil,
Spur-on his courſe, his rage redoubling ſtil.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred-throats
Doth proudly hiſs, and (paſt his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his feſt deſire:
His enuious hart, ſelf-ſwoln with ſullen ſpight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor leſſer wight:
Dreads th' one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (iealous) doubts the riſing of the other.

His ſubtiltie in executing his Deſignes.

To vent his poyſon, this notorious Tempter
(Meer ſpirit) aſſails not *Eue*, but doth attempt her
In fained form: for elſe, the ſoule diuine
Which rul'd (as Queen) the Little-worlds deſigne,
So purely kept her Vow of Chaſtitie,
That he in vain ſhould tempt her Conſtancy.
Therefore he fleſhly doth the Fleſh aſſay
(Suborning that) her Miſtreſs to betray;
A ſubtle Pandar with more tycing ſleights
Then Sea hath Fiſh, or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him in a Body.

For, had he been of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery ſubſtance, or aiereall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted,
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be ſupplanted:
Sith ſuch pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, artires, noſe, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plaç't are properly created
True inſtruments of ſounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his owne likenes: nor transformed him into an Angel of light.

And further-more, though from his birth h' had had
Hart-charming cunning ſmoothly to perſwade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he care-leſs, came
Vn-masked, like himſelf, in his owne name,
In deep diſtruſt man entring, ſuddainly,
Would ſtop his ears, and his foul preſence fly:
As (oppoſite) taking the ſhining face
Of ſacred Angels full of glorious grace,

He

He then ſuſpected leaſt the Omnipotent
Should think man's Fall ſcarce worthy puniſhment.
Much like (therefore) ſom theef that doth conceiue *Simile.*
From trauailers both life and goods to reaue,
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way
Himſelf doth ambuſh in a buſhy Thorn;
Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the ſafety of each place doth doubt;
Till, reſolute at laſt (vpon his knee
Taking his leuell) from a hollow Tree,
He ſwiftly ſends his fire-wingd meſſenger,
At his falſe ſute t'arreſt the paſſenger:
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our ſorrow,
Thinks now the beauty of a Horſe to borrow;
Anon to creep into a Haifers ſide; *He hides him vnder diuers figures.*
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himſelf to ſhroud;
Then in the ſtarr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And leaſt he miſs a miſchief to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aſpect.
At laſt, remembring that of all the broods, *Why he choſe the Serpent.*
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, Waters, Wildes, and Woods,
The knotty Serpent's ſpotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflammation:
And though they want Dogs teeth, Bores tuſks, Bears paws,
The Vultures bill, Buls horns, and Griphins claws;
Yea, ſeem ſo weak, as if they had not might
To hurt vs once, much leſs to kill vs quite:
Yet, many times they treacherouſly betray vs,
And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they ſlay vs:
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragons skin
All bright-beſpect; that, ſpeaking ſo within
That hollow Sagbuts ſupple-wreathing plies,
The mouer might with th' Organ ſympathize.
For, yet the faith-leſs Serpent (as they ſay)
With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,

Nor

Nor to Mankinde (as yet) was held for hateſull,
Sith that's the hire of his offence ingrateſull.

Sundry opinions hereupon.

But now, to cenſure how this change befell
Our wits com ſhort, our words ſuffice not well
To vtter it: much leſs our feeble Art
Can imitate this ſly malitious part.

1 Somtimes me ſeems (troubling *Enes* ſpirit) the Fiend
Made her this ſpeaking fancy apprehend.
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Ayr (as moiſt) doe mingle quickly;
The euill Angels ſlide too eaſily,
As ſubtile Spirits, into our phantaſie.

2 Somtimes me ſeems She ſaw (wo-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Serpents ſhape:
Whether that, Satan plaid the Iuggler there,
Who tender eys with charmed Tapers blear,
Trans-forming ſo by ſubtile vapoury gleams,
Mens heads to Monſters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Diuels hauing bodies light,
Quick, nimble, actiue, apt to change with ſleight,
In ſhapes or ſhewes, they guileſull haue propos'd;
In brief, like th' Air whereof they are compos'd.
For, as the Ayr, with ſcattred clouds be-ſpred
Is heer and there, black, yellow, white, and red,
Reſembling Armies, Monſters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Caſtles, Forrets, Ships, and Wagons,
And ſuch to vs through glaſs tranſparent cleer
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, theſe ſeducers can growe great, or ſmall,
Or round, or ſquare or ſtreight, or ſhort, or tall,
As fits the paſſions they are moued by,
And ſuch our ſoule receiues them from our ey.

3 Somtimes; that Satan (only for this work)
Fain'd him a Serpents ſhape, wherein to lurk.
For Nature framing our ſoules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wiſe,
In malice crafty; curious they aſſemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) reſemble,

Whereof

Whereof a Mass is made, and there-vnto
They soon giue growth and liuely motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty
Who first of nothing made vast *Amphitritè*,
The World's dull Centre, Heav'ns ay-turning frame,
And whirling Ayr, sole merits that high name:
Who (onely *Beeing*) Being giues to all,
And of all things the seeds substantiall
Within their first-borne bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Nature's hand dispos'd:
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Haue giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,
Hastned their growth, or wakened learnedly
The forms that formless in the Lump did ly.
But (to conclude) I think 't was no conceipt, 4
No fained Idoll, nor no iuggling sleight,
Nor body borrowed for this vses sake,
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
Yet, 't is a doubt whether the Diuell did 5
Gouern the Dragon (not there self-ly hid)
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally absent, present by effect:
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like,
Nay, the same note, through secret simpathy
(Vntoucht) receiuing life and Harmony:
Or, as a star, which (though far distant) pours,
Vpon our heads, hap-less or happy showrs.
Or, whether for a time he did abide,
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide, 6
Holding a place-less place: as our soule deer,
Through the dim lanthorn of our flesh, shines cleer;
And bound-less bounds it self in so streight space,
As form in body, not as body in place.
But this stands sure, how-euer else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument

Concluſion of the former opinions. A comparison.

To charm in *Eden* with a ſtrong illuſion
Our ſilly Grandam to her ſelf's confuſion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-les Kit,
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it,*
Makes ſweeter Muſik then the choiceſt Lute
In the groſs handling of a clowniſh Brute:
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This ſelf-dum Creatures glozing Rhetorike
With baſhfull ſhame great Orators would ſtrike.
So, Faiery Trunks within *Epyrus* Groue
Mov'd by the ſpirit that was inſpir'd by *Ioue*,
With fluent voyce (to euery one that ſeeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light-beleeuing Greeks:
So all incenſt, the pale *Engaſtromith*
(Rul'd by the furious ſpirit hee's haunted with)
Speakes in his womb; So well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue diſtraught
Strange Oracles, and his ſick ſpirit doth plead
Euen of thoſe Arts that he did neuer read.

The ſundry ſubtle and horrible endeuours of the diuell, putting on diuers forms to ouerthrowe Man-kinde.

O ruth-leſs murderer of immortall ſoules!
Alas! to pull vs from the happy Poles,
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell,
Thy ceaſ-leſs frauds and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'ſt the Lion, when thou dooſt ingage
Bloud-thirſtry *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,
While fleſht in murthers (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world with the deer bloud of Saints.
Thou play'ſt the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of ſom falſe Prophet thou dooſt belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blaſphemies againſt the King of kings.
Thou play'ſt the Swine, when plung'd in pleaſures vile,
Som Epicure doth ſober mindes defile,
Transforming lewdly, by his looſe impiety,
Strict *Lacedæmon* to a ſoft ſociety.

Thou

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Eues Answer.

In *Eues* frail breſt; who thus replies: O! knowe
What e'r thou be (but thy kinde care doth showe
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earths-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
Which in the midſt of this green ground doth ſhine;
But, all-good God (alas! I wote not why)
Forbad vs touch that Tree, on pain to dy.
She ceaſt: already brooding in her heart
A curious wiſh, that will her weal ſubuert.

A fit compariſon

As a falſe Louer that thick ſnares hath laid,
T'intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning ear affoords
To his ſweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels ſom aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſooths himſelfe with hope, to gain his game;
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing Citie neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the Serpent, that doth counterfet
A guilefull Call t'allure vs to his net;
Perceiuing *Eue* his flattering gloze digeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocund, doth not reſt,
Till he haue try'd, foot, hand, and head, and all,
Vpon the Breach of this new-battered wall.

The Diuels reply

No, fair (quoth he) beleeue not, that the care
God hath, mankinde from ſpoyling death to ſpare,
Makes him forbid you (on ſo ſtrict condition)
This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt Fruits fruition:
A doubtfull fear, an enuie, and a hate,
His iealous heart for euer cruciate;
Sith the ſuſpected vertue of This Tree
Shall ſoon diſperſe the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eys; and, further, make you ſeem
(Excelling vs) euen *equall* Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach (I ſay) why doſt thou ſtop or ſtand?

His audacious impudency.

Begin thy Bliſs, and do not fear the threat
Of an vncertain God-head, onely great,

Through

Through ſelf-aw'd zeal: put on the gliſtring Pall
Of immortality: do not fore-ſtall
(As enuious ſtepdame) thy poſteritie
The ſouerain honour of *Diuinitie.*
This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who only yet did heart and eye abandon
Againſt the Lord; now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.
The Apoſtaſie of Eue.
A nouice Theef; that in a Cloſet ſpies
A heap of Gold, that on the Tablelies;
Pale, fearfull, ſhiuering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloak it makes,
Scarce findes the doore, with faultring foot he flies,
And ſtill looks back for fear of *Hu-on cries:*
Euen ſo doth *Eue* ſhew by like fear-full faſhions
The doubtfull combat of contending Paſſions;
She would, ſhe would not; glad, ſad; coms, and goes:
And long ſhe marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at laſt ſhe toucheth it,
And (hauing toucht) taſtes the *forbidden bit.*
A Compariſon.
Then as a man that from a lofty Cliſt,
Or ſteepy Mountain, doth deſcend too ſwift,
Stumbling at ſomwhat, quickly clips ſom lim
Of ſom deer kinſman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, ſo brings his friend
To an vntimely, ſad, and ſuddain end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouſe anon
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron.*
Another compariſon liuely expreſsing the Fall of Man, by the prouocation of his wife.
For, to the wiſht Fruits beautifull aſpect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taſte, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint ſmiling glances,
Her witty ſpeech, and pretty countenances,
She ſo preuails, that her blind Lord at laſt,
A morſell of the ſharp-ſweet fruit doth taſte.
Now ſuddainly wide-open feel they might
(Siel'd for their good) both ſoules and bodies ſight;

The effects of their disobedience.

But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour Her:
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow
To see it naked, is inforç't to borrow
The Trees broad leaues, wherewith they aprons frame,
From Heav'ns faire ey to hide their filthy shame.
Alas, fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *knowledge* is that you haue bought so deer:
In heav'nly things yee are more blinde then Moals,
In earthly Owls. O! think ye (silly soules)
The sight that swiftly through th'earth's solid centres
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters
Cannot transpearce your leaves? or do ye ween,
Couering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing ey?
Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confused sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed spirits are vext with rauing fancies.

The extraordinary presence of God, awakes their drowsie soules swallowed vp of Sinne: and begins to arraign them.

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Mouing betimes I wot not I what ayr,
But supernaturall; whose breath diuine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie*, and to the quick,
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick:
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The frowning visage of their Iudge seuere:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.
Adam, quoth God (with thundring maiesty)
Where art thou (wretch!) what doost thou? answer me
Thy God and Father, from whose hand, thy health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a riuer trembles:
His rosie cheeks are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body drops an ycie deaw;

His

His tear-drown'd eys, a night of clouds bedims;
About his ears, a buzzing horror ſwims;
His fainted knees, with feeblenes are humble;
His faultring feet do ſlide away and ſtumble:
He hath not (now) his free, bold, ſtately port;
But down-caſt looks, in fearfull ſlauiſh ſort;
Now nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* reſt;
He feel's his ſenſes pain'd, his ſoule oppreſt:
A confus'd hoaſt of violent paſſions iarr;
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continuall warre:
And now no more (through conſcience of his error)
He hears or ſees th'Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he anſwers (as with tongue diſtraught)
Confeſſing (thus) his fear, but not his fault.

Adams anſwer.

O Lord! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made
Me fearfull hide me in this couert ſhade,
For, naked as I am (O moſt of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull ſight.

God vrgeth the cauſe of his deiection and feare.

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-leſs renegate,
Apoſtate Pagan!) who hath told thee that?
Whence ſprings thy ſhame? what makes thee thus to run
From ſhade to ſhade, my preſence ſtill to ſhun?
Haſt thou not taſted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warned thee?

Adams reply, excuſing himſelf and couertly imputing his Guilt to God.

O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free
From this offence: the wife thou gau'ſt me,
For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat that deadly meat with her.

Examination of Eue, who excuſeth her ſelfe likewiſe on another.

And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous Bride,
Why, with thy ſelf, haſt thou ſeduc't thy Guide?
Lord (anſwers *Eue*) the Serpent did intice
My ſimple frailty to this ſinfull vice.

An example for Iudges & Magiſtrates.

Mark heer, how He, who fears not who reform
His high Decrees, not ſubiect vnto form,
Or ſtile of Court: who, all-wiſe, hath no need
T'examine proof or witnes of the deed:
Who, for ſuſtayning of vnequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;

Yer Sentence pass, doth publikely conuent,
Confront, and heer with ear indifferent
Th' Offenders sad: then with iust indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

The Sentence of the supreame Iudge against the guilty Prisoners: and first of all against the Serpent.

Ah cursed Serpent, which my fingers made
To serue mankinde: th' hast made thy selfe a blade
Wherein vain Man and his inueigled wife
(Self-parricids) haue reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures still:
Grouling in dust, of dust thou ay shalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Womans seed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.

Against the Woman.

Rebel to me, vnto thy kindred curst,
False to thy husband, to thy self the worst:
Hope not, thy fruit so easly to bring forth
As now thou slay'st it: hence-forth, euery Birth
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;
Each artire, sinew, muscle, ioynt and vain,
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thought-full languishings,
With change of colours, swouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all future mothers:
Vnder his yoak, thy husband thee shall haue,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slaue.

Against Man.

And thou disloyall, which hast harkned more
To a wanton fondling then my sacred lore:
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow:
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:
Ne'r shalt thou send into thy branchie vains
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.
For, the earth feeling (euen in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect;
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfly yeelds
Seed-les, and Art-les ouer all thy fields,
With thorns and burs shall bristle vp her breast:
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,

Till

Till ruth-leſs Death by his extreameſt pain
Thy duſt-born body turn to duſt again.
Heer I conceiue, that fleſh and bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reaſon with th'Almighty wrangle,
Who did our parents with *Frees-will* indue,
Though he fore-ſaw, that that would be the clew
Should lead their ſteps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thouſand times a day:
Now all, that he fore-ſees, befals: and further,
Hee all euents by his free powr doth order.
Man taxeth God of too-vniuſt ſeuerity,
For plaguing *Adams* ſin in his poſterity:
So that th' old yeers renewed generations
Cannot aſſwage his venging indignations,
Which haue no other ground to proſecute,
But the miſ-eating of a certain fruit.
O duſty wormling! dar'ſt thou ſtriue and ſtand
With Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand
Count of his deeds? Ah! ſhall the Potter make
His clay, ſuch faſhion, as him liſt, to take?
And ſhall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Father),
Diſpoſe of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The ſupream King, who (Iudge of greateſt Kings)
By number, weight and meaſure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iuſtice, patron ſtrong,
Law's life, Right's rule, will he do any wrong?
Man, holdeſt thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,
But free t'obay his ſacred goodnes ſtill?
Freely to follow him, and do his heſt,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Buſiris* preſt?
God arms thee with diſcourſe: but thou (O wretch!)
By the keen edge the wound-ſoule ſword doeſt catch;
Killing thy ſelf, and in thy loyns thy line.
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'ns pure flowrs thou turneſt into poyſon:
Thy ſenſe reaues ſenſe: thy reaſon robs thy reaſon.
For, thou complaineſt of Gods grace, whoſe Still
Extracts from droſs of thine audacious ill;

Obiection to excuſe the Sinne of Man. 1

Anſwers to the firſt obiection. 2

3

Three

Three vnexpected goods; prayse for his Name;
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless shame:
Sith, but for sin, *Iustice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,
CHRIST had not com to conquer and to quell,
Vpon the Cross Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell:
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence.
Then, might'st thou dy; now, death thou doost not doubt:
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:
In earth, thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:
Then, thou didst hear Gods word; it, now thou seest:
Then, pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,
As seems to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight:
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sinns
Were one in other linked fast, as Twinns:
Ingratitude, pride, treason, gluttony,
Too-curious skill-thirst, envy, felony,
Too-light, too-late beleef; were the sweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.
What wouldst thou (Father) say vnto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)
All thy possessions in the earth thou givest:
And yet th'vngratefull, grace-lesse, insolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By Gods own hand made with great maiesty,
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command
The rich aboundance of the world doth stand:
Not slaue to sense, but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it still aright:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vain opinion;
But Gods Disciple and his deerest Minion:
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:

So mayst thou ghess, what whip, what rope, what rack,
What fire, were fit to punish *Adams* lack.
Then, sith Mans sin by little and little runs
End-less, through euery Age from Sires to Sons;
And still the farther this foul sin-spring flowes
It still more muddy and more filthy growes:
Thou ought'st not maruail, if (euen yet) his seed
Feel the iust wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen sting of concupiscence
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;
The vnborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,
Is Sorrow's seruant, and Sin's servile groom,
As a frail Mote from the first Mals extract,
Which *Adam* bacn'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-spring coms not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiled stinking sink doth yeeld
More durt then water, to the neighbour field.

Answers to the second obiection. 1

While nights black muffler hoodeth vp the skies,
The silly blind-man missеth not his eys:
But when the day summons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foor, and guard his face:
So man, that liueth in the wombs obscurity,
Knowes not; nor maketh knowen his lusts impurity:
Which, for 't is sown in a too-plentious ground,
Takes root already in the Caues profound
Of his infected Hart: with 's birth, it peers,
And growes in strength, as he doth growe in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proyn'd with thousand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

2 *Simile.*

Thou seest, no wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor barly, from the madding Morrell spring:
Nor, bleating Lambs braue Lyons doe not breed:
The leprous Parents, raise a leprous seed:
Euen so our Grand-sire, living Innocent,
Had stockt the whole World with a Saint-descent:

3 *Simile.*

But

But suffering sin in EDEN him inuade,
His sons, the sons of Sin and Wrath he made.
4
For, God did seem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the first Man so much, as all mans race:
And after reaue again those gifts diuine,
Not him so much, as in him all his line.

Simile.

For, if an odious Traytour that conspires,
Against a Prince, or to his state aspires,
Feel not alone the laws extremity;
But his sons sons (although sometimes they be
Honest and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-less scarr'd with an eternall shame:
May not th' Eternall, with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* issue punish *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them vnder Deaths command,
And sear their brows with euerlasting brand
Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst)
Haue graft worse slips then *Adam* set at first?

Conclusion of the former Disputations, and execution of Gods Decree against Adam & Eue: *They are driuen out of* Eden.

Mans seed then iustly, by succession,
Bears the hard penance of his high transgression:
And *Adams* heer, from *Eden* banished,
As first offender is first punished.
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accursed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, auoyd the place,
This beautious place, pride of this Vniuerse,
A house vnworthy Masters so peruerse.

Simile.

Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of Strongs,
And iust reuenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,
The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards (*chiefly braue in word*)
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, Englands *Marshall-Earl*
(*Then* Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearl*)
They were expulst from Cad'z, *their deerest pleasure,*
Losing their Town, their honour, and their treasure:
Woworth (*said they*) *woworth our Kings ambition;*
Woworth our Cleargy, and their Inquisition:

He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;
They burne for conscience, but their thirst is gold:
Woe, and alas, wo to the vain brauados
Of Typhon-*like inuincible* ARMADOS,
Which like the vaunting Monster-man of Gath,
Haue stirr'd against vs little Dauids *wrath:*
Wo-worth our sins: wo-worth our selues, and all
Accursed causes of our suddain fall;
Those well may ghess the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers gushing down the eys
Of our first *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-less) by the hand of Heav'n;
For, the Almightie set before the dore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving sword, whose body shined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night;
A body meerly *Metaphysicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE vnicall,
Th' *Act-simply-pure*, the only-beeing BEEING)
Approcheth matter; ne'rtheless, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made
So meerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,
His ioyned quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doo*.

The earthly Eden shut-vp for euer from Mankinde.

FINIS.

THE FVRIES.

THE III. PART OF THE I

DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The World's transform'd *from that it was at first:*
For Adams *Sin, all Creatures elſe accurſt:*
Their Harmony diſ-tuned by His iar:
Yet all again concent, to make Him war;
As, th' Elements, and aboue all, the Earth:
Three ghaſtly FVRIES; Sicknes, War, *and* Dearth,
A generall Muſter *of the Bodies* Griefs:
The Soules Diſeaſes, *vnder ſundry Chiefs:*
Both, full of Horror, but the later moſt;
Where vgly Vice *in* Vertues *Maſk doth boaſt.*

Sin hath changed and disfigured the face of the World.

THis's not the World. O! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing, and renuing Nights,
Renues the grief of mine afflicted ſprights;
This Sea I ſail, this troubled Ayr I ſip,
Are not *The Firſt-Weeks* glorious Workmanſhip:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimmed in ſo various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,
Of that Firſt World the miſerable Graue.

Inuocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that iuſtly-ſtrange
Iudge-turned-Father wrought'ſt this wondrous change
Change and new-mould me; Lord, my hand aſſiſt,
That in my Muſe appear no earthly miſt:

Mak

Make me thine organ, giue my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Posterity.
And, bountious Giuer of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift,
That in each strain my rude vnready tong
Be liuely Eccho of his learned Song.
And, hence-forth, let our holy Musik rauish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lauish
(Of charming Sin the deep-inchaunting Syrens,
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That toucht with terrour of thine indignation,
Presented in this wofull Alteration,
We all may seek, by Prayer and true Repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.
**But, yer we farther pass, our slender Bark*
Must heer strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these Straights: He hails vs threatfully,
Star-boord our helm; Com vnderneath his Lee.
Ho, Whence your Bark? *Of Zeal-land:* Whither bound?
For Vertues Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You should not pass; saue that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Frends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign vs then (we pray)
Som skilfull Pylot through this FVRIOVS *Bay;*
Or, in this Chanell, sith we are to learn,
Vouchsafe to togh vs at your Royall Stern.
YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did seem an Instrument
True-strung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill
Th' Almighties praise, who play'd vpon it still.
While man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the lyue
And liue-less creatures seemed all to striue
To nurse this league; and louing zealously
These two deer Heads, embraced mutually:
In sweet accord, the base with high reioyç't,
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist;

* The Trãslator heer hũbly vaileth-bonnet to the Kings Maiesty; who many yeers since (for his Princely exercise) translated these FVRIES, the VRANIA, and some other Pieces of DuBARTAS.

Happy estate of the World, before Sin; set forth by a Similitude.

And

And innocent *Astræa* did combine
All with the mastick of a Loue diuine.
For, th' hidden loue that now-adayes doth holde
The Steel and Load-stone, *Hydrargire* and Golde,
Th' Amber and straw; that lodgeth in one shell
Pearl-fish and *Sharpling*: and vnites so well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Rush*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-bush*,
Is but a spark or shadow of that Loue
Which at the first in every thing did moue,
When as th' Earth's *Muses* with harmonious sound
To Heav'ns sweet *Musick* humbly did resound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings
Of this large Lute, o're-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yels so hideously,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils
To raise again th' old *Chaos* antik broils:
Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,
And hoars her head with Snowes, and (ielous) dashes
Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes:
On th' other side, the sullen, enuious Earth
From blackest Cels of her foul brest sends forth
A thousand foggy fumes, which every where
With cloudy mists Heav'ns crystall front besmear.
Since that, the Woolf the trembling Sheep pursues;
The crowing Cock, the Lion stout eschews:
The Fullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Mastie's mute at the *Hyænas* sight:
Yea (who would think it?) these fell enmities
Rage in the sense-less trunks of Plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole*, the *Cole-wort Swines-bread* dreads,
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*,
The *Olive* and the *Oak* participate,
Euen to their earth, signes of their auncient hate,

The Sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a litle shadow of the perfect vnion which was among all Creatures, before Mans Fall.

Of the Discord that Sinne hath brought among all things.

Sundry notable Antipathies.

Whic

Which ſuffers not (ô date-leſs diſcord!) th'one
Live in that ground where th'other firſt hath growen.
O ſtrange inſtinct! O deep immortall rage,
Whoſe fiery fewd no *Lethè* floud can ſwage!
So, at the ſound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in ſunder:
So, that fell Monſters twiſted entrails cuts
(By ſecret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,
Which (after death) in ſteed of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeak vpon an Yvory Lute:
And ſo the Princely Eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls conſumes.
The *Firſt-mov'd Heav'n* (in 't ſelfe it ſelf ſtill ſtirring) *The eſtate of Man before Sin.*
Rapts with his courſe (quicker then windes ſwift whirring)
All th'other Sphears, and to *Alcides* Spyres
From *Alexanders* Altars driues their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heer beneath,
Erring draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pylot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heav'ns iuſt wrath doth daſh
The Worlds great Veſſell, ſayling yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.
For (yer his fall) which way ſo e'r he rowl'd *His eſtate after Sinne.*
His wondering eys God every-where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Ayr,
He ſees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treaſures did vnwrap:
Or Cryſtall glaſs moſt liuely repreſenting
His ſacred Goodnes, every-where frequenting.
But, ſince his ſin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, groue, field, fountain, ſtream or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountain, valley, ſea-gate, ſhoar, or haven,
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole ſcope this round Centre hath,
Is a true ſtore-houſe of Heav'ns righteous wrath. *All creatures frõ the higheſt to the loweſt, enemies to Man.*
Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerſt-ſubiects 'gainſt himſelfe inſulting:

The tumbling Sea, the Ayr with tempests driven,
Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th'Almighties iniury.

The Heauens, with all therein.

The Starrs coniur'd, through envious Influence,
By secret Hang-men punish his offence:
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-him,
Th'Air with vnlookt-for suddain changes checks-him,
With fogs and frosts, hails, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders;
Blasting, and storms, and more prodigious wonders.

All the Elements.

Fire, fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited,

Fire.

Or by mischance in som rich building lighted,

Aire.

Or from some Mountains burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumie stone,
With sparkling fury spreads, and in fewe hours
The labour of a thousand years devours.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Vsurps his heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.

The grieved Earth, to ease her (as it seems)
Of such profane accursed weight, somtimes
Swallows whole Countries, and the airie tops
Of Prince-proud towrs in her black womb she wraps.

Earth brings forth weeds.

And in despight of him, abhord and hatefull,
She many waies proues barren and ingratefull:
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thistle, and to vapourie Darnel,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,
Short recompence for all our costly cares.

Venemous plants.

Yet this were little, if she more malicious,
Fell stepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious:
As, sable *Henbane*; *Morell*, making mad:
Cold poysoning *Poppy*, itching, drowsie, sad:
The stifning *Carpese*, th'eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,
Limb-numming belching: and the sinew-shrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)
The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psylly*
(Heer called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* banefull Lilly,

(With

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Walk we by Land? how many loathſom ſwarms
Of ſpeckled poyſons, with peſtiferous arms,
In every corner in cloſe Ambuſh lurk
With ſecret bands our ſodain banes to work?
Beſides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf to death purſue vs hard;
And, ielous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverains ſinfull line.
The huge thick Forreſts haue nor buſh nor brake
But hides ſom Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
Reſt we at home? the Maſty fierce in force,
Th'vntamed Bull, the hot courageous Horſe,
With teeth, with horns, and hooues beſiege vs round,
As griev'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And ther's no Fly ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath againſt her *quondam* King.

An admirable deſcription of Mans miſerable Puniſhments, tortured by himſelfe.

What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhowes?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
O! am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*?
Alecto, ſad *Meger'* and *Theſiphon*?
What ſpels haue charm'd ye from your dreadfull den
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhord of men,
O Nights black daughtes, grim-faç't *Furies* ſad,
Stern *Plutos* Poſts, what make ye heer ſo mad?
O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtly horrors?
So ſoon as God from *Eden Adam* draue,
To liue in this Earth (rather in this Graue,
Where raign a thouſand deaths) he ſummon'd-vp
With thundering call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of Sulphury *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Come ſnake-treſt Siſters, com ye diſmall Elves,
Ceaſe now to curſe and cruciate your ſelues:
Com, leaue the horror of your houſes pale,
Com, parbreak heer your foul, black, banefull gall:

Let lack of work no more from hence forth fear-you,
Man by his ſin a hundred hells doth rear-you.
This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And ſuddainly *Auernus* Gulf did ſwim
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,
And th'vgly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,
Hydraes and *Harpies* gan to yawn and yel.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striuing for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud,
Like Guns aſtuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder
Filling the Ayr with noyſe, the Earth with wonder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Raiſe thouſand ſtorms, leaving th'infernal ſtages.
Al-ready all rowle on their ſteely Cars
On th'ever-ſhaking nine-fold ſteely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Caue
They iumble, tumble, rumble, rage and raue.
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounſe, Bear, and Bull,
Wolf, Lion, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barks, and brays,
He howls, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs:
Such a black Sant, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Hauing attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at inteſtine ſtrife,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life.
Heer firſt coms DEARTH, the liuely form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathſom ſtinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With ſharp lean bones pearcing her ſable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly ſpy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellies ſeat,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugely great:

The FVRIES *with their furniture and traine, repreſenting the Horror of Sinne: and the curſed eſtate of an euill conſcience.*

1. *Deſcription of Famine with her traine.*

Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,
Almost all creatures in the World would waste;
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat. For, still her monstrous maw
Voyds in deuouring, and somtimes she eats
Her own deer Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, sometimes (ô strangest gluttony!)
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie;
Lessening her self, her selfe so to inlarge:
And cruell thus she doth our Grand-sire charge;
And brings besides from *Limbo*, to assist-her,
Rage, *Feeblenes*, and *Thirst* her ruth-less sister.

2. Of Warre and her traine.

Next marcheth WARR, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of Deformity;
Laws, Manners, Arts, shee breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Blood, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and razes:
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth a-sunder,
Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glaunce a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Fear and *Despair*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impiety*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Discord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunity*, and *Pride*,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Pouerty*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies bloody transmigration.

3. Sicknes exactly described with all her partakers and dependers.

Heer's th' other FVRIE (or my iudgement fails)
Which furiously mans wofull life assails:
With thousand Cannons, sooner felt then seen,
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly teen:
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered, melancholik, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from vs creeps, but to vs gallopeth:
Foul, trouble-rest, fantastik, greedy-gut,
Blood-sweating, hearts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,

The

The Childe of ſurfait, and Ayrs-temper vicious,
Perillous knowen, but vnknowen moſt pernitious.
Th'inammeld meads, in Sommer cannot ſhowe
More Graſhoppers aboue, nor Frogs belowe,
Then helliſh murmurs heer about doering:
Nor never did the prety little King
Of *Heny-people*, in a Sun-ſhine day
Lead to the field in orderly array
More buſie buzzers, when he caſteth (witty)
The firſt foundations of his waxen Citty;
Then this fierce Monſter muſters in her train
Fel Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.
Lo, firſt a rough and furious Regiment
T'aſſault the Fort of *Adams* head is ſent,
Reaſons beſt Bulwark and the holy Cell
Wherein the ſoules moſt ſacred powers dwell.
A King, that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the bruit of open warrs begin,
Corrupts his Counſail with rich recompences;
For, in good Counſail *ſtands the ſtrength of Princes:*
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, ſends
Manie, and *Phrenzie* to ſuborne her friends:
Whereof, th'one drying, th'other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the Soule fantaſtikly they fain
A confus'd hoaſt of ſtrange *Chimeraes* vain,
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexie*, and *Lethargie*
As forlorn hope, aſſault the enemy
On the ſame ſide; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-vp the brain and all his brothers;
Making a liue man like a liue-leſs carcaſs,
Saue that again he ſcapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palſie*, and the *Cramp* diſpoſe
Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth loſe
Mans feeble ſinews, ſhutting vp the way
Whereby before the vitall ſpirits did play.
Then as a man, that fronts in ſingle Fight
His ſuddain foe, his ground doth trauerſe light,

Innumerable kindes of diſeaſes.

The firſt Regiment ſent to aſſaile the Head, Mans chiefeſt Fortreſſe.

Simile.

A ſimilitude of the effects and

endeuors of ſickneſſe.

Thruſts, wards, auoids and beſt advantage ſpies,
At laſt (to daze his Riuals ſparkling eyes)
He caſts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimſin ſtreams he makes him ſtrain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to ſubdue the better
(Whom thouſand Gyues al-ready faſtly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-leſs *Ophthalmy*
With ſcalding blood to blind her enemy,
Darting a thouſand thruſts; then ſhe is backt
By th' *Amafroſe* and clowdy *Cataract*,
That (gathering-vp groſs humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* ſinnew) clean puts out the ey:
This other, caſeth in an enuious caul
The Cryſtall humour ſhining in the ball.
This paſt: in-ſteps that inſolent inſulter;
The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weaſand ſwelling
Among the muſcles, through thick bloods congealing;
Leauing him onely this Eſſay, for ſigne
Of 's might and malice to his future-line:
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his vndaunted prowes,
When with his hands (like ſteely tongs) he ſtrangled
His ſpightfull ſtepdams Dragons ſpotty-ſpangled:
A proof præſaging the tryumphant ſpoyls
That he atchiv'd by his *Twelue* famous *Toyls*.

The ſecond Regiment aſſaulting the vitall Parts.

The ſecond Regiment with deadly darts
Aſſaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Aſthma*, panting, breathing tough,
With humors groſs the lifting Lungs doth ſtuff:
The pining *Phthiſick* fills them all with puſhes,
Whence a ſlowe ſpowt of cor'lie matter guſhes:
A waſting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within thoſe ſponges kindles cruelly:
The ſpawling *Empiem*, ruth-leſs as the reſt,
With foul impoſtumes fils his hollow cheſt:
The *Pleuriſie* ſtabs him with deſperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where ſcalding blood doth boyl:

Then

Then th' *Incubus* (by ſome ſuppos'd a ſpright)
With a thick phlegm doth ſtop his breath by night.
Deer *Muſe*, my guide; cleer truth that nought diſsembles,
Name me that Champion that with fury trembles,
Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:
Hauing for Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heat*,
Pulſe-beating, *Burning*, *cold-diſtilling-Sweat*,
Thirſt, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Caſting*, *Shiuering*, *Shaking*,
Fantaſtick *Rauing*, and continuall *Akeing*,
With many more: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Feuer?* whoſe inconſtant fury
Transforms her ofter then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*,
And *Second* too; now poſting, ſomtimes pawſing,
Euen as the matter, all theſe changes cauſing,
Is rommidged with motions ſlowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-ſick*,

The Ague with her train, her kinds, and cruell effects.

Ah treacherous beaſt! needs muſt I knowe thee beſt:
For foure whole years thou wert my poor harts gueſt,
And to this day in body and in minde
I beare the marks of thy deſpight vnkind:
For yet (beſides my veins and bones bereſt
Of blood and marrow) through thy ſecret theft
I feel the vertue of my ſpirit decayd,
Th' *Enthouſiaſmos* of my *Muſe* allaid;
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting flood;
Whereon no ſooner haue we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leauing there no ſigne:
For, the deere fruit of all my care and coſt,
My former ſtudy (almoſt all) is loſt,
And oft in ſecret haue I bluſhed at
Mine ignorance: like *Coruine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learned in youth) and in his age a Dunce)
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeuour
My numbers ſtill by habite haue the Feuer;

Our Poet, hauing been himſelfe for many yeers grieuouſly afflicted with the Feuer, complaineth bitterly of her rude violence.

One-while

One-while with heat of heav'nly fire enſoul'd;
Shivering anon, through faint vn-learned cold.
The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.
Now, the third Regiment with ſtormy ſtours
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,
Which happily maintain vs (duly) both
With needfull food, and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepſie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious diet)
In ſtraighteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot:
Then on the Lyver doth the *Iaundize* fall,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then, for good blood, ſcatters all about
Her fiery poyſon, yellowing all without:
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extream,
Till all the blood be turned into fleam.
But ſee (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The ſlippery bowels thrill'd with thouſand throes:
With priſoned windes the wringing *Colick* pains-them,
The *Iliack* paſſion with more rigour ſtrains-them,
Streightens their Conduits, and (deteſted) makes
Mans mouth (alas!) euen like a loathſom Iakes.
Then the *Dyſentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed veins.
On th'other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Torturing the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted ſand-heaps ſtrangely ſtop
The burning vrine, ſtrained drop by drop:
As oppoſite, the *Diabete*, by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Vrine ſwelting,
Diſtills vs ſtill, as long as any matter
Vnto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Vnto thoſe parts, wherby we leaue behind-vs
Types of our ſelues in after-times to mind-vs,
There fiercely flies defectiue *Venery*,
And the foul, feeble, fruit-leſs *Gonorrhè*
(An impotence for Generations-deed,
And luſt-leſs Iſſue of th'vncocted ſeed)

Remorſe-leſs

Remorſe-leſs tyrants, that to ſpoyl aſpire
Babes vnconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.
The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons, Oedems, Schyrrhes, Eryſipiles,*
Kings-euils, Cankers, cruell *Gouts,* and *Byles,*
Wens, Ring-worms, Tetters: theſe from euery part
With thouſand pangs braue the beſieged hart:
And their blind fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
O tyrants! ſheath your feeble ſwords again:
For, Death al-ready thouſand-times hath ſlain
Your Enemy; and yet your enuious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure,
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His ioynts and skin are ſaw'd, and torn, and rent.
Me thinks moſt rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolues* and *Foxes* I reſemble you,
Who in a Forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did aliue command
The Land about, whoſe aw-full Countenance
Melted (far off) their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their liue-leſs Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence.
But, with the Griefs that charge our outward places,
Shall I account the loathſome *Phthiriaſis?*
O ſhamefull Plague! ô foul infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggers be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin ſore,
Their itching backs ſit ſhrugging euermore)
To ſwarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts, and ſheets, and bed:
For, as in ſprings, ſtream ſtream purſueth freſh,
Swarm follows ſwarm, and their too fruitfull fleſh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Deaths arreſt)
Makes of it ſelf an execrable feaſt.
Nor may we think, that *Chance*, confuſedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy:*

The fourth Regiment forrageth, and defaceth the Body outwardly.

Compariſon.

The Lowzie Diſeaſe.

Diſeaſes proper to certaine Climats & Nations.

For,

For, of her Souldiers, ſom (as led by reaſon)
Can make their choice of *Country*, *Age*, and *Seaſon*.
So *Portugall* hath *Phthiſiks* moſt of all,
Eber Kings-euils; *Arné* the *Suddain-Fall*;
Sauoy the *Mumps*; *Weſt-India*, *Pox*; and *Nyle*
The *Leproſie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*:
Aſter the influence of the Heav'ns all-ruling,
Or *Countries* manners. So, ſoft *Child-hood* puling
To ſome ages of man. Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Laske through much humidity:
Through their ſalt phlegms, their heads are hid with *skalls*,
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloody balls
Of *Menſtruall* humour which (like Muſt) within
Their bodies boyling buttoneth all their Skin.
To *bloody-Flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Feuers, *Phrenzies*, *Phthiſik-pyning*.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldom-times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Palſie* and the *Gowt*,
Coughes, and *Catarrhs*. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
To the Seaſons of the yeare. The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,
Are bred with vs of an *Autumnal* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-grief*,
In *Vers* hot-moyſture doe moleſt vs chief:
The *Diarrhœa* and the *Burning-Feuer*,
In *Sommer-ſeaſon* doo their fell endevour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curled flakes of white celeſtiall plumes:
Like ſluggiſh Souldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th'ycie Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.
Some Diſeaſes contagious. Som, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquiting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthiſik-maladie*.
Some hereditarie. And ſome (alas!) we leaue as in ſucceſſion,
Vnto our Children, for a ſad poſſeſſion:
Such are *Kings-euils*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Blood-boyling *Lepry*, and *Conſumption*,

The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, payning too-too bad:
For, their hid poyſons after-comming harm
Is faſt combin'd vnto the Parents ſperm.
But ô! what arms, what ſhield ſha'l we oppoſe,
What ſtratagems againſt thoſe treacherous foes,
Thoſe trecherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cauſe, but by their ſole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-ſuffocation*,
The *Falling-ſicknes*, and pale *Swouning-paſſion*;
The which, I wote not what ſtrange windes long pauſe,
I wot not where, I wote not how doth cauſe.
Or who (alas!) can ſcape the cruell wile
Of thoſe fell Pangs that *Phyſicks* pains beguile?
Which beeing baniſht from a body, yet
(Vnder new names) return again to it:
Or rather, taught the ſtrange *Metempſychoſis*
Of the wiſe *Samian*, one it ſelf tranſpoſes
Into ſom worſe *Griefe*; either through the kindred
Of th'humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or auarice
That doe profeſs *Apollos* exerciſe.
So, *Melancholy* turned into *Madnes*;
Into the *Palſie*, deep-affrighted *Sadnes*;
Th'*Il-habitude* into the *Dropſie* chill:
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.
In brief, poor *Adam* in this pitious caſe
Is like a Stag, that long purſu'd in chaſe,
Flying for ſuccour to ſome neighbour wood,
Sinks on the ſuddain in the yeelding mud;
And ſticking faſt amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eger Hounds:
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his breſt, at's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And laſt of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and ſo concludes his life.

Some not known by their Cauſe, but by their Effects only.

Some by ſundry Cauſes encreaſing and waxing worſe.

Compariſon.

Or

Another comparison.

Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest,
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,
And pitch their valiant bands about his hide;
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,
Himselfe, th'ayre, th'earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hills, dales, and roaring rivers)
His place of griefe, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end, stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

An amplification of Mans miseries, compared with other Creatures, seldomer sicke & sooner healed: & that by naturall Remedies of their owne: hauing also taught Men many practices of Physike.

For, man is loaden with ten thousand languors:
All other Creatures, onely feele the angors
Of few *Diseases:* as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-sicknes* doth assail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattel,
Madnes and *Quincie* bid the Masty battel.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sicknes of their kind;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon haue ready medicine.
The Ram for Physick takes strong-senting *Rue*,
The Tortois slowe, cold *Hemlok* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Iay
Haue th'oyly liquor of the sacred *Bay*.
The sickly Bear, the *Mandrak* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But, we know nothing, till by poaring still
On Books, we get vs a Sophistik skill;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still vnknowen:
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of those, that (broken with vnthankfull toyl)
Seeks others Health, and lose their own the-while:
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,
Growe famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions,
While the Church-yards swel with their hurtfull potions;
Who (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doo.

I ſpeak not of the good, the wiſe, and learned,
Within whoſe hearts Gods fear is well diſcerned:
Who to our bodies can again vnite
Our parting ſoules, ready to take their flight.
For, theſe I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death, and Diſeaſe repelling:
Th'Almighties Agents; Natures Counſellers,
And flowring Youths wiſe faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can eaſe ſome kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it firſt of Natures ſilent Schollers:
For, from the *Sea-Horſe* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eys;
From *Stork*, and *Hearn*, our *Glyſters* laxatiue,
From *Bears* and *Lions*, *Diets* wee deriue.
'Gainſt th'onely Body, all theſe Champions ſtout
Striue; ſome, within: and other ſome, without.
Or, if that any th'all-fair Soule haue ſtriken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and ſpoyle the Inſtruments
Wherwith ſhe works ſuch wonderous preſidents.
But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eger,
That on all ſides the Spirit it ſelfe beleaguer,
Whoſe Conſtancy they ſhake, and ſoon by treaſon
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reaſon:
Opinions iſſue; which (though ſelfe vnſeen)
Make through the Body their fell motions ſeen.

Of foure Diſeaſes of the Soule, vnder them comprehending all the reſt.

Sorrow's firſt Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a ſable clowd,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies
Sighes from her hart, tears from her blubbered eys;
Accompani'd with ſelfe-conſuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pitty*, *Thought*, and mad *Deſpair*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Aſps, Poyſons, Piſtols, Halters, Kniues, and Swords:
Foul ſquinting *Envy*, that ſelf-eating Elf,
Through others leanneſs fatting vp her ſelf,

1. Sorrow deſcribed with her company.

Ioyning

Ioying in miſchiefe, feeding but with languor
And bitter tears her Toad-like-ſwelling anger:
And *Ielouſie* that never ſleeps, for fear
(Suſpitions Flea ſtill nibbling in her ear)
That ſeaues repaſt and reſt, neer pin'd and blinde
With ſeeking what ſhe would be loath to finde.

2. *Ioy with her Traine.*

The ſecond Captain is exceſſiue Ioy:
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-ſtreight for her: whoſe ſenſes all poſſeſs
All wiſhed pleaſures in all plentiouſnes.
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, ſoothing, ſhameleſs, lowd, iniurious, taunting:
The winged Giant lofty-ſtaring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her brauing Creſt doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That riſe when rain the liquid Cryſtall troubles.

3. *Feare & her Followers.*

The Third, is blood-leſs, hart-leſs, wit-leſs *Fear*,
That like an Aſp-tree trembles every-where:
She leads bleak *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfaiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foul, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but, ſin to breed)
Diſeaſed, begger, ſtarv'd with wilfull need.

4. *Deſire, a moſt violent Paſsion, accõpanied with others like: as Ambition, Auarice, Anger, and Fooliſh Loue.*

And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the firmament,
Nor ayr, nor earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whoſe-looks are hooks, whoſe belly's bottom-leſs,
Whoſe hands are Gripes to ſcrape with greedineſs,
Thou art the Fourth: and vnder thy Command,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough vnruly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty-ſwoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands (tranſported with fantaſtike paſſion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Auarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters

Through

Through fell *Charybdis*, and falſe *Syrtes* Neſſe;
The more her welth, the more her wretchedneſs:
Cruel, reſpect-leſs, friend-leſs, faith-leſs Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her ſelf:
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtarv'd in the midſt of ſtore:
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wingd Bird that neuer lofty mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſtern, cruell, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh:
Whoſe hair doth ſtare, like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſom-times rowles her ghaſt y-glowing eyn,
And ſom-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance;
Rauing and rayling with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground;
Bearing *Boccons*, fire and ſword to ſlay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her ſelf, to bane her Enemy;
Diſdaining Death, prouided others dy:
Like falling Towers o'r-turned by the winde,
That break themſelues on that they vnder-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Loue*:
(*Whom heer to paint doth little me behooue,*
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or ſeeming-*Goods* doth finde.
Now, if (but like the Lightning in the ſky)
Theſe ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The fear were leſs: but, O! too-oft they leaue
Keen ſtings behinde in Soules that they deceiue.
From this foul Fountain, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheming Bibbing, Theeuing, Falſe-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The horrible effects of the Paſſions of the ſoule, far more dangerous then the diſeaſes of the body.

Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*
Exceed each *Sickness* that our body seises;
Which makes vs open war, and by his spight
Giues to the Patient many a holsom light,
Now by the colour, or the Pulses beating,
Or by som Fit, som sharper dolor threatning;
Wherby, the Leach neer-ghessing at our grief,
Not seldom finds sure means for our relief.
But, for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which only, them both can and ought detect)
They rest vnknown, or rather self-conceal'd;
And soule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
Besides, we plainly call the *Feuer*, *Feuer*:
The *Dropsie*, *Dropsie*: ouer-gliding neuer,
With guile-full flourish of a fained phraze,
The cruell Languors that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick,
Rubs her own sore; with glozing Rhetorik
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reason's* Cautere vain.

The miserable corruption of our Times, worse then all former Ages.

And sure, if euer filthy Vice did iet
In sacred *Vertues* spot-less mantle neat,
'Tis in our daies, more hatefull and vn-hallow'd,
Then when the World the Waters wholly swallow'd.
Ile spare to speak of fouleſt Sins, that spot
Th'infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Least I the Saints chaste tender ears offend,
And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Prodigality disguised with the name of Liberality.

Who bear vpon their *French-sick* backs about,
Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden shreads cut-out;
Whose lauish hand, at one *Primero-rest*,
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering Feast,
Sends treasures, scrap't by th'*Vsury* and *Care*
Of miser Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Effeminate curiosity & luxurious Pride, miscalled Cleanlines.

Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing pase,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
Base coward-hart, and wanton soft array,
Their man-hood only by their Beard bewray

Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Luſt-greedy Goates,
Brothel from bed to bed; whoſe *Siren*-notes
Incaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they *Loners* are behight.
Who, by falſe bargains, and vnlawfull meaſures
Robbing the World, haue heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.
Who alwaies murder and reuenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who neuer doe reſpect
State, *Sex*, or *Age*: but, in all humane lyues
In cold bloud, bathe their paricidiall knines;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelf-cruell hand
Fights for our foes, our proper life-blood ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Launce*, the *Gun*, the *Sword* & *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow vp the field,
And let vs ſee the Spyders buſie task
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.
But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyl ſo much,
What holds you heer? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flocks-leſs, treaſure-leſs our Towns.
Goe then, nay run, renowned *Martialiſts*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th'*Iberians* yoake:
To *Portingal*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And graue your names on *Lyſbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

Inſatiate luſt and Beaſt-like Looſenes, ſurnamed Loue.

Extream Extortion counted Thriſt.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, braueſt Courage.

Inhuman Murder highest Manhood.

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Lo, how *Oblivions* Seas our ſtrifes do drown:
How walls are built that war had thundred down:
Lo, how the Shops with buſie Crafts-men ſwarm;
How Sheep and Cattle couer euery Farm:
Behold the Bon-fires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chaunting cries
Of old and young; ſinging this ioifull Dittie,
Io, reioice, reioice through Town and Citie,
Let all our ayr, re-eccho with the praiſes
Of th'everlaſting glorious God, who raiſes
Our ruin'd State: who giueth vs a good
We ſought not for (or rather, we with-ſtood)
So that, to hear and ſee theſe conſequences
Of wonders ſtrange, we ſcarce beleeue our ſenſes.
O let the *King*, let *Mounſieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spayn*-wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:
O let the honour of their names be kept,
And on braſs leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For hauiug quencht, ſo ſoon, ſo many fires,
Diſarm'd our arms, appeas'd the heav'nly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of inteſtin hates,
And damned-vp the bi-front Fathers gates.
Much more, let vs (deer, World-diuided Land)
Extol the mercies of Heav'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, Wars bloody rage hath rent)
To vs ſo long, ſo happy Peace hath lent
*(Mangre the malice of th'*Italian Prieſt,
And Indian Pluto *(prop of Anti-chriſt;*
Whoſe Hoaſt, like Pharaoh's *threatning* Iſrael,
Our gaping Seas haue ſwallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retreat
For Saints exil'd in perſecutions heat.
Much more, let vs with true-heart-ſunned breath,
Record the Praiſes of ELIZABETH
(Our martiall Pallas *and our mild* Aſtræa,
Of grace and wiſdom the diuine Idæa)

Thanks-giuing to God for peace.

Grateſull remembrance of the means thereof.

An imitation thereof, by the Tranſlatour, in honour of our late gracious Souerain *Elizabeth*: in whole happy Raigne, God hath giuen this Kingdom ſo long peace and rich proſperity.

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Ly languishing neer *Tigris* grassie side,
With nummed limbs, and spirits stupefied.
But powrfull NEED (Arts ancient Dame and Keeper, *The first Maner of life.*
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their liuing,
And foaming Riuers, through the champain driuing:
For yet the Trees with thousand fruits y-fraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple liued Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed euery-where:
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer:
To get a Plum, somtimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medlar for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble
With thousand scratches doth their skin be-scramble.
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th'appetite *Great Simplicity in their kinde of life.*
Of th' hungry belly then the tastes delight,
Liuing from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper, th'after-noon they ply'd,
Vn-stor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or som lesser pray.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds wisely vp they hoord,
The best prouisions that the woods affoord.
Touching their garments: for the shining wooll *Their Cloathing.*
Whence the roab-spinning precious Worms are full,
For gold and siluer wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,
For Gemms bright lustre, with excessiue cost
On rich embroideries by rare Art emboss;
Somtimes they do the far-spred Gourd vnleave,
Somtime the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their fairest tresses heer and there:

And with their ſundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthias* Brother.
Somtimes the *Iuie's* climing ſtems they ſtrip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace, in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-Tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oaks ſlender twigs entwining,
A many branches in one tiſſue ioyning.
Frames a looſe lacquet, whoſe light nimble quaking,
Wagg'd by the windes, is like the wanton ſhaking
Of golden ſpangles, that in ſtately pride
Daunce on the treſſes of a noble Bride.

Their winter ſtore.

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nouriſhment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And briſtly Woods be witneſs of his paines:
Eue, walking forth about the Forreſts, gathers
Speights, Parrots, Peacocks, Eſtrich ſcattered feathers,
And then with wax the ſmaller plumes ſhe ſears,
And ſowes the greater with a white horſe haire,
(For they as yet did ſerue her in the ſteed
Of Hemp and Towe, and Flax, and Silk, and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat ſo rare
That it reſembles *Nature's* Mantle fair,
When in the Sunne, in pomp all gliſtering,
She ſeems with ſmiles to woo the gawdie Spring.
When (by ſtoln moments) this ſhe had contriv'd,
Leaping for ioy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
Sayes on her ſelf her manly ornament;
And then through path-leſs paths ſhe runs apace,
To meet her husband comming from the Chaſe.
Sweet-heart, quoth ſhe (and then ſhe kiſſeth him)
My Loue, my Life, my Bliſſe, my Ioy, my Gemm,
My ſouls deer Soule, take in good part (I pree thee)
This pretty Preſent that I gladly giue-thee.
Thanks my deer All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kiſſes he requites her kiſs.

Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himself doth often view,
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause
So many seuerall parts to meet in one,
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winters keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-vp the Floods,
And perriwig with woolll the bald-pate Woods;
Our Grand-sire, shrinking, gan to shake and shiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiuer.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons comming
(Whose freez clad bodies feel not Winters numming)
He takes the faireſt, and he knocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Down
A sharp great fish-bone (which long time before
The roaring Flood had cast vpon the shore)
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well,
Then cloaths his wife therwith; and of such Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himself prouides.
A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Caue,
Were the first buildings that them shelter gaue:
But, finding th' one to bee too-moist a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other ouer-cold;
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose
Sixteen fair Trees that neuer leaues doe loose,
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected,
As if of purpose Nature them erected:
Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly,
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiously;
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,
T had been true seeling painted-ouer green.
After this triall, better yet to fense
Their tender flesh from th' ayry violence,
Vpon the top of their fit-forked stems,
They lay a-crosse bare Oaken boughs for beams.

Eues industry in making a Garment for her Husband.

Their lodging and first building.

A building somwhat more exact

(Such

(Such as disperſed in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempeſts by the ſtormy winde)
Then theſe again with leauy boughes they load,
So couering cloſe their ſorry cold abode,
And then they ply from th'eaues vnto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their manſion round
All ſaue a hole to th'Eaſtward ſituate,
Where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(Inſtead of hinges hanged on a With)
Which with a ſleight both ſhuts and openeth.

The inuention of Fire.

Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the windes, that whiſtle
Amid the Groues, ſo oft the *Laurell* iuſtle
Againſt the *Mulbery*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighbour Cops.
When *Adam* ſaw a ruddy vapour riſe
In glowing ſtreams; aſtund with fear he flies,
It follows him, vntill a naked Plain
The greedy fury of the flame reſtrain:
Then back he turns, and comming ſomwhat nigher
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiuing that the fire
Dries his dank Cloaths, his Colour doth refreſh,
And vnbenums his ſinews and his fleſh;
By th'vnburnt end a good big brand he takes,
And hying home, a fire he quickly makes,
And ſtill maintains it, till the ſtarry *Twins*
Celeſtiall breath another fire begins.
But, Winter being comn again it griev'd him;
T'have loſt ſo fondly what ſo much reliev'd him,
Trying a thouſand waies, ſith now no more
The iuſtling Trees his domage would reſtore.

How the firſt Man inuented Fire for the vſe of himſelf & his Poſterity.

While (elſe-where muſing) one day he ſate down
Vpon a ſteep Rocks craggy-forked crown,
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coals for eys;
Then ſuddainly with boiſterous arms he throwes
A knobby flint that hummeth as he goes;
Hence flies the beaſt, th'ill-aimed flint-ſhaft grounding
Againſt the Rock, and on it oft rebounding.

Shiuers

Shiuers to cinders, whence there issued
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee,
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So vp and down, that from the coldest stone
At euery stroak small fiery sparkles shone.
Then with the dry leaues of a withered Bay
The which together handsomly they lay,
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleer and smoak-less in the leaf begun.
Eue, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining,
And on the lowe ground with her elbowe leaning,
Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing
Stirs vp the heat, that from the drie leaves glowing
Kindles the Reed, and then that hallow kix
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.

Beginning of Families.

And now, Man-kinde with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to man:
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted;
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flocks affected.

The seuerall Occupations of Abel *and* Cain.

Abel, desirous still at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheese, vnwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a Flock; that when it tame became
For guard and guide should haue a Dog and Ram.
Cain more ambitious, giues but little ease
To's boisterous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copses, as not held in price,
Som grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,
A-part hee sowes them in a better soyl,
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.
By the next Harueſt, finding that his pain
On this small plot was not ingrately-vain;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without so often weary labouring,

He

He tames a Heifer, and on either side,
On either horn a three-fold twist het'd
Of Osier twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or tooth of som Rhinocerot.
Now, th'one in Cattle, th'other rich in grain,
Their sacrifice. On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain;
Where (humbly-sacred) th'one with zealous crie
Cleaues bright *Olympus* starry Canopy:
With fained lips, the other low'd-resounded
Hart-wanting Hymns, on self-deseruing founded:
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
The best that either flocks, or fields affoord.
God regardeth Abel and his Sacrifice: and reiecteth Cain and his: whereas Cain envieth, and finally kils his Brother; whose blood God reuengeth.
Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Iudge, that tries
The will and heart more then the work and guise,
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious brother;
Who feeling, deep th'effects of Gods displeasure,
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of measure.
What boots it (*Cain*) O wretch! what boots it thee
T'haue opened first the fruitful womb (quoth he)
Of the first mother; and first born the rather
T'haue honour'd *Adam* first, with name of Father?
Vnfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, actiue, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weak Girl boy, in mans shape disguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou dest, is'd?
What boots it thee, for others night and day
In painfull toyl to wear thy self away:
And (more for others then thine own relief)
To haue deuised of all Arts the chief;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling fl me: and, that none ouer-crowe thee,
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe thee.
Ay in his minde this counsail he reuolues)
And hundred times to act it he resolues,

And

And yet as oft relents; ſtopt worthily
By the pains horror, and ſins tyranny.
But, one day drawing with diſſembled loue
His harm-leſs brother far into a Groue,
Vpon the verdure of whoſe virgin-boughs
Bird had not pearcht, nor neuer Beaſt did brouz;
With both his hands he takes a ſtone ſo huge,
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,
And iuſt vpon his tender brothers crown,
With all his might he cruelli caſts it down.
The murdred face lies printed in the mud,
And lowd for vengeance cries the martyr'd blood,
The battered brains fly in the murd'rers face.
The Sun, to ſhun this Tragike ſight, a-pace
Turns back his Teem: th'amazed Parricide
Doth all the *Furies* ſcourging whips abide:
Externall terrors, and th'internall Worm
A thouſand kinds of living deaths do form:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his owne friends, of his own ſhade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaf, and ſtarting at a Sparrow,
And all the World ſeems for his fear too-narrow.
But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews, that ſtill multiply
With new increaſe; who yer their age be rife
Becom great-Grand-ſires in their Grand-ſires life;
Staying at length, he choſe him out a dwelling,
For woods and floods, and ayr and ſoyl excelling.
One fels down Firs, another of the ſame
With croſſed poles a little Lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with drie walls about
(And leaves a breach for paſſage in and out)
With Turf and Furſe: ſom others yet more groſſe
Their homely Sties in ſtead of walls incloſe:
Som (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their ſilly Cotes they fix:
Som make their Roofs with fearn, or reeds, or ruſhes,
And ſom with hides, with oaſe, with boughs, and buſhes.

By reaſon of the multiplying of Mankinde, the Children of Adam begin to build houſes for their commoditie and retreat.

He

Cain thinking to finde som quiet for the tempests of his conscience, begins to fortifie, and builds a Towne.

Hee, that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
For, with keen Coultar hauing bounded (witty)
The four-fac't Rampire of his simple Citty;
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand,
And clayie morter ready there at hand,
Well trode and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A stately Towr erecting on the Port:
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tigre! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of som Peasants trained in thy tilllage,
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head?
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Having for aid all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
Thy pain thou could'st not, less auoid thy fear
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy vains,
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.

Supposeth to secure himselfe by the Strength and swiftnes of a Horse, which he begins to tame.

Kain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,
Then first of all th'vntamed Courser curbed,
That while about on others feet he run
With dusty speed, he might his Deaths-man shun.
Among a hundred braue, light, lusty, Horses
(With curious ey, marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proof,

Description of a gallant Horse.

With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, ietty hoof,
With Pasterns short, vpright (but yet in mean);
Drie sinnewie shanks; strong, flesh-less knees, and lean;
With Hart-like legs, broad brest, and large behinde,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd:
A crested neck bow'd like a half-bent Bowe,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flowe;

A firm

A firm ful tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,
As his light foot; a lean, bare bony face,
Thin joule, and head but of a middling size,
Full, liuely-flaming, quickly rowling eys,
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nosthrill wide,
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starry fi'd,
Three milky feet, a feather on his brest,
Whom seav'n-years-old at the next gras he ghest.
This goodly Iennet gently first he wins,
And then to back him actively begins,
Steady and straight he sits, turning his sight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
Begins to snuff, and snort, and leap, and fling;
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes,
Like som vnskilfull Lad, that vnder-takes
To hold som ships helm, while the head-long Tyde
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;
Who neer deuoured in the iaws of Death,
Pale, fearefull, shivering, faint, and out of breath,
A thousand times (with Heav'n erected eys)
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.
But, sitting fast, less hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldnes himself and his braue Beast again:
Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot
In full career: and at his courage smiles;
And sitting still, to run so many miles.
His pase is fair and free; his trot as light
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:
And his braue gallop seems as swift to goe
As *Biscan* Darts, or shafts from *Russian* bowe:
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,
Neuer so speedy spews the thundring shot
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a summon'd Town)

The manner how to backe, to breake, & make a good Horse.

Simile.

The ready speede of a swift Horse presented to the Reader, in a pleasant and liuely description

As

As this light Horſe ſcuds, if he doe but feel
His bridle ſlack, and in his ſide the heel:
Shunning himſelf, his ſinewie ſtrength he ſtretches;
Flying the earth, the flying ayr he catches,
Born whirl-wind-like: he makes the trampled ground
Shrink vnder him, and ſhake with doubling ſound:
And when the ſight no more purſue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vaniſheth away.

Good Horſe-manſhip.

The wiſe-waxt Rider, not eſteeming beſt
To take too-much now of his luſty Beaſt,
Reſtrains his fury: then with learned wand
The triple Coruet makes him vnderſtand:
With skilfull voice he gently cheers his pride,
And on his neck his flattering palm doth ſlide:
He ſtops him ſteady ſtill, new breath to take,
And in the ſame path brings him ſoftly back.

The Countenance Pride, and Port of a courageous Horſe, when he is chafed.

But th'angry Steed, riſing and reaning proudly,
Striking the ſtones, ſtamping and neighing loudly,
Calls for the Combat, plunges, leaps, and praunces,
Befoams the path, with ſparkling eys he glaunces,
Champs on his burniſht bit, and glorioufly
His nimble fetlocks liſteth belly-high,
All ſide-long iaunts, on either ſide he iuſtles,
And's waving Creſt courageouſly he briſtles,
Making the gazers glad on euery ſide
To giue more room vnto his portly Pride.

The Dexteritie of a skilful Rider

Cain gently ſtrooks him, and now ſure in ſeat,
Ambitiouſly ſeeks ſtill ſom freſher feat
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him back-ward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to mannage nightly round;
To ſtoop, to ſtop, to caper, and to ſwim,
To daunce, to leap, to hold-vp any lim:
And all, ſo don, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th'one for his Art no little glory gains:
Th'other through practice by degrees attains

Grace in his gallop, in his paſe agility,
Lightnes of head, and in his ſtop facility,
Strength in his leap, and ſtedfaſt managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his courſe new wings.
The vſe of Horſes thus diſcouered,
Each to his work more cheerly fetteled,
Each plyes his trade, and trauails for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tuball* ſage.
While through a Forreſt *Tuball* (with his *Yew*
And ready quiver) did a Bore purſue,
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain,
An yron River rowles along the Plain:
The witty Hunts-man, muſing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply gan deviſe.
And firſt perceiving that this ſcalding mettle,
Becomming cold, in any ſhape would ſettle,
And growe ſo hard that with his ſharpned ſide,
The firmeſt ſubſtance it would ſoon divide;
He caſts a hundred plots and yet he parts
He moulds the ground-worke of a hundred Arts:
Like as a Hound, that (following looſe, behinde
His penſiue Maſter) of a Hare doth finde;
Leaues whom he loues, vpon the ſent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and falls in cheerfull Cry,
And with vp-lifted head, and noſthrill wide
Winding his game, ſnuffs-vp the winde, his guide:
A hundred wayes he meaſures Vale and Hill:
Ears, eys, nor noſe, nor foot, nor tail are ſtill,
Till in her hot Form he haue found the pray
That he ſo long hath ſought for every way.
For, now the way to thouſand works reveald,
Which long ſhall liue maugre the rage of Eld:
In two ſquare creaſes of vnequall ſiſes
To turn two yron ſtreamlings he deuiſes;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the droſs he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anuill makes;
And adding tongs to theſe two inſtruments,
He ſtores his houſe with yron implements:

The invention of yron.

Compariſon.

Caſting of the firſt Inſtruments of Iron.

As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-ſhares, coultars, ſtaples,
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nails, whittles, ſpokes, and grapples;
And grow'n more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatcheth Files, and winding Vices wormeth,
He ſhapeth Sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

The excellent vſes and commodities of Iron.

Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard mine rall.
This, to the Plough-man, for great vſes ſerues:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carues:
This arms our bodies againſt aduerſe force:
This clothes our backs: this rules th'vnruly Horſe:
This makes vs dry-ſhod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold: this conquers ſelf and all;
Fift Element, of Inſtruments the haft,
The Tool of Tools, and hand of Handy-Craft.

Invention of Muſick.

While (compaſt round with ſmoaking *Cyclops* rude,
Half-naked *Bronts*, and *Sterops* ſwarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) ſweating *Tubal* ſtands,
Haſtning the hot work in their ſounding hands,
No time loſt *Iubal:* th'vn-full Harmony
Of vn-even Hammers, beating diverſly,
Wakens the tunes that his ſweet numbery ſoule
Yer birth (ſome think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde
And glad and fain ſom Inſtrument would finde
That in accord thoſe diſcords might renew,
And th'Iron Anuils rattling ſound enſew,
And iterate the beating Hammers noyſe
In milder notes, and with a ſweeter voice.

Invention of the Lute and other Inſtruments.

It chaunç't, that paſſing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoiſe* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing elſe remained
Saue three dry ſinewes on the ſhell ſtiff-ſtrained:
This empty houſe *Iubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on thoſe ſtrings, and lends attentiue ear;
And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
That makes woods harken, and the windes be mute,

The Hills to daunce, the Heav'ns to retro-grade,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
His Art, still waxing, sweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers roul'd with gentle gales,
But wyëry *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.
But *Adam* guides, through paths but seldome gone,
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abels* place)
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he instructeth in the waies of *Verity*,
To worship God in spirit and sincerity:
To honour Parents with a reverent aw,
To train his children in religious law:
To loue his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankind to lend:
To knowe Heav'ns course, and how their constant Swaies
Divide the yeer in months, the months in dayes:
What star brings Winter, what is Sommers guide;
What signe foul weather, what doth fair betide;
What creature 's kinde, and what is curst to vs:
What plant is holesom, and what venimous.
No sooner he his lessons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
The more he knowes the more he craues; as fewell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.
While on a day by a cleer Brook they trauell,
Whose gurgling streames frizadoed on the gravell,
He thus bespake: If that I did not see
The zeal (deer Father) that you bear to me,
How still you watch me with your carefull eyn,
How still your voice with prudent discipline

While Cain *and his Children are busie for the World,* Adam *and his other Sons exercise themselues in Piety & iustice, and in searching the godly secrets of Nature.*

Seth *questions his Father concerning the state of the World, frō the Beginning to the End.*

My Prentize ear doth oft reverberate;
I should misdoubt to seem importunate:
And should content me to haue learned, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things haue hot, and what haue cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Loue my studious hart advances
To aske you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
Shall fill this World; What shall the World betide,
How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
With *Iustice* Mace shall govern mortall things?
Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internall ey,
Adams *answer.* Things past and present may by means descry;
But not the future, if by speciall grace
It read it not in th'*One-Trines* glorious face.
Thou then, that (onely) things to come dost knowe,
Not by Heav'ns course, nor gues of things belowe,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,
But by a clear and certain pre-science
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,
With whom at once the three-fold times doe fly,
And but a moment lasts Eternity;
O God, behold me, that I may behold
Thy crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes
Earth-ward eclipst, may shine vnto the skies.
Ravish me Lord, ô (my soules life) reviue
My spirit a-space, that I may see (a-liue)
Heav'n yer I die: and make me now (good Lord)
The Eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

The power of Gods spirit in his Prophets: and the difference between such, & the distracted, frantike Ministers of Satan.

With sacred fury suddainly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dauncing, foaming, rowling furious-wise
Vnder their twinkling lids their torch-like eys
With ghastly voice, with visage grizly grim;
Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,

Bleaking

Bleaking and bluſhing, painting, ſhreeking, ſwouning,
With wrath-les wounds their ſenſe-les members wounding:
But as th'Imperiall, Airy peoples Prince
With ſtately pinions ſoaring hy from hence,
Cleaues through the clouds, and brauely-bold doth think
With his firm eye to make the Suns eye wink:
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* loue, leaues earthly things,
Feeds on ſweet Æther, cleaues the ſtarry ſpheares,
And on Gods face his eys he fixtly bears:
His brows ſeem brandiſht with a Sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body ſeems a cubit higher.

Adam *declares to his Son, in how many Daies the World was created.*

Then thus began hee: Th'ever-trembling field
Of ſcaly folk, the Arches ſtarry ſeeld,
Where th'All-Creator hath diſpoſed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The cleer cloud-bounding Ayr (the Camp aſſign'd
Where angry *Auſter* and the rough North-wind
Meeting in battaile, throwe downe to the ſoil
The Woods that midling ſtand to part the broyl);
The Diapry Manſions where man-kinde doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes*: and the Seav'nth was made
The ſacred *Sabbaoth*. So, Sea, Earth, and Ayr,
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,
Shall ſtand *Six Dayes*; but longer diverſly
Then the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.

How many Ages it ſhall endure.

The *Firſt* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn
Is the firſt Ship-wright, who doth firſt adorn
The hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through ſtrang Lands leads his Heard,
And (paſt mans reaſon) crediting Gods word,
His onely Son ſlayes with a willing ſword:
The *Fourth's* another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Cannon takes his ſilly ſling,
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards ſtaff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Pſalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that ſad Princes night
That ſees his children murdred in his ſight,

1. Adam.
2. Noah.
3. Abraham.
4. Dauid.
5. Zedechias.

And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
Poor *Iuda* led in Captiue heauinesse:
6. Messias. Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt*;
Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foul sins (stil-selfly-innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:
The *Last*, shall be the very *Resting-Day*,
7. Th'Eternall Sabbath. Th'Ayr shall be mute, the Waters works shall stay;
The Earth her store, the Stars shal leaue their measures,
The Sun his shine: and in eternall pleasures
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
Th'eternall *Sabbaoths* end-less *Festiuall*.

Considerations of Adam vpon that which should befall his Posterity, vnto the end of the first World destroyed by the Flood: according to the relation of Moses in Genesis, in the 4. 5. 6. and 7. chapters.

Alas! what may I of that race presume
Next th'irefull Flame that shall this Frame consume,
Whose gut their God, whose lust their law shall be,
Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me?
Sith those outrageous, that began their birth
On th'holy ground fill of sweet *Edens* earth,
And (yet) the sound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witnes of mine Exile were,
Seem to despight God. Did it not suffize
(O lustfull soule!) first to *polygamize*?
Suffiz'd it not (ô *Lamech*) to distain:
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou must ingrain
In thy *great-Grand-sires Grand-sires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)
The prohibition, and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall powrs do bow:
Neither his Pasports sealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Enos*: readvaunce the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
And troden-down: Invoke th'immortall powr;
Vpon his Altar, warm bloud-offrings pour:
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,
And teend again *Trueth's* neer-extinguisht Tapor.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly-dying wholly,
(Earths ornament) to God he liueth solely.

Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
Of the divine *Ideas* euer-lasting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* and *Fasting*:
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (sacred) sees, feels, all inioyes in God:
How at somtimes mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transforme.
Lo, how th'all-fair, as burning all in loue
With his rare beauties, not content aboue
T'haue half, but all, and ever; sets the stairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:
Lo, now he climeth the supernall stories:
Adieu, deer *Henoch:* in eternall glories
Dwell there with God: thy body, chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts on immortality:
Thine eys already (now no longer eys,
But new bright stars) doe brandish in the skyes:
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:
Thy *Sabbaoth's* endless: without vail (in fine)
Thou seest God face to face; and neer vnite
To th'ONE-TRINE *Good*, thou liv'st in th'Infinite.
But heer the while (new Angell) thou dost leaue
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reaue,
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
Whose guts are gulfs, incestuous all their life.
O strange to be beleev'd! the blessed race
The sacred Flock whom God by speciall grace
Adopts for his, even they (alas!) most shame-less
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-less,
With lustfull eys chooſing for wanton Spouses
Mens wicked daughters; mingling so the houses
Of *Seth* and *Cain:* preferring foolishly
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.
From these profane, foul, curſed kisses sprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;

Fell Gyants ſtrange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and ſcourges of Man-kinde.
Then, righteous God (though ever prone to pardon)
Seeing his milde-neſs but their malice harden,
Liſt plead no longer, but reſolues the fall
Of man forth-with, and (for mans ſake) of all:
Of all (at leaſt) the living creatures gliding
Along the ayr, or on the earth abiding.
Heav'ns cryſtall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thouſand Seas he drops:
With th'other hand he gripes, and wringeth forth
The ſpungy Globe of th'execrable Earth,
So ſtraightly preſt, that it doth ſtraight reſtore
All liquid flouds that it had drunke before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;
And to his ayd the ſnowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughs to ſhowe,
The ſhoars do ſhrink, the ſwelling waters growe.
Alas! ſo many Nephews loſe I heer
Amid theſe deeps, that but for mountains neer,
Vpon the riſing of whoſe ridges lofty,
The luſty climbe on every ſide for ſafety,
I ſhould be ſeed-leſs: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows thoſe Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'ns wrath purſues you to deſtroy-you:
The ſtormy waters ſtrangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas haue all one common ſhoar,
(To wit) a ſable, water-loaden Sky
Ready to rain new Oceans inſtantly.
O Sonn-leſs Father! O too fruitfull hanches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!
O gulfs vnknown! O dungeons deep and black!
O worlds decay! O vniverſall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now earth no more)
O fleſh! O bloud! Heer, ſorrow ſtopt the door
Of his ſad voice, and almoſt dead for woe,
The prophetizing ſpirit forſooke him ſo.

NOAH.

The SECOND DAY OF *The second Weeke.*

Containing

1. *THE ARK,*
2. *BABYLON,*
3. *THE COLONIES.*
4. *THE COLVMNES.*



Acceptam refero.

THE ARKE.

THE I. PART OF THE II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Noah *prepares the* Ark: *and thither brings*
(With him) a Seed-payr of all living things:
His exercise, a ship-board: Atheist Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame;
And diversly impugns Gods Prouidence:
Noah *refells his Faith-less arguments:*
The Flood *surceast: Th'* Ark-*landed:* Blood *forbid:*
The Rain-bowe *bent; what is prefigured:*
Wine drowneth Wit: Cham *scoffs the Nakednes*
Of's sleeping Sire: the Map of Drunkennes.

A Preamble, wherin, by a modest Complaint the Poet stirs vp the Readers attention, and makes himselfe way to the invocation of the name of God.

IF Now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-less ease from my discustom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded:
And if now, banisht from the learned Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Vrania* sitteth to indite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowely flight;
Blame these sad Times ingratefull cruelty,
My houshold cares, my healths infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grieuous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
Lo, there the clogs that weigh down heavily,
My best endevours, whilom soaring high:

My

My harveſt's haile: the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my ſoule choak thoſe diviner ſeeds.
O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faiths neer-dying imbers:
Aſſwage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit:
Comb, gild, and poliſh, more then ever yet,
This later iſſue of my labouring wit:
And let not me be like the wind, that proudly
Begins at firſt to roar and murmur loudly
Againſt the next hils, over-turns the Woods,
With furious tempeſts tumbles-vp the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with ſtormy puffs conſtrains
The ſparkling flints to roule about the Plains;
But flying, faints; and every league it goes
One nimble feather of his wing doth loſe:
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:
Which, toward the Sea, the more he flies his ſource,
With growing ſtreams ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rowles, roars, and foams, raging with reſt-leſs motion,
And proudly ſcorns the greatnes of the Ocean.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect.
For, th'angry Heav'ns (that can, without reſpect
Of perſons, plague the ſtubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th'*Vniuerſall ſtate*:
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:
We all had periſht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought ſuch ſtore of fruits, and graſs, and grain,
If *Lamechs* Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaſt veſſell had not firſt erected,
Which (ſacred refuge) kept the parent-payrs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Ayrs.

The comming of the Flood, and building of the Ark.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noe paſſeth not with tales, and idle play,
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:

Noahs exerciſes aboard the Ark.

But,

But, as the Sommers ſweet diſtilling drops,
Vpon the medowes thirſty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flowrs re-flowr,
All ſcorcht and burnt with *Auſter's* parching powr:
So the care-charming hony that diſtills
From his wiſe lips, his houſe with comfort fils,
Flatters deſpair, dries tears, calms inward ſmarts,
And re-advanceth ſorrow-daunted harts.
Cheer yee, my children: God doth now retire
Theſe murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his ſtrict *Iuſtice* holy indignation
Hath brought vpon this wicked generation;
Arming a ſeaſon, to deſtroy mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the water, and the winde:
As, ſoon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear clowdy Heav'ns, calm windes, and waters ſtill.
His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;
That (like the Lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place: and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God makes ſcant-weight of diſpleaſure,
And ſpreads his mercy without weight or meaſure:
Somtimes he ſtrikes vs (to eſpeciall ends)
Vpon our ſelues, our Children, or our friends,
In ſoule or body, goods, or elſe good names,
But ſoon he calls his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fiſt, but finger he doth beat vs;
Nor doth he thrill ſo oft as he doth threat-vs:
And (prudent Steward) giues his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns Iuſt-gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did ſing.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought-in, anſwering his Father; and diuerſly impugning the wiſdom & irreprehenſible Pro-

But, brutiſh *Cham*, that in his breſt accurſt,
The ſecret roots of ſinfull *Atheiſme* nurſt;
Wiſhing already to diſ-throne th'*Eternall*,
And ſelf-vſurp the Maieſty ſupernall:
And to himſelf, by name of *Iupiter*,
On *Afrik* ſands a ſumptuous *Temple* rear:

With

With bended brows, with ſtout and ſtern aſpect,
In ſcornfull tearms his Father thus be-checkt.
Oh! how it grieues me, that theſe ſervil terrors
(The ſcourge of Cowards, and baſe vulgars errors)
Haue ta'n ſuch deep root in your feeble breſt!
Why, Father, alwayes ſelfly thus depreſt,
Will you thus alwaies make your ſelfe a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fained Iudge?
And will you alwaies forge your ſelfe a Cenſor
That weighs your words, and doth your ſilence cenſure?
A ſly Controuler, that doth count your hairs,
That in his hand your hearts keyes ever bears,
Records your ſighes, and all your thoughts deſcries,
And all your ſinnes preſent and paſt eſpies?
A barbarous Butcher that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grieuous-guilty life?
O! ſee you not the ſuperſtitious heat
Of this blinde zeale, doth in your minde beget
A thouſand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you ſtill to each extreamity,
Faining a God (with thouſand ſtorms oppreſt)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beaſt.
Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping,
Of others bloud, in ſuddaine ſwoun deceaſes,
In manly breaſt a womans heart poſſeſſes:
And who (remorſe-leſs) lets at any ſeaſon,
The ſtormy tide of rage tranſport his reaſon,
And thunders threats of horror and miſhap,
Hides a Bears heart vnder a humane ſhape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, he frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.
The wildeſt Boar doth but one Wood deſtroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy:
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.

uidence of God Almighty and All-mercifull: and the humble & religious Zeal of Noah.

O goodly *Iustice*! One or two of vs
Have sinn'd perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the paine, yea even the innocent
Poore Birds and Beasts incurr the punishment.
No, Father, no: (*'t is folly to infer it*)
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,
Nor savage-fell, nor suddain passionate,
Nor such as will for some small fault vndoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.
All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (*which Heav'n through many generations*
Hath hoorded-vp) with selfs-weight enter-crusht,
Now all at once vpon the earth have rusht:
And th'endless thin ayr (*which by secret quils*
Had lost it selfe within the windes-but hils
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycy crystall turned by the cold)
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in fewe dayes with raging *Flouds* o're-flowen
The top-less Cedars of mount *Libanon*.

Answers of Noah to all the blasphemies of Cha, and his fellow-Atheists.

Then, with iust griefe the godly Father gall'd
A deep, sad, sigh from his harts centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham*!
Mine ages sorrow, and my houses shame,
Through self-conceipt contemning th'holy-Ghost,
Thy sense is baend, thine vnderstanding lost:
And ô I fear (Lord falsifie my fear)
The heavy hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou I doubt shalt be
His Furies obiect, and shalt testifie
By thine infamous lifes accursed state,
What now thy shame-less lips sophisticate.

1. Answer: God is infinite, immutable, Almighty, and incomprehensible.

I (God be prays'd) knowe that the perfect CIRCLE
Whose Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceiue aright
Th'Almighty-most to be most infinite:

That th'onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempests of fell passions winde:
That moouelesse, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n; and builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne's inclos'd in glorious Fire
Past our approach: that our faint soule doth tier,
Our spirit growes spright-lesse, when it seeks by sense
To sound his infinit Omni-potence.
I surely knowe, the Cherubins do hover
With flaming wings his starry face to cover.
None sees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But passing by, and by the back alone.
To vs, his Essence is inexplicable,
Wondrous his wayes, his name vn-vtterable;
So that concerning his high Maiesty
Our feeble tongues speak but improperly.
For, if we call him strong, the prayse is small:
If blessed spirit, so are his Angels all:
If Great of greats, he's voide of quantity:
If good, fayr, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Essence* fully excellent,
All is pure substance, free from accident.
Therefore our voice, too-faint in such a subiect
T'ensue our soule, and our weak soule her obiect,
Doth alwayes stammer; so that euer when
'Twould make Gods name redoubted among men;
(In humane phraze) it calls him pittifull,
Repentant, iealous, fierce, and anger-full.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs:
His iealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pitty wretched, nor his anger furious.
Th'immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the best that feeble man doth heer,
With vehemence of some hot passion driv'n;
That, with ripe iudgement doth the King of Heav'n.
Shall a Physician comfortably-bold,
Fear-lesse, and tear-lesse, constantly behold

So that men can not speak of Him but improperly.

Why we cannot speak of God but after the manner of men.

2. Answer. The Repentance and the change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and defect.

Two comparisons explaning the same.

His

His sickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulse, and give him health again?
And shall not th' *euer-selfe-resembling* God
Look down from Heav'n vpon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for griefe and anguish;
Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish?
And shall a Iudge, self-angerless, prefer
To shamefull death the strange adulterer;
As onely looking fixtly all the time
Not on the sinner, but the sinfull crime?
And shall not then th' Eternall *Iusticer*
Condemn the Atheist and the Murderer,
Without selfs-fury? O! shall *Iustice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or shall his sacred Will, and soverain Might
Be chayn'd so fast to mans frail appetite,
That filthy sin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him selfly cruciate?
Gods sacred vengeance, serues not for defence
Of his own *Essence* from our violence
(For in the Heav'ns, aboue all reach of ours,
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers):
But, to direct our liues and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Iniurie restrain.
Th' Almighty past not mean, when he subuerted
Neer all the World from holy paths departed.
For, *Adams* Trunk (of both our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire Branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the first brought forth a sute
Of bitter, wilde, and most detested fruit:
Th' other, first rich in goodnes, afterward
With those base Scyons beeing graft, was marr'd:
And so produced execrable clusters
Worthy so wicked and incestuous lusters:
And then (alas!) what was there to be found
Pure, iust, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cain's Line possest sinne, as an heritage;
Seth's as a dowry got by mariage:

3. Answer: Iustice being a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

4. Answer: God doth not punish Offenders for defence of his owne Estate: but to maintain vertue & cõfound vice.

5 The iniquitie of the world deserued extreame punishment.

6. When all are generally depra-

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not from a naturall motion only, but proceeded frō other then natural Causes, which cannot produce such effects.

Showe, in the concave of what Mountains steep
We may imagine Dens sufficient deep
For so much ayr as gushing out in fountains,
Should hide the proud tops of the highest Mountains;
Sith a whole tun of ayr scarce yeelds (in triall)
Water ynough to fill one little Viall.
And what should then betide those empty spaces?
What should succeed in the forsaken places
Of th'air's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking thence)
Sith there's no voyd in th'All-circumference?

12. The consideratiō of the power of God in subiecting the creatures to Noah: in sustaining & feeding them so long in the Ark (which was as a Sepulchre) confuteth all the obiections of Atheists.

Whence (wilt thou say) then coms this raging flood,
That ouer-flowes the windy *Ryphean* Wood,
Mount Libanus, and enuiously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from comsit (*Ch*
That Wolves, and Panthers waxing meek and tame,
Leaving the horror of their shady home,
Adiourn'd by Heav'n, did in my presence com,
Who holding subiect vnder my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
And now restor'd to th'honour and estate,
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?
Whence doth it com, or by what reason is't,
That vnmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Com without call? Whence coms it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal, and other victuall,
Should serue so long so many a greed-gut
As in the dark holds of this *Ark* is shut?
That heer the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell haue not broak?
That all this while we do not ioyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selues, mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

13. The Arke full of Miracles,

In all the compass of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords, and pins,

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But seeing yet no shoar, she (almost tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode,
To view the World a-fresh she flyes abroad;
And brings a boord (at evening) in her bill
An Oliue branch with water pearled still.
O happy presage! O deer pledge of loue!
O wel com newes! behold, the peacefull Doue
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by this sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Couenant,
That first, in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares couragious,
Yer he be false in word or deed to vs.
O sacred Oliue! first ling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Haue lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe reioice it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th'immortall King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddainly renuing.

He exspecteth Gods commandement to goe forth: whereby, at the first hee was shut vp in the Ark.

Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World gan lift
Most of his Iles above the waters drift,
Though waxen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayr in his stinking staul,
Hee'l not a-shoar till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (deuout) from Heav'n he vnderstand
Som Oracle to licence him to land.
But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,
(Or rather from a foul infectious Grave)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Iapheth*, and their twice-two Brides,
And thousand pairs of liuing things besides,
Vnclean and clean: for th'holy *Patriark*
Had of all kinds inclosed in the Ark.
But, heer I hear th'vngodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others ear,

With ſilent murmurs muttering ſecretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blaſphemie;
Who will beleeve (but ſhallow-brained Sheep)
That ſuch a ſhip ſcarce thirty Cubits deep,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear ſo great a charge?
Sith the proud Horſe, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,
The luſty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-vp a Hulk farr deeper, longer, broader?

New obiection of Atheiſts, concerning the capacity of the Ark.

O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Veſſell a vaſt multitude
Of ſince-born mongrels, that deriue their birth
From monſtrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;
Fantaſtik Mules, and ſpotted Leopards,
Of inceſt-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many ſorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,
Since, dayly ſprung from ſtrange and mingled loues
Wherein from time to time in various ſort,
Dedalian Nature ſeems her to diſport:
If playner, yet I proue you ſpace by ſpace,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,
By ſubtile iudgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge ſo many creatures handſomly,
Sith euery brace was *Geometricall:*
Nought reſteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who diſpute with God, may be content
To take for currant, Reaſons argument.

Answere.

But heer t' admire th' Almightie powrfull hand
I rather loue, and ſilence to command
To mans diſcourſe: what he hath ſaid, is don:
For, euermore his word and deed are one.

An vn-anſwerable answere to all profane obiections.

By his ſole arm, the *Gallions* Maſters ſaw
Themſelues ſafe reſcu'd from deaths yawning iaw;
And offer-vp to him in zealous wiſe,
The Peace-full ſent of ſweet burnt-ſacrifice;
And ſend with-all above the ſtarry Pole
Theſe winged ſighes from a religious ſoule;

World-shaking Father, Windes King, calming-Seas,
With milde aspect behold vs: Lord appease
Thine Anger, tempest, and to safety bring
The planks escap't from this sad Perishing:
And bound for ever in their ancient Caves
These stormy Seas deep World-deuouring waves.

Cõmandements, Prohibitions, & Promises of God to Noah & his Posteritie.

Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny:
Resume your Scepter and with new beheasts,
Bridle againe the late revolted Beasts,
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to raigne:
Deere Children, vse them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abstain and doe not take for meat
Their ruddy soule: and leaue (O sacred seed!)
To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then.
I deeply hate all cruell bloody men:
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood;
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;
And blood with blood be venged first or last;
For euermore vpon the murderers head
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.

The Rain-Bowe giuen for a Pledg of the Promise, that there shall be no more generall Flood.

From hence-forth, fear no second *Flood* that shall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I assure ye no; no, no, I swear to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath vntrue?)
Again, I swear by my thrice sacred *Name*:
And to confirm it, in the Clouds I frame
This coloured Bowe. When then som tempest black
Shall threat again the feareful World to wrack,
When water loaden Heav'ns your Hils shall touch,
When th'ayr with Midnight shall your Noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks vp to this Rain-bowe cast.
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,

Though

Though hemm'd with showrs, and though it seem to sup
(To drown the World) all th'Oceans waters vp,
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.
Noah looks-vp, and in the Ayr he views
A semi-Circle of a hundred hews:
Which, bright ascending toward th'æthereall thrones,
Hath a lyne drawn between two *Orizons*
For iust *Diameter:* an even-bent bowe
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth showe
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The second green, the third an orient blew;
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) som changeable is seen.
A Bowe bright-shining in th'Arch-Archers hand,
Whose subtill string seems level with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over vs it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies,
Where powrfull Nature showes her freshest dies.

Description of the Rain-Bowe.

And if you onely blew and red perceive;
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceiue;
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,
The *Iudgement* past, and *Iudgement* yet to come.

What it signifieth.

Then, having call'd on God, our second Father
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practice in his youth.
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude
That first his hand in brothers bloud imbrewd,
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harm-less tillage,
And (wantons) prising less the homely village,
With fields and Woods, then th'idle Cities shades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seths* Sons, knowing Nature soberly
Content with little, fel to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing with industrious care,
The Flocks and Droves cover'd with wool and hair;

Noah *falls to Husbandry, and tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.*

As prayſe-full gain, and profit void of ſtrife,
Art nurſe of Arts, and very life of life.
So, the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had ſcarcely boxed all th'Earths dropſie vapours,
When hee that ſav'd the ſtore-ſeed-World from wrack,
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,
And there ſoon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.

He plants a vine

For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warm Sunsey lying open ſtill,
He ſets in furrows or in ſhallow trenches
The crooked Vines choice ſcyons, ſhoots, and branches:
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dreſſes,
Cuts, props, and proins; and God his work ſo bleſſes,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plentious Vintage doth his hopes exceed.

He is ouer-taken with Wine.

Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To ſee with mud ſo many Roofs o're-growen,
And him left almoſt in the World alone,
One-day a little from his ſtrictneſs ſhrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, ſilly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.

Deſcription of a drunken-man.

His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpoſe quite,
Is abrupt, ſtuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-ſtuft ſtomack wrung with winde he feels:
His trembling Tent all topſi turuie wheels:
At laſt, not able on his legs to ſtand,
More like a foul Swine then a ſober man,
Oppreſt with ſleep, he wallows on the ground,
His ſhame-leſs ſnorting trunk, ſo deeply drownd
In ſelf-obliuion, that he did not hide
Thoſe parts that *Cæſar* covered when he died.

Fit Compariſons to ſet forth the

Ev'n as the Ravens with windy wings o're-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe ſweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowrs,
And greedy, light vpon the loathſom quarrers
Of ſom late *Lopez*, or ſuch *Romiſh* Martyrs:
Or as a young, vnskilfull, Painter raw,
Doth careleſly the faireſt features draw
In any face, and yet too neerly marks
Th'vnpleaſing blemiſh of deformed marks,
As lips too great, or hollowneſs of eys,
Or ſinking noſe, or ſuch indecencies:
Even ſo th'vngodly Sonns of Leaſings Father
With black Obliuions ſponge ingrately ſmother
Fair Vertues draughts, and caſt deſpightfully
On the leaſt ſinns the venom of the ey,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lighteſt trips of greateſt Perſonages:
Like ſcoffing *Cham* that impudently viewd
His Fathers ſhame, and moſt profanely-lewd,
With ſcornfull laughter (grace-leſs) thus began
To infamize the poor old drunken man;
Com (brethren) com, com quickly and behold
This pure controuler that ſo oft contrould
Vs without cauſe: ſee how his bed he ſoyls:
See, how the wine (his maſter) now recoyls
By's mouth, and eys, and noſe: and brutely ſo
To all that com his naked ſhame doth ſhowe.
Ah ſhame-leſs beaſt (both brethren him reproov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with iuſt anger moou'd)
Vnnaturall villain, monſter peſtilent,
Vnworthy to behold the firmament,
Where (abſent we) thou ought'ſt haue hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy ſilence more,
Thy Fathers ſhame, whom age, ſtrong wine, and grief,
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkeſt firſt, and ſporting at the matter
Proclaim'ſt his fault on infamies Theater.
And ſaying this (turning their ſight a-ſide)
Their hoary Fathers nakedneſs they hide.

nature and property of Slanderers, & Detracters imitating Cham.

His ſpeech to his Brethren, ſeeing his Fathers nakednes.

Their diſcreet behauiour.

When

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BABYLON.

THE II. PART OF THE II.

DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th' Antitheſis *of Bleſt and Curſed States,*
Subiect to Good and Euill Magiſtrates:
Nimrod *vſurps: His prowes-full Policy,*
To gain himſelf the Goal of Souerainty:
BABEL *begun: To ſtop ſuch out-rages,*
There, God confounds *the builders* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrue, *firſt and Beſt:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (aboue the reſt)*
Th' Arabian, Toſcan, Spaniſh, French, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are Honoured by our Author much.*

A preface, repreſenting the felicity & happy eſtate of Commonweales gouerned by good and prudent Princes: & the miſery of thoſe that liue in ſubiection vnto Tyrants: which the Poet very fitly propoſeth as his introduction to the life and Manners of Nimrod.

O Happy people where good Princes raign,
Who tender publike more then priuate gain!
Who (vertue's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Paraſites, and harken to the wiſe:
Who (ſelf-commanders) rather ſin ſuppreſs
By ſelf-examples, then by rigorouſnes:
Whoſe inward-humble, outward Maieſty
With Subiects loue is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,
But knowe themſelues ſet on a lofty ſtory
For all the world to ſee and cenſure too:
So, not their luſt, but what is iuſt they do.
But, 't is a hell, in hatefull vaſſallage,
Vnder a Tyrant to conſume ones age:

A ſelf-

A ſelf-ſhav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with bloud and inceſt ſwell:
An Owl, that flies the light of Parliaments
And State-aſſemblies, iealous of th'intents
Of priuate tongues; who (for a paſtime) ſets
His Peers at ods; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right reſpects:
Who euery day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubiects,
But daily crops ſuch vice-vpbraiding obiects:
Who (worſe then Beaſts, or ſauage monſters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin:
Who, though round fenç't with gard of armed Knights,
A-many moe he fears, then he affrights:
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subiects all.

A Prayer fitted to the former diſcourſe, and giuing entry to that which followeth.

Print (O Heav'ns King!) in our kings harts a zeal,
Firſt, of thy lawes; then of their publik weal:
And if our Countries now-*Po*-poiſoned phraſe,
Or now-contagion of corrupted daies,
Leave any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O! cancel it, that they may euery where,
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Ieruſalem*:
That lowd my *Muſe* may eccho vnder them.

Nimrods *exerciſes & eſſays to make himſelfe Maſter of the reſt.*

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twiſe ſix yeers,
He tyranniz'd among his ſtripling-peers,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happy howr,
Layd the foundations of his after-powr,
And bearing reeds for Scepters, firſt he raigns
In Prentice-Princedom ouer ſheep-heard Swains.
Then knowing well, that whoſo ayms (illuſter)
At fancied bliſs of Empires awful luſtre;
In valiant acts muſt paſs the vulgar ſort,
Or mask (at leaſt) in louely Vertues Port:
He ſpends not night on beds of down or feathers,
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers
His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiouſly
A rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:

In

In ſtead of ſoftlings ieſts, and iollities,
He ioyes in Iouſts, and manly exerciſes:
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fully ſlain, luke-warm and bleeding freſh.
Then, with one breath, he ſtriueth to attain
A Mountains top, that ouer-peers the Plain:
Againſt the ſtream to cleave the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-ſtrong floods, that haue born down their bridges,
Running vnrean'd with ſwift rebounding ſallies
A-croſs the rocks within the narrow vallies:
To ouertake the dart himſelfe did throwe,
And in plain courſe to catch the Hinde or Roe.

Perſeuerance in painefull and laborious exerciſes of Nimrod *growne gracious with the people.*

But, when fiue luſtres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounſe, or Bear,
Him dread-leſs combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high Tropheis of his bloody ſpoils.
The people, ſeeing by his warlike deed
From theeues, and robbers euery paſſage freed:
From hideous yells, the Deſarts round about:
From fear, their flocks; this monſter-maſter ſtout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

He abandons his firſt petty Chaſe, and hunteth wylier for a more pretious Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (ſnatching Fortune by the treſſes)
Strikes the hot ſteele; ſues, ſooths, importunes, preſſes
Now theſe, then thoſe, and haſtning his good Hap
Leaues hunting Beaſts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former queſts did vſe
Cals, pit-falls, toyls, ſprenges, and baits, and glews:
And (in the end) againſt the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, and ſhafts, and ſwords, their rage to tame:
So, ſom he wins with promiſe-full intreats,
With preſents ſom, and ſom with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Vſurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas, before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yet that the youthfull pride

Of vpstart State, ambitious boyling, fickle,
Did thrust (as now) in others corn his sickle.

Tyrannicall rule of Nimrod, and his proud enterprize.

In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant gan deuise
To perpetrate a thousand cruelties,
Pel-mel subuerting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple sacred Right.
He braves th'Almightie, lifting to his nose
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he lose
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end
Might slip their yoak; he subtle makes them spend,
Draws dry their wealth, and busies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde.
W'haue liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms:
Leave we these rowling tents, and wandring rooms:
Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet;
A sure *Asylum*, and a safe retreat,
If th'irefull storm of yet-more Floods should threat:
Lets found a Citie, and vnited there,
Vnder a King let's lead our liues; for fear
Least seuer'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be dispers't o're all the Regiments
That in his course the Days bright Champion eys,
Might-less our selues to succour, or aduise.
But, if the fire of som intestine war,
Or other mischief should divide vs far,
Brethren (at least) let's leaue memorials
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring wals.

A comparison shewing, liuely, the efficacie of the attempts of Tyrants, the Rods of Gods righteous vengeance vpon vngodly people.

Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (vnespied)
Haue faln by chance vpon a Forrest side,
Among dry leaues; a-while in secret shrouds,
Lifting a-loft small, smoaky-wauing clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it blushes,
With angry rage; and rising through the bushes,
Climbs fragrant Hauthorns, thence the Oak, and than
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment,
And neuer leaues till all neer Woods be brent:

So

So, this ſweet ſpeech (firſt broacht by certain Minions)
Is ſoon applauded 'mong the light opinions:
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude;
Who longing now to ſee this Caſtle rear'd,
Them night and day in differing crafts beſtirr'd.
Som fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroaks
Aduenturous Alders, Aſhes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forreſts, that the Sun might view
Fields that before his bright rayes neuer knew.
Ha 'ye ſeen a Town expos'd to ſpoyl and ſlaughter
(At victors pleaſure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly reſound; ſom carry, ſom conuay,
Som lug, ſom load; 'gainſt Souldiers ſeeking Prey
No place is ſure, and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) theſe Carpenters diſrobe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteep Mountains of their gaſtly ſhades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick-iuſtling meet abroad,
And bending axles groan beneath their load.
Heer, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy ſlime of chalky waters gray:
There, buſie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,
They dig to hell; and damned Ghoſts again
(Paſt hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:
Their hammers noyſe, through Heav'ns rebounding brim,
Affrights the fiſh that in fair Tygris ſwim.
Theſe ruddy wals in height, and compaſs growe;
They caſt long ſhadow, and far-off do ſhowe:
All ſwarms with work-men, that (poor ſots) ſurmiſe
Euen the firſt day to touch the very skies.
Which, God perceiuing, bending wrathfull frowns,
And with a noyſe that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, hills by the roots he rakes,
And th'vnmov'd hindges of the Heav'ns he ſhakes.

Liuely Deſcription of the people occupied in ſom great buſines.

God diſpleaſed with the audacious enterpriſe of Nimrod and his reſolueth to

See,

break their Designes by confounding their Language.

See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble, Dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Walls, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full Peece, impregnable! and sure
All my iust anger's batteries to endure.
I swore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go man the World; and lo they bide
Self-prisoned heer: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell haue ta'en-them;
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb and rean them;
Who scorns mine arm, and with these braving Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of ours.
Com, com, let's dash their drift; and sith, combin'd
As well in voice, as blood, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold
Incourage-on themselues their work to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence:
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the brother,
The Sire, and Son, not vnderstand each other.

Execution of Gods decree.

This said, as soon confusedly did bound
Through all the work I wot not what strange sound,
A iangling noise; not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors:
Som speak between the teeth, som in the nose,
Som in the throat their words do ill dispose,
Som howl, som hallow, som doe stut and strain,
Each hath his gibberish, and all striue in vain
To finde again their know'n beloued tongue,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle, young.

A fit comparison

Arise betimes, while th'*Opal*-coloured Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-days* door adorn:
And patient hear th'all-differing voices sweet
Of painted Singers, that in Groues do greet
Their Loue-*Ton-iours*, each in his phrase and fashion
From trembling Pearch vttering his earnest passion;

At

And ſo thou mayſt conceipt what mingle-mangle
Among this people euery where did iangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly quick;
One brings him vp a hammer: hew this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleaue a Tree:
Make faſt this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks:
They bear the firſt, a ſtone; the laſt an ax:
One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they giue:
Another asks a ſaw, and gets a ſiue:
Thus croſſy-croſt, they prate and point in vain;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breath-leſs all, with their confuſed yawling,
In boot-leſs labour, now begins appawling.
In brief, as thoſe, that in ſom channell deep
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches ſteep,
Perceiuing once (in thouſand ſtreams extending)
The courſe-chang'd Riuer from the hils deſcending,
With watry mountains bearing down their Bay,
As if it ſcorn'd ſuch bondage to obay;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And heer and there for ſwifter ſafety run:
Theſe Maſons ſo, ſeeing the ſtorm arriu'd
Of Gods iuſt Wrath, all weak, and heart-depriu'd,
Forſake their purpoſe, and like frantick fools
Scatter their ſtuffe, and tumble down their tools.

Another elegant compariſon ſhewing that there is no Counſail, no Endeuour, no diligence, no might nor multitude, that can reſiſt God.

O proud reuolt! O trayterous felony!
See in what ſort the Lord hath puniſht thee
By this Confuſion: ah! that language ſweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendſhips maſtik meet,
Strong curb of anger, yerſt vnited, now
In thouſand dry Brooks ſtrays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mouer,
That calm-rage harts-theef, quel-pride coniure-louer:
That pureſt coyn, then currant in each coaſt,
Now mingled, hath ſound, waight, and colour loſt,
Tis counterfeit: and ouer euery ſhoar
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.

Diſcommodities proceeding from the confuſion of Tongues.

Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Affrica*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towns about, our tongues do also mound:
For, who from home but half a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose:
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or else we work by signes.
Vn-toild, vn-tutord, sucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men vnderstood;
And (seav'n-yeers-old) in glass-dust did commence
To draw the round Earths fair circumference:
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,
Where th'*Encyclopedie* her darling Crowns,
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.
Now (ever-boys) we wax old, while we seek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek:
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Natures secrets, and of th'*Essence* sole
Which Essence giues to all, we tire our minde
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde;
Our letters and our syllables to waigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Iustinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Diuiner lore*,
Where God appears to whom him right adore.
What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech
Of God himselfe, th'old sacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where's no point, nor signe,
But hides som rare deep mysterie divine:
But since that pride, each people hath a-part
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and ouerthwart;
Which daily chang'd, and losing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that first language cleer,
The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with fair *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,

The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confusion of Languages.

A conclusion tried, whereby ap-

Longing

Longing to know their Languages prioritie,
Fondly impos'd the censuring authoritie
To silly Iudges, void of iudging sense
(Dumb stammerers to treat of eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where neuer noyse should com
Of charming humane voice, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelue months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd childeren,
Crie often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go.
Fools, which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks
Which powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Iewry*, com
Com born with vs: but euery Countries tongue
Is learnt by much vse, and frequenting long.
Only, we haue peculiar to our race,
Aptnes to speak; as that same other grace
Which, richly-diuers, makes vs differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in Desarts roar.
Now, that Buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lions roar, and slothfull Asses bray,
Now lowe, now lowd; and by such languages
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions:
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, loue, or ioy.
And so I say that all the winged quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for though they seem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;

peareth that children are naturally apt to learn to speake: not able of themselues to speake, without example.

Answere to the obiection taken from the cõfused voice of Beasts.

To another Obiection, of the chirping of Birds

To winde their voice a hundred thousand waies,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T'haue taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-less still:
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day,
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Aduantage of Man endued with Reason, aboue the rest of the Creatures.

But, only Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n, and earth, and fire, and ayr, and water,
Of Iustice, Temperance, Wisdom, Fortitude,
In choise sweet termes, that various sense include:
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts disfunder;

Iosephus Scaliger, *skilfull in* 13 *languages.*

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother,
Th'immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Answere to a third obiection touching Parot-resembling Echo, & speaking without speech.

And, as for Iayes, that in their wyery gail
Can ask for victuals, and vnvictuall'd rail;
Who, daring vs for eloquences meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords Prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th'are like that voice, which (by our voice begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what.
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleauing,
And dumbly speak, their owne speech not conceiuing,
Deaf to themselues; for, speech is nothing (sure)
But th'vnseen soules resounding purtrature:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted plain,
As it was all, yer that rough hunters raign.

The Hebrew Tongue the principall.

Now, when I note, how th'Hebrew breuity,
Euen with fewe words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy hart:

Better then Greek with her *Synonimaes*, *First reason.*
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphoraes*,
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,
And many other much esteemed graces:

When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet *Second reason.*
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeues, or eyes behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we do transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th'onely transportation *Simile.*
Of figures, still varies their valuation:
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,
Giuing a secret twist vnto the same):
Or whether wee (euen as in gross) bestowing
The numbers, which, from one words letters flowing,
Vnfold a secret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:
As *Egypts* silence sealed-vp (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.

When I obserue, that from the *Indian* Dawning, *Third reason.*
Euen to our *Irish Aetna's* fiery yawning:
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian,
Nor ignorant in all the Laws diuine,
But yet retaines som tearms of *Palestine*,
Whose Elements (how-so disguiz'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th'old Orthography.

When I consider that Gods antient WILL *Fourth reason.*
Was first enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That neuer *Vrim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue:
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Vpon two Tables his eternall Law:

And that (long since) in *Sions* Languages,
His heav'nly Postes brought downe his messages.
Fift reason. And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gaue not idle, casuall names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before th'euent,
Markt in their liues some speciall accident;
And yet, we see that all those words of old
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense doe hold.
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eua (translated) signifieth life:
Cain, first begot: *Abel*, as vain: and *Seth*,
Put in his place: and he that, vnderneath
The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest,
In true interpretation, soundeth Rest.
To th'Hebrew Tongue (how-euer *Greece* do grudge)
The sacred right of Eldership I iudge.
All hail, therefore, ô sempiternall spring
Praise of the Hebrew Tõgue, Mother and Queene of all the Rest. Of spirituall pictures! speech of Heav'ns high King,
Mother, and Mistress, of all Tongues the Prime:
Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time:
Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements
Flowe with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.
O sacred *Dialect!* in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of Birds,
Of Water-guests, and Forrest-hanting Heards,
Are open Books, where every man might read
Their natures story; till th'Heav'n-shaker dread,
In his iust wrath, the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradise to let.
Adam *gaue Hebrew names to all the Creatures.* For, *Adam* then (in signe of mastry) giuing
Peculiar names vnto all creatures liuing,
When in a generall muster ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,
He framed them so fit, that learned ears
Bearing the soule the sound, the maruails bears,
Where-with th'All-forming voice adorned fair
Th'inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayr.

And, for each body acts, or ſuffers ought,
Hauing made Nowns, his Verbs he alſo wrought:
And then, the more t'enrich his ſpeech, he brings
Small Particles, which ſtand in lieu of ſtrings,
The maſter members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyn)
And ſerue as plumes, which euer dancing light
Deck the proud creſts of helmets burniſht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to veſſels:
To marble ſtatues, baſes, feet, and treſſels.

Hee inriched the Language with the compoſition of Verbs and Clauſes.

This (*Adams* language) pure perſiſted ſince,
Til th' iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince:
Reſounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-les accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it ſelfe retyr'd
To *Hebers* houſe: whether of the conſpyr'd
Rebels, he were not; but in ſober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulſion brought,
With ſecret ſighes hee oft his God beſought,
So with vnwilling hands helping to make
The walls he wiſht deep ſunk in *Stygian* Lake:
As wretched Galley-ſlaues (beating the Seas
With forced oars, fighting againſt their eaſe
And liberty) curſe, in their grieued ſpright,
Thoſe, for whoſe ſake they labour day and night:
Or whether elſe Gods liberall hand, for euer
(As it were) meeting holy mens indeuour,
For his owne ſake, of his free grace and pleaſure,
To th' Hebrew race depoſited this treaſure;
While the proud remnant of thoſe ſcattered Maſons
Had falſed it in hundred thouſand faſhions,
When euery one where Fate him called flew,
Bearing new words into his Country new.

The Hebrew Tongue cõtinued from Adam to the time of Nimrod: *Since whẽ it reſted in the houſe of* Heber, *of whom it is called Hebrew.*

Smile.

But ſlippery Time, enviouſly waſting all,
Disfigur'd ſoon thoſe Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred
On *Tygris* banks, o're all the earth were ſpred:

A ſub-diuiſion of the Lãguages firſt diuided.

And, ay the wotld the more confus'd to leaue,
The leaſt of them in many Tongues did cleaue.
Each language alters, either by occaſion
Of trade, which (cauſing mutuall commutation
Of th'Earths and Oceans wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or elſe, becauſe Fame-thirſting wits, that toyl
In golden tearms to trick their gracious ſtile,
With new-found beauties prank each circumſtance,
Or (at the leaſt) doe new-coyn'd words inhaunce
With currant freedom: and again reſtore
Th'old, ruſty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore.
For, as in Forreſts, leaues doe fall and ſpring:
Even ſo the words, which whilom flouriſhing,
In ſweet Orations ſhin'd with pleaſing luſtre
(Like ſnowe-white Lillies in a freſh green paſture)
Paſs now no more; but, baniſht from the Court,
Dwell with diſgrace among the Country ſort:
And thoſe, which Eld's ſtrict doom did diſallow,
And damn for bullion, goe for current now.
A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd
May giue a Paſport to the words new coyn'd
In his own ſhop: alſo adopt the ſtrange:
Ingraft the wilde: inriching, with ſuch change
His powerfull ſtile; and with ſuch ſundry ammell
Paynting his phraſe, his Proſe or Verſe enammel.
One language hath no law but vſe: and ſtill
Runs blinde, vnbridled, at the vulgars will.
Anothers courſe, is curiouſly incloſ'd
In liſts of Art; of choiſe fit words compoſ'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-ſpinners. One, vnhappy-founded,
Liues in a narrow valley euer bounded:
Another 'mong the learned troup doth preſſe
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fez*.
And ſuch are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greeke*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, becauſe of it we hold the Paten

Wherof proceed the ſundry changes in one ſelfe-ſame Language.

Similo.

The liberty of a witty, learned, and iudicious Writer.

Excellencie of the Hebrew,

Of

Of *Thrice-Eternalls* euer ſacred Word:
And, of his Law, that is the firſt Record.
The *Greeke*, as hauing cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be deuis'd.
And manly *Roman*, ſith the ſword vndaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.
Writing theſe later lines, weary wel-neer
Of ſacred *Pallas* pleaſing labours deer;
Mine humble chin ſaluteth oft my breſt;
With an *Ambroſial* deaw mine eys poſſeſt
By peece-meal cloſe; all mouing powrs be ſtill;
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my ſloath-lov'd bed again I ſhrink;
And in dark *Lethè* all deep cares I ſink:
Yea, all my cares, except a zeal to len
A gainfull pleaſure to my Country-men.
For, th' holy loues-charm, burning for their ſake,
When I am ſleeping, keeps my ſoule awake.
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, Eaſt-ward iſſuing
By 's cryſtall gate (it earlier opening
Then daies bright door) fantaſtick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moiſt-cool night, and day:
Still calms and ſtorms: keen cold, and ſultry ſmother:
Rain, and fair weather follow not each-other:
But *May* ſtill raigns, and roſe-crown'd *Zephyrus*
With wanton ſighes makes the green trees to buſs,
Whoſe whiſpering boughs, in Quall-form do fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.
Iuſt in the midſt of this enammeld vale
Roſe a huge Rock, cut like a Pedeſtall;
And on the Cornich a Coloſſus ſtands
Of during braſſe, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thouſand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound faſt by th' ears, but faſter by the hart.
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from cruelty.

Greek, and Latine Tongues aboue the reſt.

A pleaſant introduction to his following Diſcourſe, wherein Poetically He deſcribeth and bringeth in the principall Languages, together with ſuch as haue excelled in each of them.

The God of Dreams.

Deſcription of the Houſe, and Image of Eloquence: and of the principall Languages.

Neer

Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to daunce at his sweet voices sound.
Of *Carian* pillars raisd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double rowe doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for faireſt doth allow.

1. The Hebrew supported by 4. Pillars; (viz.)

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting heer
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear

Moses.

Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a green-dry, wither'd-springing wand,
And in his arms the sacred Regiſter
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first
Vnto his heirs his Writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but euery *Grecian* Deed.

Dauid.

Dauid's the next, who, with the melody
Of voice-matcht fingers, draws sphears harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall ceaſe their Galliard, th'ever-bleſsed soules
Of *Christ* his champions (cheer'd with his sweet songs)
Shall daunce to th'honcur of the *Strong* of *strongs*;
And all the Angels glory-winged Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoasts.*

Salomon.

The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wise leſsons sow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.

Esay.

Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-followed, graue, holy and eloquent.

2 The Greeke ly Homer.

Sweet-numbred *Homer* heer the *Greek* supports,
Whose School hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient Sages: and, through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:

Plato

Plato, the all-diuine, who like the *Fowl*
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth neuer foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty ſties
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, aboue the skies:
Cleer-ſtyl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demoſthen*,
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.
Th'Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline* and (ſince)
To *Anthony*, whoſe thundring eloquence
Yeelds thouſand ſtreams, whence (rapt in admiration)
The rareſt wits are drunk in every Nation:
Cæſar, who knowes as wel to write, as war:
The Sinnewy *Saluſt*: and that Heav'n-fall'n ſtar,
Which ſtraggling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brink,
Who neuer ſeems in all his Works to wink;
Who neuer ſtumbled, euer cleer and graue;
Baſhfully-bold, and bluſhing modeſt-braue:
Still like himſelfe, and elſe, ſtill like to no-man:
Suſtain the ſtately, graue-ſweet ancient *Roman*.
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuſcan* plaç't:
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrach*, in deep paſſions graç't:
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-ſtirrer:
And witty *Taſſo*, worthy to indight
Heroïk numbers, full of life and light;
Short, ſharpe-conceipted, rich in language cleer,
Though laſt in age, in honour formoſt heer.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillers ſound,
Great *Aben-Rois* moſt ſubtill, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Auicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* figure-flowing Pen.
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the ſtory
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Iſleban* (laſting glory
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Beucer* gilding brighe
His pleaſing ſtile: and *Butric* my delight.
Gueuarra, *Boſcan*, and *Granade*, which ſup
With *Garcilace*, in honey *Pytho's* cup
The ſmiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th'old glory of the *Catalan*,

Plato:
Herodotus.
Demoſthenes.

3. The Latine by
Cicero.
Cæſar.
Saluſt.
Virgil.

4. The Italian by
Boccace.
Petrarch.
Arioſto.
Taſſo.

5. The Arabik by
Aben-Roes.
Eldebag.
Auicen.
Ibnu-farid.

6. The Dutch by
Peuther.
Luther.
Peucer.
Butric.

7. The Spaniſh by
Gueuarra.
Boſcan.

Raiſit

Granada. Garcilaco. Rauisht *Ossyas*, he might well haue claymed
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.
8 The French, by Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude,
Whence th'idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd
(As yet) the rough scales from the vpper part,
Marot. Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-les Art
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument, I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:
Or age-worn Image: not so much for showe,
As for the reuerence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I knowe not well; yet (at the least)
He seems som skilfull Master with the rest:
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Amyot. Like *Iaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.
Ronsard. That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All sorts of subiect, stile, and Poësie.
Plesis. And this *du Plessis*, beating *Athëisme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Iudaïsme*,
With their own Arms: and sacred-graue, and short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons wingd with grace and Art,
Pearce like keen arrows, every gentle hart.
9 The English, by Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Nicholas Bacone. Sir Phil. Sidney *Our English* Tongue three famous Knights sustain;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which, former twain
(*High Chancelors of England*) weaned first
Our Infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toys; and rudenes chasing thence,
To ciuill knowledge, ioyn'd sweet eloquence.
And (World-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*
His Swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-childe with Fame) his fame they bear,
To *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis*, every-where.
But, what new Sun dazels my tender eyes?
What suddain traunce rapts me aboue the skies?

What

What Princely Port? O what imperiall grace?
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels face?
Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Misteris,
That *Great Eliza*, making hers disdaign,
For any Man, to change their Maydens raign?
Who, while *Erynnys* (weary now of hell)
With fire and Sword her neighbour States doth quell,
And while black *Horror* threats in stor my rage,
With dreadfull down-fall th'vniuersall stage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keepe and nouriſh:
Where reuerent *Iuſtice*, and *Religion* flouriſh.
Who is not only in her Mother-voice
Rich in Oration; but with phraſes choice,
So on the ſodain can diſcourſe in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eek,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spayn*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes* and the *Arts*, perſiſt;
And (O!) if euer theſe rude rimes be bleſt
But with one glaunce of Nature's only Beſt;
Or (lucky) light between thoſe Yuory palms,
Which hold thy State's ſtern, in theſe happy calms,
View them with milde aſpect; and gently read
That for thy praiſe, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I ſpake: O ſpirits diuine and learned,
Whoſe happy labours haue your lauds eterned:
O! ſith I am not apt (alas!) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble ſight*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;
At leaſt permit me, proſtrate to imbrace
Your reuerend knees: permit me to inchace
Your radiant creſts with Aprils *flowry Crown;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames deriue;
While in my Songs your glorious names ſurviue.

And the incomparable Queene Elizabeth.

Her prudence, Piety, Iuſtice, Religion, Learning, and Eloquence.

Granting

End of the Vision.

Granting my ſute, each of them bowd his head,
The valley vaniſht, and the pillers fled:
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lym'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.



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Which blindeth me: that mine aduenturous Rime,
Circling the World, may ſearch out euery Clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage ſhift
From ſide to ſide; yet is my ſpeciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Chriſt*, our King.

The true, & only drift of all his indeuours.

As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudeſt raps
Through Forreſts thrill their roaring thunder-claps,
The ſhivering Fowls do ſodainly forgo
Their neſts and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whiſtling murmur of their whisking wings;
The griſſel Turtles (ſeldom ſeen alone)
Diſ-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And euen the feeble downie feathered Yong
Venter to flie, before their quils be ſtrong:
Euen ſo, the Builders of that *Babel-Wonder*,
Hearing Gods voice a-loud to roar and thunder,
In their rude voices barbarous difference,
Take (all at once) their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th'Earth voidly-vaſt
Each packs a-part, where God would haue him plaç't.

A compariſon expreſſing the effect of the aſtoniſhment, which the confuſion of Tongues brought into the Babel-builders.

For, Heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)
Hauing decreed to giue the World to man;
Would not, the ſame a neſt of theeues ſhould be,
That with the Sword ſhould ſhare his Legacie;
And (bruitly mixt) with mongrell ſtock to ſtoar
Our Elements, round, ſolid, ſlimy floar:
But rather, fire of Couetize to curb,
Into three Parts he parts this ſpacious Orb,
'Twixt *Sem* and *Cham*, and *Iapheth: Sem* the Eaſt,
Cham South, and *Iapheth* doth obtain the Weſt.

Why God would not that the ſeed of Noah ſhould reſide in the Plain of Shynar.

The Earth diſtributed among the Sons of Noah. *To* Sem, *the Eaſt.*

That large rich Country, from *Peroſite* ſhoars
(Where ſtately *Ob*, the King of Riuers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voiding his violent load,
But little leſs then ſix dais ſayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear
Cloues and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*

Sub

Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden streams
Of *Bisnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and surge of *Chaldean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight: the sloathfull, slymy Fens
Where *Quinzay* stands; *Chiorze*, where Bulls as big
As Elephants are clad in silken shag,
Is great *Sems* Portion. For the Destinies
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)
Assur t' *Assyria* send, that in short time
Chale and *Rhesen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Ninive* (more famous then the rest)
Aboue them raise her many-towred Crest:
The sceptred *Elam* chose the *Persian* Hills,
And those fat fields that swift *Araxis* fills;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.

To Cham the South.

Cham becam Souerain ouer all those Realms
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne* streams,
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poysonie matter:
North-ward with narrow *Mid'terranean* Sea
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Towards where *Titans* Euening splendor sank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verde*, and *Cape-blanc*:
And toward where *Phœbus* doth each morning wake,
With *Adel* Ocean, and the *Crimsin* Lake.
And further, all that lies between the steep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between th' *Erythrean* Sea, and *Persian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Afrik* State doth ioyne.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Iordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Israel*):
Pheud peopled *Lybia*: *Mizram Egypt* mann'd:
And's first-born *Chus* the *Æthyopian* strand.

To Iapheth the North & West.

Iapheth extends from struggling *Hellespont*,
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, ro th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whose tumbling billows bathe the shoars of *Spain*:

And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marsilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrhenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Iust opposite to *Asia* rich in spice,
Pride of the Word, and second *Paradise*:
And that large Country stretcht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* shoars, and to the source of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they say) sprung all
The war-like Nations scattered ouer *Gaul*,
And *Germans* too (yerst called *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Mesech*, *Mazacans*:
From *Iauan*, *Grecks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.

According to his accustomed modesty and discretion, the Poet chuseth rather Silence then to speak vncertainly of things vnknowne.

Heer, if I list, or lov'd I rouer-shooting,
Or would I follow the vncertain footing
Of false *Berosus* and such fond Deluders
(Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders)
I could deriue the lineal Descents
Of all our Sires; and name you euery Prince
Of euery Prouince, in his time and place
(Successiuely) through-out his Ancient Race:
Yea, sing the Worlds so diuers populations;
And of least Cities showe the first Foundations.
But, neuer will I so my sails abandon
To euery blast, and rowing so at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star
Which shines 'boue all the Heav'ns) venter so far
On th'vnknowne surges of so vast a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers euery way;
Hauing no Pylot, saue som brain-sick Wrighters
Which coyn Kings nams vain fabulous Indighters
Of their own fancies, who (affecting glory)
Vpon a Flyes foot build a goodly story.

The Search of such Antiquities is so obscure.

Som words allusion is no certain ground
Whereon a lasting Monument to Found:
Sith faireſt Riuers, Mountains strangely steep,
And largeſt Seas, neuer so vast and deep

(Though

(Though ſelf-eternall, reſting ſtill the ſame)
Through ſundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his ſeed
Who builds a Town, doth in the ſame ſucceed:
And (to conclude) ſith vnder Heav'n, no Race
Perpetually poſſeſſeth any place:
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forreſt, or a Hill:
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moues)
Waue hunteth waue, and billow billow ſhoues;
So do all Nations iuſtle each the other,
And ſo one People doth purſue another;
And ſcarce the ſecond hath a firſt vn-houſed,
Before a third him thence again haue rowſed.

Famous eNamples to this purpoſe.

So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chaç't
From 's natiue *Albion*, ſoon the *Gaules* diſplaç't
From *Armorik*; and then victoriouſly
(After his name) ſurnam'd that *Britannie*.

Of the ancient Britains.

So, when the *Lombard* had ſurrendered
Fair, double-named *Iſters* flowry-bed
To skar-faç't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiouſly
The reſt of *Gauls* from wealthy *Inſubrie*;
Which, after fell in *French-mens* hands again,
Won by the ſword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

Of the Lombards.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Seuil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* ſtraight; which after-ward they loſt
To wiſe *Iuſtinians* valiant *Roman* Hoaſt:
And *Romans*, ſince, ioyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curled *Moors*, vnto th' *Arabians* ſtoop.

Of the Alains, Goths, *and* Vandals.

The ſacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters gliſtering glorious bright,
The thirſt of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of eluiſh *Honour*, built on blood and death,
On deſolation, rapes, and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutiſh butcheries,
Vn-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through euery Clymat ſeek new habitations.

The cauſes of ſuch Tranſmigrations.

I ſpeak not heer of thoſe *Alarbian* Rouers,
Numidian Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drouers,
Who ſhifting paſtures for their ſtore of Cattle:
Do heer and there their hayrie Tents imbattle:
Like the black ſwarms of Swallows ſwiftly-light,
Which twice a-yeer croſs with their nimble flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, and (pleas'd with pureſt ayr)
Seek euery Seaſon for a freſh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchaſt Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win, then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter, then to build;
And brauely chooſing rather War then Peace,
Haue ouer-ſpread the World by Land and Seas.

The originall remoues, voyages & conqueſts of the Lombards.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurſt,
On *Rugeland* and *Liuonia* ſeized firſt;
Then hauing well reueng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*; the bold Barbarian
Surpriſeth *Poland*; thence anon he preſſes
In *Rhines* fair ſtreams to renſe his Amber treſſes:
Thence turning back, he ſeats him in *Morauia*;
After, at *Buda*; thence he poſtes to *Pauia*;
There raigns 200. years: triumphing ſo,
That royall *Teſin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the Goths.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom iſſuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Viſtula*: but th'ayr (almoſt)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coaſt,
He with victorious arms *Sclauonia* gains,
The *Tranſyluanian* and *Valacchian* Plains.
Thence plyes to *Thracia*: and then (leauing *Greeks*)
Greedy of ſpoyl, foure times he brauely ſeeks
To ſnatch from Rome (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which ſhe o're all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadaguiſe*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaul*: and thence repulſt, his Legions
Reſt euer ſince vpon the *Spaniſh* Regions.

Such

Such th'antik *Gaul*: who rouing every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistres sackt
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-vp cold *Strymons* slymie slows:
Wastes *Macedonia*: and(incli'nd to fleece)
Spares not to spoyl the greatest Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloyd with *Europ*)th'*Hellespont* he past,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waste:
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.

Of the ancient Gaules.

Most famous Peoples dark Antiquity,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence,
Itself intangles; and blinde Ignorance
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, and boggs, and quag-mires lights.
It shall suffice me therefore(in this doubt)
But(as it were)to coast the same about:
And, rightly tun'd vnto the golden string
Of *Amrams* Son, in graues t verse to sing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Iapheth* did re-plant
Th'vn-peopled World with new inhabitant:
And that again great *Noahs* wandring Boat
The second time o're all the World did float.

He affirmeth finally that the three Sonnes of Noah *peopled the World, and sheweth how.*

Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight vnceast,
From *Babylon* vnto the farthest *East*,
Tartarian Chorats siluer waues t'essay,
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*,
Iapheth to *Spayn*: and that profanest *Cham*,
To thirsty Countries *Meder'* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala* vpon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.
For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not ouer-spread and couered in one year
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice
Each Hyve supplying new-com Colonies

2. *Fit comparisons to represent the same.*

(Heav'ns tender Nurcelings) to thoſe fragrant Mountains,
At length their Rocks diſſolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather, as two fruitfull Elms that ſpred
Amidſt a Cloaſe with brooks enuironed,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Thoſe, other ſtill; and ſtill, new-ſpringing ſhoots
So ouer-growe the ground, that in fewe yeers
The ſometimes-Mead a great thick Groue appears:
Euen ſo th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,
Diſperſt, at firſt go ſeat themſelues about
Meſopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in ſundry Colonies
Croſſing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled nether Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Iudge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill dayes abbridge,
Ther ſhall no ſoyl ſo wilde and ſauage be,
But ſhall be ſhadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Why the firſt Monarkie began in Aſſyria.

Therefore, thoſe Countries neereſt *Tigris* Spring,
In thoſe firſt ages were moſt flouriſhing,
Moſt ſpoken-of, firſt Warriours, firſt that guide,
And giue the Law to all the Earth beſide.
Babylon (liuing vnder th' awfull grace
Of Royall Greatnes) ſway'd th' Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yer *Gauls* had houſes, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britains Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.

The Hebrewes *and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the Grecians knew any thing.*

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conuerſation,
Held th' Idol-Altars in abhomination,
Knew the Vnknowen, with eyes of Faith they ſaw
Th' inuiſible *Meſſias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made,
Had meaſur'd Heav'n, conceiv'd how th' Earths thick ſhade
Eclipſt the ſiluer brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown ſhadow quencht her brothers light.
The *Memphian* Prieſts were deep Philoſophers,
And curious gazers on the ſacred Stars,

Searche

Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks;
Yer any Letter, knew the ancient'ſt *Attiks*.
Proud *Ægypt* gliſtred all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (vnder *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire inuented.
Gauls were not yet; or, were they (at the leaſt)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feaſt,
But Maſt and Acorns, for the which they gap't
Vnder the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durſt rowe about the ſalt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffikt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were dreſt,
And pomp and pleaſure *Euphrates* poſſeſt.
For, as a ſtone, that midſt a Pond ye fling,
About his fall firſt forms a littler ring,
Wherein, new Circles one in other growing
(Through the ſmooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the Ponds Centre, where the ſtone firſt fell;
Till at the laſt the largeſt of the Rounds
From ſide to ſide 'gainſt euery bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earths Centre (which I heer ſuppoſe
About the Place where God did Tongues tranſpoſe)
Man (day by day his wit repoliſhing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,
As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in diuers ſhoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round vnder both the *Poles*.
Forth from *Aſſyria*, Eaſt-ward then they trauail
Towards rich *Hytanis* with the golden grauell:
Then people they the *Perſian Oroãtis*;
Then cleer *Choaſpis*, which doth humbly kiſs
The Walls of *Suſa*; then the Vallies fat
Neer *Caucaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſate:
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane ſeed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they ſpeed.
The Sons of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpred
O're all the Country which is bordered

The Egyptians, & Tyrians *had their fill of Riches, and Pomp, and Pleaſure, before the* Greeks *or* Gauls *knew what the world meant.*

The firſt Colonies of Sem *in the Eaſt.*

The ſecond.

With *Chiesel* Riuer, 'boue *Thacalistan*;
Gadel and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Balestan*.

The third. Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth stoar
Basinagar, *Nayard*, and eyther shoar
Of famous *Ganges*; *Aua*, *Toloman*,
The Kingdom *Mein*, the Musky *Charazan*;
And round about the Desart *Op*, where oft
By strange *Phantasmas* Passengers are scoft.

The fourth. Som ages after, linkt in diuers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Caichin, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the shoar
Of Quinz' and *Anie* lets them spread no more.

First Colonies of Iapheth *in the West.* From that first Centre to the West-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,
Seiz less *Armenia*; then, within *Cilicia*,
Possess the Ports of *Tharsis* and of *Issea*,
And the delicious strange *Corycian* Caue
(Which warbling sound of Cymballs seemes to haue)
Ionia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.

The second. Then passing *Sestos* Straights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Nest* they quaff; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodopé*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third diuided into many branches. On th'other side, *Thrace* subtle *Greece* beswarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Britanie*.
On th'other side, it spreads about *Moldauia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Morauia*,
With *Transyluania*, *Seruia* and *Panonia*,
The *Prussian* Plains, and ouer all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Vistula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Almaw*, drawing to the North.

First Colonies *of* Cham, *toward the South.* Now turn thee South-ward: see, see how *Chaldea*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phœnice*, and *Iudea*,
Chams cursed Ligne, which (ouer-fertill all)
Betweene two Seas doth into *Ægypt* fall;

Sowes

Sowes all *Cyrenia*, and the famous Coast
Whereon the roaring *Punik* Sea is tost:
Fez, Dara, Argier, Galate, Guzol, Aden,
Terminan, Tombus, Melle, Gago, Gogden:
The sparkling Desarts of sad *Libya*,
Zeczec, Benin, Borno, Cano, Nubia,
And scalding quick-sands of those thirsty Plains
Where IESVS name (yet) in som reuerence raigns;
Where *Prester Iohn* (though part he *Iudaïze*)
Doth in som sort devoutly *Christianize*.

Colonies of the North.

But would'st thou knowe, how that long Tract, that lies
Vnder Heav'ns starry Coach, couered with yce,
And round embraced in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but seldom warms)
Came peopled first? suppose, that passing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing silver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, Colchis, and *Bosphorian* strand:
And then from thence toward the bright *Leuant*,
That vast Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th' other side
Which (neer her fource) long *Volga* doth divide,
Moscony Coast, *Permia, Liuonia, Prussia*,
Biarmia, Scrifinia, White-Lake, Lappia, Russia.

How the New-found World (discouered in our Time) came peopled.
A double question.

But whence (say you) had that *New-World* his Guests,
Which *Spain* (like *Delos* floting on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknes of Obliuions Graue,
And it vndoing, it new Essence gaue?
If long agoe; how should it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Persian, Greeke*, no *Roman*;
Whose glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O're all the World, of this had never tyding?
If but of late; how swarm their Cities since
So full of Folk? how pass their Monuments
Th' *Ægyptian Spires, Mausolus* stately Toomb,
The Walls and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?

Why

Ans. Why! thinke ye (fond) thoſe people fell from Heav'n
All-ready-made; as in a Sommer Ev'n
After a ſwelting Day, ſom ſultry ſhowr
Doth in the Marſhes heaps of Tadpals pour,
Which in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)
Lie cruſht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or elſe, that ſetting certain ſlips, that fixt
Their ſlender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They ſaw the light of *Phœbus* lyuening face;
Having, for milk, moiſt deaws; for Cradle, graſs?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-ſtools, Turneps, Leeks, and Beets haue birth?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerſt did ſowe)
Were brauely born armed from top to toe?
That ſpacious Coaſt, now call'd *America*,
Was not ſo ſoon peopled as *Africa*;
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-louing Soil,
Which, *Ioue* did with his Lemans name en-ſtile)
And that which from cold *Boſphorus* doth ſpread
To pearl'd *Auroras* Saffron-coloured Bed.
Becauſe, they ly neerer the diapry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-ſwifter ſurges,
Whence our amaz'd firſt Grand-ſires faintly fled,
And like ſprung Partridge euery-where did ſpred;
Except that World, where vnder *Caſtiles* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
Th' infinit Treaſures, various Gouernments,
Showe that long ſince (although at ſundry times)
'T had Colonies (although from ſundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempeſtuous weather
Som broken Veſſels haue inforced thither;
Whether, ſom deſperat, dire extremity
Of Plague, War, Famin; or th' Authority
Of ſom braue *Typhis* (in aduenture toſt)
Brought weary Caruels on that *Indian* Coaſt.

Conieſtures touching the Peopling of the ſame

Who maketh doubt but yerſt the *Quinzay* Fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian Straights*,

And

And finde as easie and as short a way
From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As vsually the *Asian* Ships are wont
To pass to *Greece* a-cross the *Hellespont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*:
Through *Messine* stream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolm* and *Quinir*'s spacious Plains (wherein
Bunch-backed Calues, with Horse-like manes are seen,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azasia*,
Toua, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Cossia*,
Mecchi, *Auacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where Floods are froze).
On th' other side, *Xalisco* soyl they Mann
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cusule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a Citie-*Ile*).
Strange things there see they (that amaze them much)
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flashes belches vp.
Thence, reach they th' *Isthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,
With *Cassamalca*, *Cusco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laueth *Colle* about,
Whose Waues be salt within, and fresh without:
And streams of *Cinca*, that with vertue strange,
To hardest stone, soft Mud and Chalk do change.
Then seiz they *Chili*, where all day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the night doth sleep:
Chinca, the *Patagons*, and all the shoar
Where th' azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.
Left-ward, they spread them 'longst the *Darians* side;
Where through th' *Vrabian* Fields the *Huo* doth slide,
Neer *Zenu*'s stream, which toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets Eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount embost
With Emeralds doth shine; *Cumanean* Coast,

Wonders of the New-found World.

Where

Where noysom vapours (like a dusky night)
Bedimms their eys; and doth impair their sight:
Therefore som troops, from *Cumana* they carrie
To *Caripana*, *Omagu*, and *Pari*:
By *Maragnon*, all ouer fell *Brasile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.
Ghesse too, that *Grotland* yerst did *Picne* store,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;
As *Tombut*, *Melli*, *Gago* and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plains and shoars of *Corican*.

How it was possible that Noah *and his 3. Sonnes should so multiply.*

Yet (happely) thou'lt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition ay so bound-less is,
That steepest Hills it ouer-climbs with ease,
And runs (as dry-shod) through the deepest Seas:
And (maugre meagre Thirst) her Carvells Lands,
On *Afrik*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* sands;
But hardly credit'st, that one Family,
Out of foure couples should so multiply,
That *Asia*, *Europ*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-spring now too streight and small.

E. Answere.

If thou set light by th'everlasting Voyce,
Which now again re-blest the Loue-full choyce
Of sacred Wedlocks secret binding band;
Saying, *Increase*, Flourish and *Fill the Land*:
And if profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,

2

That *Seauenty Iews*, in *Ægypt* (in affliction)
Within foure-hundred yeers and half three-score,
Grew to fiue-hundred-thousand soules and more:
Consider yet, that being fed that while,

3

With holesom Fruits of an vn-forced soyl,
And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a sawcy Cook;
Waigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
With bloody swords when furious neighbours frown;
Nor worn with Trauail, nor infeebled
With hatefull Sloath: Our Grand-sires flourished
Hundreds of yeers in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Escuage:

And

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Do multiply; becauſe they ſeldom venter,
And but in ſeaſon, *Venus* liſts to enter.
And, the cold, reſting (vnder th' *Artick* Star)
Still Maſter of the Field in champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the Bodies-Towr:
Which there vnited, giues them much more powr.

The North hath exceedingly multiplied in people: the South not ſo.

From thence indeed *Hunns*, *Herules*, *Franks*, *Bulgarians*,
Circaſſyans, *Sweues*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*,
Dutch, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Alains*, *Oſtrogothes*,
Tigurins, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Viſigothes*,
Haue ſwarm'd (like Locuſts) round about this Ball,
And ſpoyl'd the faireſt Provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doo t' aſſemble
(In all) two Hoaſts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the One, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* rais'd, and ruined:
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd ſo;
That neuer ſince, could *Afrik* Army ſhowe.

Whence our Author taketh occaſion to enter into an excellent diſcourſe of Gods wondrous worke in the diuers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners, of ſo many Nations in the World.

O I ſee, how full of Wonders ſtrange is Nature:
Sith in each *Climat*, not alone in ſtature,
Strength, hair, and colour, that men differ duo,
But in their humours and their manners too.
Whether that, cuſtom into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range:
Or divers Lawes of divers Kingdoms, vary-vs:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, cary-vs.
The Northern-man is fair, the Southern foul;
That's white, this blacke; that ſmiles, and this doth ſcoul:
Th' one 's blythe and frolik, th' other dull and froward;
Th' one 's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:
Th' ones hair is harſh, big, curled, th' other's ſlender;
Th' one loueth Labour, th' other Books doth tender:
Th' one 's hot and moiſt, the other hot and dry;
Th' one's Voyce is hoarce, the other 's cleer and high:
Th' one 's plain and honeſt, th' other all deceipt;
Th' one 's rough and rude, the other handſom neat:
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every winde;
The other (conſtant) never changeth minde:

Th' on

Th'one's looſe and wanton, th'other continent;
Th'one thrift-leſs lauiſh, th'other prouident:
Th'one milde Companion; th'other, ſtern and ſtrange,
(Like a wilde Wolf) loues by himſelf to range:
Th'one's pleas'd with plainneſs, th'other pomp affects:
Th'one's born for Arms, the other Arts reſpects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Between theſe two, of eyther guiſe partake:
And ſuch haue ſtronger limbs, but weaker wit,
Then thoſe that neer *Nyles* fertill ſides do ſit;
And (oppoſit) more wit, and leſſer force
Then thoſe that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* ſhoars.
For, in the Cirque of th'Vniuerſall *City*;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on Dreams, deep Extaſies, and Traunces,
Who meaſures Heav'ns eternall-mouing Daunces,
Whoſe ſearching ſoule can hardly be ſuffic'd
With vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Prieſt.
The *Northern*-man, whoſe wit in's Fingers ſettles,
Who what him liſt can work in Wood and Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artizans is ſet.
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, grauely-wiſe, the room of Magiſtrate.
Th'one (to be brief) loues ſtudious *Theory*,
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.
Yet true it is, that ſince ſom later luſtres,
Minerua, *Themis*, *Hermes*, and his *Siſters*
Haue ſet, as well, their Schools in th'*Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Liſts, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.
Nay, ſee we not among our ſelues, that liue
Mingled almoſt (to whom the Lord doth giue
But a ſmall Turf of Earth to dwell vpon)
This wondrous ods in our condition?
We finde the *Alman*, in his fight couragious,
But ſalable; th'*Italian* too-outragious;
Suddain the *French*, impatient of delay;
The *Spaniard* ſlowe, but ſubtle to betray.

Notable differences betwixt the Nations of Europe.

Th'*Alman*,

Th' *Alman*, in Counsail cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politik:
Especially the French, German, Italian, & Spaniard.
Fine Feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares;
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman*, fares:
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and brave,
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave:
Th' *Italian* proud in tyre, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and vn-fit the *Dutch*:
The *French*-man braves his Fo, th' *Italian* cheers him,
The *Alman* spoyls, the *Spaniard* neuer bears-him:
The *French*-man sings, th' *Italian* seems to bleat:
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:
Spaniards like Iugglers Iett; th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox:
Dutch Loners, proud; th' *Italian* envious,
Frolik the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Causes why the Lord would haue Man-kinde so dispersed ouer all the World.
Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should ouer-spread th' Earths vniversall Face:
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes
Which seem peculiar to their Natiue Climes,
He might reueal his grace: and that Heav'ns Lights
Might well incline (but not constrain) our sprights:
That over all the World, his Saints, alwayes
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of Praise:
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay-resound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*:
And that the treasures which strange Soyls produce,
Might not seem worth-les, for the want of vse;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter
And vent their Wares about to euery Quarter.

The World compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell People of all conditions, continually traffiking together, & exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.
For, as in LONDON (*stuft with euery sort*)
Heer's the Kings Palace, there the Innes of Court:
Heer (to the Thames-ward all along the STRAND)
The Stately Houses of the Noblest stand:
Heer dwell rich Merchants; there Artificers;
Heer Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-Smiths, Iewellers:
There's a Church-yard fast nist with choise of Books;
Heer stand the Shambles, there the Rents of Cooks:

Hee

Heer wonn Vp-Holsters, Haberdashers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Taylours, Tourners:
Heer Shoo-makers; there Ioyners, Coopers, Coriers;
Heer Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters, Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS, *that of Diars:*
This Shop with Tapers, that with Womens Tyars:
For costly Toys, Silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Heer's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN:
And All's but an Exchange, *where (briefly) no-man*
Keeps ought, as priuate. Trade makes all things common.
So come our Sugars from *Canary* Iles:
From *Candy*, Currance, Muskadels, and Oyls:
From the *Moluques*, Spices: Balsamum
From *Egypt:* Odours from *Arabia* com:
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemms, and Iuorie:
From *Syria*, Mummie: black-red Ebonie,
From burning *Chus:* From *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Russia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: From *Spayn*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres, and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad, and Wine:
From *Holland*, Hops: Horse, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

Man, lord of the World: which for the commodity of his life contributes bountifully all manner of necessaries.

And, as sometimes that sumptuous *Persian Dame*
(Out of her Pride) accustomed to name
One Province for her Roab, her Rayl another,
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother,
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain,
This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train:
Even so may Man; For, what wilde Hill so steep?
What so waste Desart? what so dangerous Deep?
What Sea so wrackfull? or so barren shoar
In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,
But yields him Rent: and free from enuious Spight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

The same more especially dilated in the particulars.

Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glass
Of siluer Brooks in curled streams doth pass,

Serue vs for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affoords vs Sythe-work, yeerly twice or thrice:
The Plains for Corn: the ſwelling Downs for Sheep;
Small Hills for Vines: the Mountains ſtrangely-ſteep
(Thoſe Heav'n-climbe Ladders, Labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of winde, and Shops of ſulphury Thunder;
Where ſtormie Tempeſts haue their vgly birth;
Which thou miſ-call'ſt the blemiſh of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light
Made them of envie, or of overſight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forreſts, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildeſt Ships and Houſes fair,
To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Ayr)
Spew ſpacious Riuers, full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with freſh, ſweet, fertill miſts;
Driue gainfull Mills; and ſerue for Forts and Liſts
To ſtop the Furie of Warres waſte-full hand;
And ioyn to th'Sea, the middle of the Land.
The Wyldes and Deſarts, which ſo much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Paſtures, that do daily graze-thee
Millions of Beaſts for tillage, and (beſides)
Store thee with Fleſh, with Fleeces, and with Hides.
Yea, the vaſt Sea (which ſeems but onely good,
To drown the World; and couer with his Flood.
So many Countries, where we elſe might hope
For thrifty pains to reape a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in brynie Deeps,
To nouriſh thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plentious Victualler, whoſe prouiſions ſerue
Millions of Cities that elſe needs muſt ſtarue
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie,
Gaſping for thirſt vpon the ſand, a-drie):
'Tincreaſeth Trade, Iournies abbreuiates,
The flitting Clouds it ceaſe-les exhalates;
Which, cooling th'ayr, and guſhing down in rain,
Make *Ceres* Sons (in ſight) to mount a-main.

But, shall I still be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be still stern Neptunes *tossed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native smoak,
Deer Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks so fast, that I can rowe no more:
Help, help, (my Mates) make haste vnto the shoar.
O! we are lost; vnless som friendly banks
Quicklie receiue our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I see*
Wide-stretched out to saue and welcome me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age
To snowe my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage:*
That fel Bresile *my breath-les Corps should shrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my praise be prowd,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verse.*
Thou gav'st Cradle: thou wilt giue me Herse.
All-haile (deer ALBION) Europ's *Pearl of price,*
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringest-forth
Such Chivalry as dauntes th all the Earth
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where euer Titan *warms):*
Such Artizans as do wel-neer Eclipse
Fair Natures praise in peer-les Workmanships:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece *and* Rome
(At least) haue equall'd, if not ouer-com;
And shine among their (Modern) learned Fellows,
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows:
Or as Apollo *th'other* Planets *passes:*
Or as His Flowr excels the Medow-grasses.
Thy Riuers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do seem;
Ciuil in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Ayr, thy Soyl exceeding Fat,
Fenç't from the World *(as better-worth then That)*
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Bras)
Which neuer Stranger yet had power to pass;
Saue when the Heav'ns haue for thy haynous Sin,
By som of Thine, with false Keys *let them in.*

Heer (as it were) wearied with so long a voyage, from so broad & bottom-les an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Translator hoping kind entertainmēt, puts in for the Port of England: *whos happy praises he prosecutes at large; Concluding with a zealous Praier for preseruation of the* King *and prosperitie of his Kingdome.*

About thy borders (O Heav'n-blesſed ILE)
There neuer crawls the noyſom Crocodile;
Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, *basking in thy ſand,*
Meaſures an Acre of thy flowry Land;
The ſwift foot Tiger, *or fierce* Lioneſs
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy wilderneſs;
Nor rauening Wolues *worry thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for help vnto their help-les Dams;
Nor ſubtle Sea-Horſe, *with deceitfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.
What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *haue neuer rowl'd,*
Among their grauel, maſſie grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains ſpew no Silver-*ſtreams?*
Though every Hillock yield not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forreſts hang no Silken *Fleeces?*
Nor ſacred Incenſe, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the cluſters of thy colder Vines
Diſtill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muſcadines?
Yet are thy Woolls, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloth, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europes *Queen,*
Yea Empreſs of the World; *Yet not ſufficient*
To make thee thankfull to the Cauſe efficient
Of all thy Bleſſings: Who, beſides all this,
Hath (now nine Luſtres) lent thee greater Bliſs;
His bleſſed Word (*the witnes of his fauour*)
To guide thy Sons vnto his Son (*their* Sauer)
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours Countries neuer breathed ſcant.
And laſt, not leaſt (ſo far beyond the ſcope
Of Chriſtians *Fear, and* Anti-Chriſtians *Hope*)
When all, thy Fall *ſeem'd to Prognoſticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In rayſing STVARDS *to thy regal Throne,*
To Rule (*as* Dauid *and as* Salomon)
With Prudence, Proweſs, Iuſtice, and Sobrietie,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too-too happy! too-too fortunate!
Knew'ſt thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.

But

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THE COLVMNES.

THE IIII. PART OF THE II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Seth's *Pillars found:* Heber *instructs his Son*
In th' vse therof, and who them first begun;
Opens the One, and findes on seuerall Frames,
Foure liuely Statues *of foure louely Dames*
(The Mathematiks*) furnisht each apart,*
With Equipages of their seuerall Art:
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geómetrie:
New Obseruations in Astronomy:
Musiks *rare force:* Canaan (*the Cursed*) *cause*
Of Hebers *stop; and* BARTAS *wittie pause.*

Being about to treat of the Mathematicks, *our Poet heer implores th especiall assistance in handling so high and difficult a Subiect.*

IF euer (Lord) the purest of my Soule
In *sacred Rage* were rapt aboue the *Pole:*
If euer, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learned *France* admir'd:
Father of Light, Fountain of learned Art,
Now, now (or neuer) purge my purest part:
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance
My care-free Powrs in som celestiall Trance:
That (purg'd from Passion) thy Divine addres
May guide me through Heav'ns glistring Palaces;
Where (happily) my deer VRANIA's grace,
And her fair Sisters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Syrens* of the Sphears,
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)

So

So rauiſhed, I may at reſt contemple
The Starrie Arches of thy ſtately Temple:
Vnto this end, that as (at firſt) from thee
Our Grand-ſires learn'd Heav'ns Courſe and Qualitie;
Thou now mai'ſt prompt me ſom more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subiect doth belong.

The occaſion and ground of this Diſcourſe.

AFTER THAT Mens ſtrife-hatching, haut Ambition,
Had (as by lot) made this lowe Worlds partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which vpright did ſtand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean ſet,
Seeming great *Neptunes* ſurly pride to threat;
Whereon, a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorne bright,
To ſaue from Shipwrack thoſe that ſaile by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtately, nor ſo neat:
For, on the flowrie field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of ruſty Tyles, and Slat:
Whereas the Firſt was builded fair and ſtrong
Of Iaſper ſmooth, and Marble laſting long.

Phalecs *Queſtion.*

What Miracles! what monſtrous heaps! what Hills
Heav'd-vp my hand! what Types of antike Skills
In form-les Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father ſhowe
(For, th'Ages paſt I know full well you knowe):
Pray teach me, who did both theſe Works erect:
About what time; and then to what effect.

Hebers *anſwer.*

Old *Seth* (ſaith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerſt
(Who was the Scholler of his maker firſt)
Hauing attain'd to knowe the courſe and ſites,
Th'aſpect and greatnes of Heav'ns gliſtring Lights;
He taught his Children, whoſe induſtrious wit
Through diligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their flocks on flowrie ſhoars they kept
Of th' *Eaſtern* Floods, while others ſoundly ſlept
(Huſhing their cares in a Night-ſhortning nap,
Vpon *Obliuions* dull and ſenſe-leſs Lap)
They liuing luſty, thrice the age of Ravens,
Obſerv'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:

And on their Grand-sires firm and goodly ground
A sumptuous building they in time doe found.
But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught
That God would twice reduce this world to nought,
By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunninglie
This stately payr of *Pillars* which you see;
Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin,
A hundred learned Mysteries therein.

The opening of the Pillars.

This hauing said, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Where (*Phalec* following) soon perceive they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortal light.

Simile.

As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac't
By churlish Porters) is conuaigh'd at last
To the Kings Closet; rapt in deep amaze,
At th'end-les Riches, vp and down doth gaze:
So *Phalec* fares. O father (cries he out)
What shapes are these heer placed round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure rain-drops cannot more like distill?
What Tools are these? what divine secrets lie
Hidden within this learned Mysterie?

The liberall Sciences.

These foure (quoth *Heber*) Foure bright Virgins are,
Heau'ns Babes, and sisters, the most fair and rare,
That e're begot th'eternall Spirit (ex-pir'd
From double Spirit) or humane soule admir'd.

Arithmetike.

This first, that still her lips and fingers moues,
And vp and down so sundry-wayes remoues,
Her nimble Crouns; th'industrious Art it is
Which knowes to cast all Heau'ns bright Images,
All Winters hail, and all the gawdy flowrs
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
Shee's stately deckt in a most rich Attire:
All kinde of Coyns in glistering heapes ly by-her:
Vpon her sacred head Heav'n seems to drop
A richer showr then fell in *Danaes* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a Glass (to look)
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,

Wherein

Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,
To be safe-guarded from times greedy bit.
Mark heer what Figure stands for *One*, the right
Root of all Number; and of Infinite:
Loues happines, the praise of Harmonie,
Nurcerie of All, and end of *Polymnie*:
No Number, but more then a Number yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.
Now, note *Two*'s Character, *One*'s heir apparant,
As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent
Of Female Payrs. Heer now obserue the *Three*,
Th'eldest of Odds, Gods number properly;
Wherein, both Number, and no-number enter:
Heav'ns deerest Number, whose inclosed Center
Doth equally from both extreams extend:
The first that hath beginning, midst, and end.
The (*Cubes*-Base) *Foure*; a full and perfect summ,
Whose added parts iust vnto Ten doo com;
Number of Gods great Name, Seasons, Complexions,
Windes, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.
Th' Hermaphrodite *Fiue*, neuer multiply'd
By 't self, or Odd, but there is still descry'd
His proper face: for, three times *Fiue* arriue
Vnto Fifteen; *Fiue Fiues* to Twenty-*fiue*.
The perfect *Six*, whose iust proportions gather
To make his Whole, his members altogether:
For *Three*'s his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two* his *Third*;
And *One Two Three* make *Six*, in One conferd.
The Criticall and double-sexed *Seav'n*,
The Number of th'vnfixed Fires of Heav'n;
And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbaoth*;
Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth ioyntly both.
Th' *Eight*, double-square. The sacred note of *Nine*,
Which comprehends the *Muses* Triple-Trine.
The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers force combine:
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:
The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand* (solid corps)
Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantik* shoars

Her Numbers.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8. 9.
10.
100. 1000.

Can

Can ſumm the ſand, and all the drops diſtilling
From weeping *Auſter*, or the Ocean filling.
Addition. See: many *Summs*, heer written ſtreight and even
Each over other, are in one contriven:
Subtraction. See heer ſmall Numbers drawn from greater count:
Multiplication. Heer *Multipli'd* they infinitely mount:
And laſtly, ſee how (on the other ſide)
Diuiſion. One Summ in many doth it ſelf *Diuide*.
That ſallow-faç't, ſad, ſtooping *Nymph*, whoſe eye
Still on the ground is fixed ſtedfaſtly,
Geometry. Seeming to draw with point of ſiluer Wand
Som curious Circles in the ſlyding ſand;
Who weares a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,
Emboſt with Gold, trayled with ſilver Floods,
Bordered with greeneſt Trees, and Fringed fine
With richeſt azure of Seas ſtorm-full brine:
Whoſe dusky Buskins (old and tattered out)
Showe, ſhe hath trauail'd far and neer about
By North and South; it is *Geometrie*,
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetrie*,
The life of Inſtruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the World erect.
Her Inſtrumẽts and Figures. Heer's nothing heere, but *Rules, Squires, Compaſſes, Waights, Meaſures, Plummets, Figures, Balances.*
Lo, where the Workman with a ſteddy hand
Ingeniouſly a leuell *Line* hath drawn,
War-like *Triangles*, building-fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kindes of Forms of *Manie-Angles*
Straight, Broad, and *Sharp*: Now ſee on th'other ſide
Other, whoſe *Tracts* neuer directly ſlide,
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpentan*,
And that which moſt the learned do prefer,
The compleat *Circle*, from whoſe every place
The *Centre* ſtands in equi-diſtant ſpace.
See heer the *Solids, Cubes, Cylinders, Cones*,
Pyramides, Priſmes, Dodechedrons:
And there the *Sphear*, which (Worlds Type) comprehends
In't-ſelf it-ſelf; hauing nor midſt nor ends:

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Not by Sophiſtick ſubtle Arguments,
But euen by practice and experience:
Vn-diſputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World ſhall fill.

Her rare inuentions. Heer-by the Waters of the loweſt Fountains
Shall play the Millers, as the Windes on Mountains:
Mills. And grain ſo ground within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Heer-by, a Bullet ſpewd from Brazen breſt
Gunnes. In fiery fume againſt a Town diſtreſt,
With roaring powr ſhall paſh the Rocks in ſunder,
And with the noiſe euen drown the voice of Thunder.
Heer-by, the Wings of fauourable Windes
Ships. Shall bear from Weſtern to the Eaſtern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Thule*'s fartheſt Flood,
A Houſe (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While ſitting ſtill, the Pilot ſhall at eaſe
With a ſhort Leauer guide it through the Seas.
Printing. Heer-by, the PRINTER, in one day ſhall rid
More Books, then yerſt a thouſand Writers did.
The Crane. Heer-by, a Crane ſhall ſteed in building, more
Then hundred Porters buſie pains before:
The Staffe. The *Iacobs-ſtaff*, to meaſure heights, and Lands,
Shall far excell a thouſand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* euen;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
Dials and Clocks. A Wand, Sand, Water, ſmall Wheels turning ay,
In twice-twelue parts ſhall part the Night and Day.
Statues of Wood ſhall ſpeak: and fained Sphears
Sphears. Showe all the Wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men, raſhly mounting through the emptie Skie,
With wanton wings ſhall croſs the Seas wel-nigh:
And (doubt-leſs) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another world where (to his working minde)
To place at pleaſure and conuenience
His wondrous Engines and rare Inſtruments,
Euen (like a little God) in time he may
To ſom new place tranſport this World away.

Becauſe

Becauſe theſe Two our paſſage open ſet
To bright *Vrania*'s ſacred Cabinet,
Wherin ſhee keeps her ſumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Becauſe, to climbe ſtarrie *Parnaſſus* top
None can, vnleſs theſe Two doo help him vp
(For, whoſo wants either of theſe Two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'ns gliſtering Canapies):
The Caruer (heer) cloſe by *Geometry*
And *Numbring Art*, hath plac't *Aſtronomy*. *Aſtronomy.*

A ſiluer Creſcent wears ſhe for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows ſtately bent in milde-Maieſtik wiſe,
Beneath the ſame two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle wauing at her back,
With two bright Claſps buckled about her neck;
From her right ſhoulder ſloaping ouer-thwart-her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flouriſht with Beaſts of ſundry ſhapes, and each
With gliſtering Stars imboſt and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes ſhe wears
Of that proud Bird which ſtarry Rowells bears.

But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) ſeemes ſhe thus, *Her 2. Globes.*
With ſpreading arms, to reach and offer vs?
My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,
With croſſing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear; *1. The Terreſtriall.*
Wherein, the Earth (as the moſt vile and baſe,
And Lees of All) doth hold the loweſt place:
Whom prudent Nature girdeth ouer-thwart
With azure Zone: or rather, euery part
Couers with Water winding round about,
Saue heer and there ſome Angles peeping out:
For, th'Oceans liquid and ſad ſlyding Waues
Sinking in deepeſt of Earths hollow Caues,
Seek not (within her vaſt vnequall height)
The Centre of the wideneſs, but the weight.

There, ſhould be th'Ayr, the Fire, and wandring Seauen,
The Firmament, and the firſt-mouing Heav'n

(Beſides

(Beſides th'Empyreall Palace of the *Sainctes*)
Each ouer other, if they could be painted.
His 10 Circles. But th'Artiſt, faining, in the ſteed of theſe,
Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficies;
To guide vs to them by more eaſie Path,
In hollow Globe the ſame deſcribed hath.
1 'Mid th'ampleſt *Six*, whoſe croſſing difference
The Equi-noctiall. Diuides in two the Sphears Circumference,
Stands th' *Equinoctial*, equi-diſtant all
From thoſe two *Poles* which do ſupport this Ball.
Therefore each Star that vnderneath it ſlides,
A reſt-les, long, and weary Iourney rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more ſpeedy far
Then any other ſteady fixed Star
(Which wexeth ſlowe the more it doth aduaunce
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* driues his Load of Light
Vnder this *Line*, the Day and dusky Night
Tread equall ſteps: for, learned Natures hand
Then meaſures them a-like in every Land.
2 The next, which there beneath it ſloaply ſlides,
The Zodiak. And his fair Hindges from the World's diuides
Twice twelue Degrees; is call'd the *Zodiack*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' Yeers Reuolution: through new *Houſes* ranging,
To cauſe the *Seaſons* yeerly foure-fold changing.
3 Th'other, which (croſſing th'Vniuerſall Props,
The 1. Colure. And thoſe where *Titans* whirling Chariot ſloaps)
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Heer *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's ſtops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Becauſe his Teem doth ſeem to trot more tame
On theſe cut points: for heer he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but vp the Sphears ſteep ſide.
4 Th'other, which cuts this equi-diſtantly
The 2. Colure. With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wiſely)
5 The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*. This
The Meridian. Which neuer in one Point of Heav'n perſiſts;

But

But ſtill purſues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconſtant *Horizon* our ſhifting ſight. 6 The Horizon.
For the foure ſmall ones: heer the *Tropiks* turn, 7 and 8 The Tropiks.
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.
And neerer th'Hindges of the golden Sphear,
Heer's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there: 9 and 10 The South and North Circles.
Which *Circles* croſs not (as you ſee) at all
The Center-point of th'vniuerſall Ball;
But, parting th'Orb into vn-equall ells,
'Twixt th'*Equi-nox* and them, reſt *Parallels*.
The other Ball her left hand doth ſupport, The Celeſtiall Globes.
Is Heav'ns bright Globe: for, though that Art com ſhort
Of Nature far, heer may ingenious ſoules
Admire the ſtages of Star-ſeeled *Poles*.
O what delight it is in turning ſoft The diuers aſpects of the celeſtiall Bodies.
The bright Abbridgement of that Vpper Loft,
(To ſeem) to ſee Heav'ns glorious Hoſt to march
In gliſtring Troops about th' *Aethereal* Arch!
Where, one for Arms bears Bowe and Shafts: a Sword
A ſecond hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals: another in his Chariot rowles
On th'azure Braſs of th'ever-radiant Bowles:
This ſerues a-foot, that (as a Horſeman) rides:
This vp, that down; this back, that forward ſlides:
Their Order order-leſs, and Peace-full Braul
With-child's the World; fils Sea, and Earth, and All.
I neuer ſee their glaunces inter-iect Simile.
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aſpect,
Now milde, now moody: but, mee thinks I ſee
Som frollik Swains amid their dauncing glee;
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,
With Iigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Loue one ſmiles with wanton eye;
Where-at his Riuall frowns for Iealouſie.
But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th'All-Fair, who frames Queſtion.
Nought heer below, but 's full of Beauties flames;
Ingrav'n on th'Orbs of th'azure Cryſtalline
(Where Beauties ſelf, and Loue ſhould euer ſhine).

So

So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell:
Fellows, more fit for th'vgly Fiends in Hell.

Answere. Surely (saith *Heber*) God's all-prudent pleasure
Makes nothing Art-less, nor without iust measure:
And this the Worlds chief praise of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitly varies.

The reason of the names giuen to the 12. Signes of the Zodiak. Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'ns shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did vnto each, such Shape and Name deuise,
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

1. Aries. In form of *Ram* with golden Fleece, they put
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Yeers bounds doth 'butt;
Because the World (vnder his temp'rate heat
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus. Of *Bull* the next: because the husband-men
With yoaks of slowe-paç't smoking Bullocks then
Tear-vp their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbush their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.

3. Gemini. Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double growe,
Then Flowrs do flourish, and corn Fields do showe.

4. Cancer. The fourth a *Lobstars* name and frame they made,
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so neuer stinteth,
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

5. Leo. The fift a *Lion*: for, as Lions breath
Is burning hot; so likewise, vnderneath
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams
Seem sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo. The sixt a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,
Th'Earth loatheth then the Suns Loue-glances on her
T'inflame her loue: and (reclus'd as it were)
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra. *Balance* the seuenth: because it equall weighs
Nights louing-silence, and grief-guiding Daies;
And Heat and Cold: and in *Must*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-poiz'd in equipeizing them.

Scorpion the next: becauſe his percing ſting
Doth the firſt tydings of cold Winter bring. 8. Scorpio.
The ninth an *Archer* both in ſhape and Name,
Who day and night follows his faireſt game; 9. Sagitarius.
And his keen Arrows euery-where beſtowes
Headed with Yce, featherd with Sleet and Snowes.
The next a *Kid:* becauſe as Kids do clime
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time 10. Capricornus.
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again vp towards vs to clamber.
And then, becauſe Heav'n alwayes ſeems to weep
Vnder th'nſuing *Signes*; on th'Azure ſteep
Our Parents plac't a *Skinker*: and by him,
Two ſiluer *Fiſhes* in his floods to ſwim. 11. Aquarius. 12. Pisces.

A deeper and more curious reaſon of the ſame.

But if (my Son) this ſuperficiall gloze
Suffice thee not: then may we thus ſuppoſe,
That as before th'All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th'eternall Plot, th'*Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-mans ſpirit diuinely ly;
And, yer it was, the World was wondrouſly:
Th'Eternall *Trine-One*, ſpreading even the Tent
Of th'All enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks
Ther pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.
See heer the pattern of a ſiluer Brook
Which in and out on th'azure ſtage doth crook,
Heer th'Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crowe,
Heer ſwims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth rowe,
Heer bounds the Courſer, there the Kid doth skip,
Heer ſmoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Ayr,
But hath in Heav'n ſom like reſemblance fair.
Yea, euen our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;
And ſacred patterns, which to ſerue all Ages,
Th'Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample ſtages.

In heauen are patterns of all things that are in earth.

A third witty, pleasant, & elegant reaſō of the names aforeſaid.

Yea ſurely, durſt I (but why ſhould I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n ſo many ſlanders out,
Of profane Rapin and deteſted Rapes,
Of Murder, Inceſt, and all monſtrous Scapes,
Wher-with (heerafter) ſom bold-fabling *Greeks*
Shall foully ſtain Heav'ns Roſy-bluſhing cheeks?)
Heer could I ſhowe, that vnder euery *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd ſom Myſtery divine
Of 's *holy City*; where (as in a glaſs)
To ſee what ſhall heer-after com-to paſs:
As publik and autentik Rowles, fore-quoting
Confuſedly th' Euents moſt worthy noting,
In his deer *Church* (his Darling and Delight).

Plauſtrum. O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming brauely bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy ſwift Career
Rapt'ſt vp the *Thesbit*; thou do'ſt alwayes veer
About the *North-pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble ſpoaks in th' Ocean, neither ſtabling
Thy ſmoking Courſers vnder th' Earth, to bayt:

Boötes. The while *Eliſha* earneſtly doth wayt
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit
His Maſters Office, and his mighty Spirit;
That on the ſtarry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celeſtiall Teem.

Hercules. Cloſe by him, *Dauid* in his valiant Fiſt
Lyra. Holds a fierce *Lions* fiery flaming *Creſt*:
Corona *Borealis*. Heer ſhines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:
Vrſa *minor*. There th' vgly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)
Pleiades. *Seav'n* (ſhining) *Stars*: Lo, heer the whiſtling *Lance*,
Cuſpis. Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.

Pure Honours Honour, Prayſe of Chaſtity,
O fair *Suſanna*, I ſhould mourn for thee,
Andromeda. And moan thy teares, and with thy frends lament
Caſſiopeia. (With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull puniſhment,
Cepheus. Saue that ſo timely (through Heav'ns prouidence)
Yong *Daniel* ſaues thy wronged Innocence:
Perſeus. And by a dreadfull radiant ſplendor, ſpread
Caput *Meduſæ*. From Times-Child Truth (not from *Meduſa's* head)

Cor

Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-soons vpon
Their curſed heads there hayls a ſtorm of ſtone.
Alſo, as long as Heav'ns ſwift Orb ſhall veer,
A ſacred Trophee ſhall be ſhining heer
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idoll fell, Draco.
Which the ſame Prophet ſhall in *Babel* quel.
Wher-to more fit may *Pegaſus* compair, Pegaſus.
Than to thoſe Courſers; flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *leſs-Aſia*'s fury,
Vſurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Iury*?
Wher-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*?
That ſo well driues the Coach of *Iſrael*?
Wher-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*, Cygnus.
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom ſure to meet,
So neer his end ſings ſo exceeding ſweet?
Wher-to the *Fiſh* which ſhineth heer ſo bright,
But to that Fiſh, that cureth *Tobies* ſight? Piſcis *Borealis*.
Wher-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man, Delphinus.
Who dry-ſhod guides through Seas *Erythean*
Old *Iacobs* Fry: And *Iordans* liquid glaſs
Makes all his Hoaſt dry (without boat) to paſs?
And furthermore, God hath not onely graven
On the braſs Tables of ſwift-turning Heav'n
His ſacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame, Trigonos.
His *Thrice-One* Nature ſtamped on the ſame:
But alſo, vnder that ſtout *Serpent-Slayer*, Ophiucus.
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Croſs* abates
Th' eternall Hindges of th' infernall Gates: Aquila.
And, vnder that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Foul*,
The God of Gods deer Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Loue, which viſits earthly Climes
In plumy ſhape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and ſtarry back (in fine)
No leſs reſembles the milde ſimple *Doue*,
Than crook-bild *Eagle* that commands aboue.

What shall I say of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-six *Signs* so richly garnish heer?
Aries. Th' Years Vsher, doth the *Paschal* Lamb fore-tell:
Taurus. The *Bull*, the Calfe, which erring *Israel*
Sets vp in *Horeb*. These fair shining *Twins*,
Gemini. Those striving Brethren, *Isaacs* tender Sons:
Cancer. The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls
Backward from Vertue; and (fowl Swine-like) fals
In Vices mire: profanest old (at last)
In soule and body growne a-like vn-chaste.
Leo. The fift, that *Lion* which the Hair-strong Prince
Tears as a Kid, without Wars instruments.
Virgo. The sixt, that *Virgin*, euer-maiden Mother,
Bearing for vs, her Father, Spouse, and Brother.
Libra. The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,
So iustly weighs the *Iustice* of his Land.
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* stings
Scorpio. Th' Apostles hand, and yet no blemish brings;
For't is indifferent, whether we the same,
A spotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Sagittarius. The *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: The *Goat* (I ghess)
Capricornus. Is *Arons* Scape-Goat in the Wildernes.
Aquarius. The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Messias*:
Who in clear *Iordan* washeth clean the sin
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.
Pisces. These *Two* bright *Fishes*, those wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous blessing of his powrfull Word)
Feeds with fiue Loaves (vpon *Aspbaltis* shoar)
Abundantly fiue thousand Folk and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, and there
Let's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-sphear.
Orion. Ah! know'st thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Eridanus. Which shines so brightly by the burning *Steer*?
'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Iordan* leads,
His Army dry shod; and (triumphant) treads
Canis. On *Canaan Currs*, and on th' *Ammorrean Hare*,
Canicula. Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.
Lepus.

See th'ancient *Ship*, which, over windes and waues
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saues.
Lo, heer the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight — Hydra.
Cures in the Desart, those whom Serpents bite.
Heer th'happy *Rav'n*, that brings *Elias* cates; — Corvus.
Heer the rich *Cup*, where *Ioseph* meditates — Crater.
His graue Predictions: Heer that Heav'nly *Knight*, — Centaurus.
Who prest appearing armed all in white,
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *spear*
So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolf* doth tear, — Lupus.
That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long) — Ara.
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song
Of *Leuits* soundeth in his House again;
And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean* Race doth gain, — Corona *australis*.
To rule the *Iewes*. Lo, there the happy *Fish* — Piscis *australis*.
Which payes *Christs* Tribute (who our Ransom is):
And heer the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast, — Balæna.
The Prophet *Ionas* for three daies doth rest.
But while (my spoaks-man, or I rather his) — *A notable correction of the Poet vpon these last Discourses.*
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*,
Through path-less paths his wandring steps doth bring,
And boldly quauers on a Maiden string;
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he heer propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,
Or *Stöik Fate* (th'Almighties hands to chain):
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-com,
Erroneously a *Chaldee*-Wise becom.
No, no such thing; but to refresh again
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:
That hither-to having with patience past
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,
Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, and hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,
Wher-on the Heav'ns lauish their plentious treasure,
Where *Zephyre* puffs perfumes, and siluer Brooks
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.

Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can ſay
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous then our ſelues in things Diuine)
This curious *Art* ſhall Chriſtianly refine;
And giue to all theſe gliſtring *Figures* then,
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?

He proceedes to diſcouer the ſecrets of Aſtronomie.

But, ſeek we now for *Heber*, whoſe Diſcourſe
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* courſe:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrik*,
With *Apogé*, *Perigé*, and *Eccentrik*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedſter of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)
Saturn, and *Ioue*, three Sphears in one retain,
Smooth *Hermes* five, fair *Cynthia* two-times-twain.
For, the Diuine Wits, whence this Art doth flowe,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,
Confuſion, voyd; and rupture to remoue,
Which would be cauſed, through their wanderment,
In th'Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Haue (more then men) preſum'd to make, within
Th'Eternall Wheels where th'erring Tapers been,
Sundry ſmall Wheels, each within other cloſed,
Such equi-diſtance each-where inter-poſed,
That (though they kiſs) they cruſh not; but the baſe
Are vnder th'high, the high the lowe imbrace:

Simile.

Like as the Cheſt-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (laſt) with a ſoft ſlender skin,
That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny ſhel,
That ſhel in-cas't in a thick thiſtly fell.

The vſe of the Aſtrolabe.

Then taks he th'*Aſtrolabe*, wher-in the Sphear
Is flat reduced: he diſcouers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycantharats*,
With th'*Azimyths* and the *Almadarats*
(Pardon me Muſe, if ruder phraſe defile
This faireſt Table, and deface my ſtile
With Barbariſm: For in this Argument,
To ſpeak *Barbarian*, is moſt eloquent)

O

On th'other side, vnder a veering *Sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he spends som leasure
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,
A Fountains depth, the distance of a place,
A Countries compass, by Heav'ns ample face:
In what bright starry *Signe*, th'Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely *Planet* dai'ly billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Eleuation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an entire *Signe* must wear
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:
Poles eleuation: The *Meridian line*:
And diuers Hours of Day and night to finde.
These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,
And heedfully to euery Rule he harks:
Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:
And then presents it to his Noble seed,
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.
But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*,
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Iaue*, then *Guynney*; and (inclin'd to change)
Oft shifting House, through both the Worlds do range
(Both Worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctiall Line*):
So the perfection of this Art divine,
First vnder th'*Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Coms to the *Chaldes* by adoption:
Scorning anon, th'olde *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaues swift *Tigris*, and to *Nile* retires;
And, waxen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-less in affects,
It falls in loue with subtill *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands awhile it self commits;
But, in renowmed *Ptolomeus* Raign,
It doth re-visit the deer *Memphian* Plain:

Simile.

Astronomy, by whom, and how maintained.

Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabian* try;
From thence to *Rome*: From *Rome* to *Germany*.
O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Vpon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about whose Bed, for Guard,
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: You Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palaces*; you fair learned soules;
But for your Wrightings, the Starrs-Doctrine soon
Would sink in *Lethe* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and yeers, and dayes:
'Tis you that quoat for such as haunt the Seas
Their prosperous Dayes, and Dayes when Death ingraven
On th'angry Welkin, warns them keep their Haven:
'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to sowe:
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again;
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To conuoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shewe what season fitteth most
For euery purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eys must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an ey
Through all the Heav'nly Prouinces do fly:
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)
Posses the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you Demi-Gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turne and shake:
O diuine Spirits! for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam: but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Loue and Duty.
For, now I hear my *Phalec* humby crave
The fourth Mayds name: his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Obserue (my dearest Son)
Those cloud less brows, those checks vermilion,

The prayse of learned Astronomers, and the profite of their Doctrine.

Those

Thoſe pleaſing looks, thoſe eyes ſo ſmiling-ſweet,
That grace-full poſture, and thoſe pretty feet
Which ſeem ſtill Dancing: all thoſe Harps and Lutes,
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Plaç't round about her; proue in euery part
This is the noble, ſweet, Voice-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Meaſurer, the Guide of ſuppleſt fingers
On (liuing-dumb, dead-ſpeaking) Sinnew-ſingers:
Th'Accord of Diſcords: ſacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'rie Law, which did accompany
Th'Almighty-moſt, when firſt his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to reſt, and Heav'n to Dance.
For (as they ſay) for ſuper-Intendent there,
The ſupream Voice placed in euery Sphear
A *Syren* ſweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony
Inferiour things might learn beſt Melody,
And their rare Quier with th'Angels Quier accord
To ſing aloud the praiſes of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautifi'd
With gliſt'ring Tapers and all ſacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one ſelfly blaſt breath'd out
From panting bellowes, paſſeth all-about
Winde-Inſtruments; enters by th'vnder Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Maſter quavers,
Fils all the Bulk, and ſqueally the ſame
Mounts euery Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voice,
Flutes ſweeteſt ayr, and *Regals* ſhrilleſt noiſe:
Even ſo th'all-quickning ſpirit of God aboue
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth moue;
So that re-treading their eternall trace,
Th'one bears the Treble, th'other bears the Baſe.
But, brimmer far than in the Heav'ns, heer
All theſe ſweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* belowe,
Bear ay the *Baſe*; deep, hollow, ſad, and ſlowe:
Pale *Phleagm*, moiſt *Autumn*, *Water* moiſtly-cold,
The Plummet-like-ſmooth-ſliding *Tenor* hold:

The deſcription of Muſike.

The Heauens Harmony.

Simile.

A foure-folde Conſort in the humors, ſeaſons, and elements.

Hot-

Hot-humid *Blond*, the *Spring*, transparent *Air*,
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Sommer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,
Th'high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.

The power of Musike towards all things.

And that's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things
Are stoopt by *Musik*; as reteining springs
Of Number in them: and they feeble live
But by that Spirit which th'Heav'ns dance doth driue.

Towards Men.

Sweet *Musik* makes the sterne'st men-at-Arms
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules, and charms the frantik fits
Of Lunatiks that are bereft their wits:
It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth som proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents bane-full bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:

Towards Beasts, Birds, Flies, and Fishes.

The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th'Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing swarm
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brass doth charm.

Towards God himselfe.

O! what is it that *Musik* cannot doo!
Sith th'all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from the Empyreall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule:
With divine accents tuning rarely right
Vnto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright.
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most,
With wrathfull tempest arming all his Hoast;
When angry stretching his strong sinnewy arms,
With bended back he throwes down thundry storms;
Th'harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
The sulph'ry Plagues prep'r'd for sinfull Man.

Conclusion of the 2. Day of the 2. Week.

But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Olde *Musikes* vse and excellence haue told;

Curi

Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Iordans* fatall course)
Past by the *Pillars*, and brake his Discourse,
And mine with-all; for I must rest me heer:
My weary Iourny makes me faint well-neer:
Needs must I craue new ayd from High, and step
A little back, that I may farther leap.

The end of the Second Day of the Second Week.

ABRA-

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THE VOCATION.

THE I. PART OF THE

III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

ABRAM *from* Chaldè *is Diuinely* CALL'D:
How Blest *abroad: His (parted)* Nephew *Thrall'd*
(*In* Sodom's *ayd*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Rescu'd *by Him: Type of that bloudy* War:
Melchisedec *His* Hap *congratulates:*
Ismael *great; but* GOD *confederates*
With (promis'd) Isaak, *and his* (CHRIST-*kin*) *Seed*
Which shall in number euen the Stars exceed.
Lot *harbors* Angels; *sav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughter's* foul Desire.

VNtill *this Day (deer Muse)* on euery side
Within straight lists thou hast been boundisi'd,
end in a Path so narrow euery-where,
hou couldst not manage: onely heer and there
Reaching thine arms ouer the Rails that close
hy bounded *Race)* thou caught'st som fragrant Rose,
om luly-flowr, or som sweet Sops-in-Wine,
o make a Chaplet thy chaste brows to binde.
But now, behold th'art in the open Plain,
Vhere thou maist liuely (like the Horse of *Spain*,
hat having burst his halter and his holde- *Simile.*
lings through the field, where list him, vncontrol'd)
oruet, and turn, run, prance, aduance, and pride-thee,
s *sacred fury* of thy *Zeal* shall guide-thee.

Th'whole

Th' whole World is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may mowe
The faireſt Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth growe;
And, on the Sea of richeſt *Hiſtories*
Hulling at large, a hundreth Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Com huddling in, in heaps before thy view:
So that I fear, leſt (trayn'd with various ſent)
Thou be at fault in this vaſt Argument;
And leaſt the beſt choice in ſo bound-leſs Store,
Pain thee no leſs now, than did Want before.
But wotſt thou what, my *Muſe* (my deer delight,
Simile. My care, my comfort)? we will follow right
The modeſt hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely ſpoyl the flowry Spring,
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleaſant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters ſeeks
Such rareſt flowrs as beſt her fancy likes:
And heer a blew one, there a red ſhe pulls,
A yellow heer, and there a white ſhe culls,
Then binds them with her hair, and bleſſed over
With a chaſte kiſs, ſhe ſends them to her Lover:
Wee'l ouer-run the *Annalls* of all Ages,
And chooſing-out the chiefeſt Perſonages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story
Wee'l offer them on th' Altar of *Gods* glory.
For He (I hope) who, no leſs good then wiſe,
Firſt ſtirr'd vs vp to this great Enterpriſe,
And gaue vs heart to take the ſame in hand,
For Level, Compaſs, Rule, and Squire will ſtand;
Will change the Pebbels of our puddly thought,
To *Orient* Pearls, moſt bright and bravely wrought:
And will not ſuffer in this pretious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builders ey may blame:
Or, if he ſuffer ought, 't ſhall be ſom trace
But of that blindnes, common to our Race;
T' abate my glory, and to giue me proof
That (mortall) I build but with mortall ſtuff.

Dedication to the Kings Maieſtie.

IAMES, richeſt Iem of *Scots*, and *Scotland's* Praiſe,
Who, with the ſame hand that the Scepter ſwayes,
On Heav'n-faln paper in a golden ſtile,
Dooſt happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) vnder Others names
Sing'ſt in thy Childehood thine Owne future *Fames*:
To whom but thee ſhould I theſe Verſes vow?
Who through the World haſt made me famous now,
And with a liberall learned hand indew'd
My *Muſe* with luſtre of a *Royall Sute*;
Before, ſo ragged that ſhe bluſht wel-neer
That her chaſte Siſters ſhould ſo homely ſee-her
The ſcorn of Art, of *Helicon* the ſhame,
Vſurping (wrong) VRANIA's ſacred Name.
Through thee ſhe's *Heav'nly*. O wiſe, worthy Prince,
May'ſt thou ſurmount all thoſe in Excellence,
Which haue (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall ſpots)
That, firſt *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may enuy thy Praiſe;
And even the *Scott'ſh*, or (rather th' *Hebrew*) *Dauid*
(*Ieſſes* great ſon, ſo holily-behaved)
Give place to thy Renown, and therwithall
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroïcall,
And all his beſt (which doth thee beſt belong)
As he hath given thee his ſweet Harp and Song.
THOVGH profane ſervice of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the whole Earth vniverſally:
Though ſhame-leſs ſin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefeſt Seat,
Their ſtrength in *Shinaar*; and that City great,
Built on the ſlymy ſtrand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feaſts,
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* ſacred Ligne
(Where God his grace yet ſeemed to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Aſſyrian* aire,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire:

Simile.

Forgot

Forgot the true God: followed (rashly-rude)
The gross grand Error of the multitude:
Degeneriz'd, decay'd and withered quight:
Like som rare Fruit-Tree ouer-topt with spight
Of Bryers and Bushes which it sore oppress,
With the sowr shadow of their Thorny tress,
Till choakt withall, it dies as they do growe,
And beareth nought but Moss and Misseltoe.

The calling of Abraham.

But God, desirous (more for vs, then him)
In som one stock to saue *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Flood*
He sav'd the worlds seed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites
To men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprights,
Him gratiously to his own Seruice drawes;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair;
Earths fruitfull power, producing (goodly-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aier, so fresh and diuers-died;
Seas foaming Course, whose euer-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason:
But, by the motion of his Spirit, which seals
In our hearts Centre what his word reueals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnes, and aver-it
Vnder our Spirits that 'tis God's *Holy Spirit*.

The fruits of a true faith & the effect thereof.

The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
In idleness, but alwaies waakt and wrought,
And ever liuely, brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Loue, feruent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true Perseuerance;
Fruits that (like Load-stones) haue a vertue giuen
(Through *Faith*) to draw their Father-Tree to Heav'n,

And

And guide the ſoules to God (the ſpring of life)
Of's kinſ-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deer Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti's call,
Wend to the ſtrand where *Iordans* courſe doth craul,
Their own deer Country willingly forſake,
And (true-religious) leſs account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Than of an end-leſs, friend-leſs Baniſhment.
O ſacred ground of Vertue's ſole perfection!
O ſhield of Martyrs! Prophets ſure direction!
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's Reſtorer!
Tears-wiping tame-grief! Hopes guide, hunting horror,
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality!
O liuely FAITH! through thy admired quality,
How many wonders dooſt thou work at once,
When from Sin's ſlumbers thou haſt waakt vs once,
And made vs inly in our ſpirits conceiue
Beauties that neuer outward eyes perceiue!
Alas! ſaid *Abram*, muſt I needs forgoe
Theſe happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flowe?
Heer, firſt I drew this vitall ayr, and (pleas'd
With my births news) my Mothers throes I eas'd:
Heer, from her tender breſt (as ſoft as ſilk)
My tender gums ſuckt my firſt drop of milk:
Heer, with the pleaſure of mine infant-ſmile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Heer, my chaſte Siſters, Vncles, Aunts and Kin,
My pritty prattling haue delighted in:
Heer, many a time I wantonly haue clung,
And on my Fathers wrinkled neck haue hung:
Heer, I haue paſt my Lad-age fair and good;
Heer, firſt the ſoft Down on my chin did bud:
Heer, I haue learn'd Heav'ns Motions and the nature
And various force of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water:
Heer, I haue ſhow'n the nobleſt tokens forth
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:
Heer, I haue ſpent the beſt part of mine age:
Heer, I poſſeſs a plenticus Heritage:

Naturall conſiderations to haue ſtopped the Iourney of Abraham

Heer, I haue got me many friends and fame;
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And muſt I hence, and leaue this certain ſtate,
To roam vncertain (like a Runnagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That ruſh-down Mountains with their roring currents,
In dreadfull Deſarts, where Heav'ns hotteſt beam
Shall burn without; within vs, Thirſt extream:
And gloomy Forreſts full of ghaſtly fear
Of yelling Monſters that are dwelling there?
To ſeek a Country (God knowes where, and whither)
Whoſe vnknowen name hath yet ſcarce ſounded hither?
With ſtaff in hand, and wallet at our back
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guiſe our ſelues (like counterfaiting Ape)
To th' guiſe of Men that are but Men in ſhape?
T' haue (briefly) nothing properly our own
In all the World; no not our Grave-place knowen?
Is't poſſible I ſhould endure to ſee
The ſighs and tears my friends will ſhed for me;
O! can I thus my Native ſoyl forſake?
O! with what words ſhall I my farewell take?
Farewell *Chaldea*, deer delights a lieu:
Friends, Brothers, Siſters, farwell all of you,
Farwell for euer: Can I thus (alas!)
Rudely vnwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their deer arms that will me faſter holde
Than trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfolde;
Or then the Vine doth with her crawling ſpray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to ſtay?
Can I expoſe (with perill of my life)
Th'vn-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-ſparing luſt of that looſe Nation
That brutely burns in all abhomination?
Beſides, what rigour? nay, what paricide?
To hale from *Tygris* ſhoar to *Iordans* ſide
A weak olde-man, a man ſo weak and olde,
He ſcarſe can creep without our help and holde?

2 Comparisons.

Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* suffizeth me.
Who lodge with God can neuer House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palæstine*):
Where God pours down such floods of goods vpon them,
And bountiously bestows such blessings on them,
That their abundance shortly seems t'exceed
God's Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in coupling and in calving more,
Pyning her Master so long time before
With lingring hope) brings-forth with painfull groans,
But once in twelue yeers, but one Calf at once:
All 's white with their wool: all their Cattle proves,
Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.
Their Wealth so growes, that wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a ciuill Brawl.
But, least this Mischief by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might vnkindly run,
The graue-milde *Grand-sire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammon's* Father, to cut-off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes then Bodies in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep fore-sight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd, and parted; both go liue a-part:
The Vncle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowery Plain,
And euen to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, becam a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,

His resolution aboue al discourse of reason.

The great blessing of God on his obedience.

Simile.

Iarre begun betweene his Seruants, and the Seruants of Lot.

Abram & Lot *to shun contention, part company.*

Lot *dwels at* Sodom.

The plentious Paſtures, and the purling Springs
Whoſe fibrous ſiluer thouſand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Iordan*, watering ſo the ſoil
(Like Gods own Garden) doth thy ſenſe beguile,
Blindeth thy iudgement, makes thee (miſerable)
To ſeat thee with a People execrable,
Whoſe War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To ſprings of tears ſhall turn thy tender eyes.

The battaile of Siddim fought by the king of Elam, with his confederates, againſt the Kings of Sodom and Gommorrha with theirs.

Elam's proud King, great *Chedor-laomer*,
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,
The Soveraign of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war againſt the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeboim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, ſubiect to him for twelue years before,
Rebelled now, and caſt the yoak they bore.
Both Camps approach, their bloudy rage doth riſe,
And euen the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heat inflames their minds with ire,
Their bloud is moov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (ſeeming to march too ſlowe)
Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;
And euen already in their geſture fight:
Th' iron-footed courſers, luſty, freſh, and light,
Marying their Maſters cauſe and courage both,
Snowe all the field with a white foming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hoaſts march forward furiouſly,
The Plain between ſoon ſhrinketh equally:
Firſt in the ayr begins a fight of duſt,
Then on the Earth both Armies brauely iouſt.
Braue yet it was: for ye one might behold
Bright ſwords and ſhields, and plumed helms of gold
Vn-goard with bloud; no Caſk had loſt his head,
No Horſe his load, no ſcattered Corps lay dead.

Comparison.

But, on our Corn-fields towards harveſt-time
(For puniſhment of ſom ingratefull crime)

Th' in-

Th' incenſed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thick doth ſlippery Ice-pearls fling,
Than heer the arrows ſhowr on every ſide:
An iron Cloud Heav'ns angry face doth hide
From Souldiers ſight; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall vpon horſe or men:
Ther's not a ſhaft but hath a man for White,
Nor ſtone but lightly in warm bloud doth light:
Or, if that any fail their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themſelues they enter-ſplit:
The wounds com all from Heav'n: the braveſt hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not ſee:
Without an aim the Dart-man darts his ſpear,
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.
As two ſtout Rams, both Ieloux-phrenſie-ſick, *Simile.*
Afront two flocks, ſpurr'd on with anger's prick,
Ruſh-on each other with tempeſtuous ſhock,
And butting boiſterous, horns and heads do knock:
So theſe two Armies enterchanged blowes,
And doubling ſteps and ſtrokes vpon their Foes,
Firſt fleſh their Lances, and their Pikes imbrew,
Then with their ſwords about them keenly heaw,
Then ſtab with daggers; ſtanding brauely too-'t,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;
So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pearce
Anothers Shield, and ſends him to his Herſe.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered braue)
Oft on their Foes (vn-plumed) creſts do waue.
Of all their ſtroaks ſcarce any ſtroak is vain;
Yet ſtand they firm, and ſtill the fight maintain:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs, no neyther ſhrink a-ſide,
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's as frank.
But, too-too-tyred, ſom at laſt diſ-rank:
Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints, redoubled ay,
And ſo pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they diſcern;
But knowing none, to all are ſtrangely ſtern.

The *Paleſtine* fights vnder *Elams* Standard,
The *Shinarite* with *Sodoms* Enſignes wander'd:
Simile. Euen as two ſwarms of buſie Buzzers mounting
Amid the ayr, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another coms,
Another turns; a clowd of Moatlings hums
Aboue our heads, who with their cipres wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which, a hundred times a minute
Doth loſe a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

A martial braue of an olde Captain againſt the effeminate ſoftnes and delicacie of Carpet Knights.

But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all ſenting Musk and Amber
(Whoſe chief delight is to be ouer-com)
Vn-danted hearts that dare to Over-com?
In Woman-Men a manly Conſtancy?
In wanton Arms vn-wearied Valiancy?
No, no, (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:
No (filthy *Sodom*) 't is not heer the game
To play with Males, in ſpight of Natures name:
No (*Zeböim*) heer are no Looking-Glaſſes
For *Para-Nymphs* to gaze their painted faces:
To ſtarch Muſtachoes, and to prank in print,
And curl the Lock (with *fauours* brayded in 't):
No (*Adamah*) we ſpend not heer the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting, and Play:
Nor laſtly (*Zoar*) is it heer the guiſe
Of ſilken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Miſtreſs-Prize*)
With Reed-like Lance, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize vnder a Tented ſhade,
As at your Tourneys. Therfore to your Mew:
Lay-down your weapons, heer 's no Work for you.
'Tis heer the Faſhion (and the pride of Wars)
To paint the face with ſweat, duſt, blood, and ſcars:
Our Glaſs is heer a bright and gliſtring ſhield:
Our Satten, ſteel: the Muſick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar:
Death tilteth heer: The Miſtreſs we adore,

Is

Is Victory (true Soveraign of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
Dead carcasses perfume our dainty Nose:
Our Banquets heer, be Banquets for the Crowes:
Fly therefore (Cowards) fly and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)
Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,
Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in such sort,
That 't seems a suddaine Whirl-winde doth transport
Their fainting Troups. Som (best-aduised) fly
To tops of Mountains, that do neighbour by; *Defeature of the Sodomites.*
Som through the Plain: but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art:
This throwes away his shield, and that his dart;
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes, and Lances,
Are no defence, but rather hinderances:
They with their hearts, haue also lost their sight,
And recking less a glorious end, in Fight,
Than thousand base deaths, desperatly they ran
Into the flood that fats rich *Canaan*.
Then, *Iordan* armes him gainst these infidels,
With rapid course, and like a sea he swels;
Lakes vnder ground into his channel range,
And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs do change:
He fumes, he foams, and swiftly whirling round,
Seems in his rage, these bitter words to sound:
Die (Villains) die: O more than infamous
Foul Monsters, drench your damned soules in vs.
Sa, sa, my Floods: with your cold moisture quench
The lust-full flame of their self-burning stench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong,
Which they haue done our Mother *Nature* long.
The River swiftly whirling-in the slaues,
Aboue with Bowes, beneath with Bodies paues:
The gaudy Plume, yet floting light and soft,
Keeps for awhile, the hollow helm aloft;

But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,
Down to the bottom sink among the rest,
Striving and struggling (topsi-turuy tost)
While fain they would, but cannot yield the ghost;
Because the flood (vnwilling to defile
His purest waues with spirits so foul and vile)
Re-spews them still into themselues, and there
Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last
To the main Sea, or his own shoar doth cast.

Their own Ambush serues against themselues.

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,
Among the Clay-pits which themselues before
(T'intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered or'e,
Ran thither-ward: but their confused flight,
In their owne ambush made their owne to light:
Wherein they lost the flowr of all their rest,
Sooner of death, then of deaths fear possest.
One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart
Which (from behinde) nigh pearst him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did growe,
Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Vp to the waste in water: where he feels
A three-fold Fate: for there (O strange!) he found
Three deaths in one; at once *slain, hangd*, and *drownd*.
Another, weening ore a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-less foot doth slip,
And in he falls: but instantly (past hope)
He catcheth holde vpon a dangling rope,
And so at length with shifting hands gets-vp
By little and little to the fountains top.
Which *Thaduel* spying, to him straight he hies,
And thus alowd vnto the wretch he cries;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoak of *Elam* off to shake?
Is this your Skirmish? and are these your blowes,
Wher-with t'incounter so courageous Foes?

Sir,

Sir, leaue your ladder; this ſhall ſerue as well,
This ſword ſhall be your ladder down to Hell:
Go pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute heer deni'd vnto your owne:
Heer-with he drawes his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blowe heaws both his arms off clean;
His trickling hands held faſt, down fell his Trunk,
His blood did ſwim, his body quickly ſunk.
Another (roughly puſhed by the Foe)
Falls headlong down into a Bog belowe:
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels vp-ward like a tree he ſtood;
Still to and fro, wauing his legs and arms, *Simile.*
As Trees are wont to waue in windy ſtorms.
Another heer (on horſ-back) poſting ouer
A broad, deep clay-pit that green boughs do couer,
Sinks inſtantly; and in his ſuddain Fate
Seems the braue Horſe doubly vnfortunate:
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen ſcales of his bright Brigandin)
His Maſters bowels, ſerues (alas!) for Tomb
To him that yerſt ſo many times did comb
His criſpy Creſt, and him ſo frankly fed
In's hollow Shield with oats and beans, and bread:
Even ſo ſomtimes, the louing Vine and Elm *Simile.*
(With double domage) ioyntly ouer-whelm;
Shee wails the wrack of her deer Husbands glade;
He moans his Spouſes feeble arms and ſhade:
But moſt it grieues him with his Trunk to cruſh
The precious Cluſters of her pleaſing Buſh;
And preſs to death vnkindly with his waight
Her that for loue embraceth him ſo ſtraight.
Yet *Lot* alone (with a ſmall troup aſſiſted)
The Martiall brunt with Manly breaſt reſiſted, Lots *valour.*
And thirſting Fame, ſtands firmly looking for
The furious hoſte of *Chedorlaomor*:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops
Of tender Saplings with their ſlender tops,

Is fell'd almoſt as ſoon as vnder-taken
By Multitudes of Peaſants Winter-ſhaken:
Lot's little Number ſo environ'd round,
Hemm'd with ſo many ſwords, is ſoon hew'n down.

His vndanted reſolution.

Then left alone, yet ſtill all one he fares;
And the more danger, ſtill the more he dares:

Simile.

Like a ſtrange Maſtif fiercely ſet vpon
By mongrell Currs, in number ten to one:
Who tyr'd with running (growen more cunning) gets
Into ſom corner, where vpright he ſets
Vpon his ſtern, and ſternly to his Foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he ſhowes,
And ſnarls, and ſnaps; and this and that doth bite,
And ſtoutly ſtill maintains th'vnequall fight
With equall fury, till (diſdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.
Ariach, admiring, and (euen) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doo;
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:
Ceaſe (valiant youth) ceaſe, ceaſe t'incounter vs.
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor ſoule) expoſe
And hazard thus thy life and Fame to loſe,
In ſuch a Quarrell, for the cauſe of ſuch?
Alas, I pitty thy misfortune much.
For, well I ſee, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but moſt) thy courage (yet ſo yong)
Showe that in SODOM's wanton walls accurſt
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurſt.
O chief of Chiualry, reſerue thy worth
For better wars: yield thee: and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy prows; and, by my ſword,
For thouſand kingdoms will not falſe my word.

Lot taken priſoner.

Paſt hope of Conqueſt (as paſt fear of death)
LOT yields him then vpon the Princes Faith;
And, from his Camel quick-diſmounting, hies
His Royall hand to kiſs in humble wiſe:
And th'Army, laden with the richeſt ſpoyl,
Triumphantly to th'Eaſtward marcht the whiſe.

No

Abraham *with his family of* 300. *goes to rescue* Lot.

No sooner noyse of these sad novels cam
Vnto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But instantly he arms to rescue LOT,
And that rich prey the heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred servants of his house he brings
(But lightly arm'd with staues and darts, and slings
Aided by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)
So at the heels he hunts the fearless Foe,
Yet waits aduantage yer he offer blowe)
Favour'd by streightness of the ways they took,
And couer'd close with nights deceitfull cloak.

A liuely description of Sleep, *with his Cel, Seruants, furniture & company.*

In *Groon-land* fields is found a dungeon,
A thousand-fold more dark than *Acheron*,
It hath no door, lest as it turns about
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* serues for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Vsher that doth never wear
Stif-rustling silks, nor ratling chamlet sutes,
Nor gingling spurs, nor creaking spanish boots;
But, that he make no noyse (when ere he sturs)
His high-day sutes are of the softest Furs,
At other times (less-stately-service-ful)
Hee's only clad in cotton, shod in wool:
His left fore-finger ore his lips he locks;
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,
The rushing streams, and roaring *Eölus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:
Sleep silver *Torrents*; cease, sweet *Chante-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* heer:
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your natiue nest;
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.

In midst of all this Caue so dark and deep,
On a still-rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting alowd, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:
Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzy brother,
Who readily knowes not her self, nor other:

Then

Then ſolitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And naſty *Sloath* ſelf-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irreſolute, vnhandſom, comfortleſs,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth preſs
The yellow *Night-ſhade*, and blew *Gladiols* iuice,
Wher-with her ſleep-ſwoln heauy lids ſhe glewes.
Confuſedly about the ſilent Bed
Fantaſtick ſwarms of *Dreams* there houered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Som ſacred, ſom profane; ſom falſe, ſom true;
Som ſhort, ſom long; ſom diueliſh, ſom diuine;
Som ſad, ſom glad; but monſtrous all (in fine):
Simile. They make no noyſe, but right reſemble may
Th'vnnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at ſom Cranny) with his piercing ey
He peepeth-in, ſom darker place to ſpy.
Thither th'Almighty (with a iuſt intent
To plague thoſe tyrants pride) his Angel ſent.
No ſooner entred, but the radiant ſhine
Of's gliſtring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon makes the dark Houſe of Night.
The gawdy ſwarm of *Dreams* is put to flight,
And opening wide the ſable Canapey
The winged Herald ſummon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence diſlodg'd at the firſt word he ſpake:
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not ſo ſoon awake.
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd, and touz'd,
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he ſtirs, and ſtretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening half an ey,
Foure or fiue times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbowe, hears This Meſſage don.
Great Spirits-reſtorer, Cares-charm, Chacing-grief,
Night-ſhort'ning Sier, Man's-Reſt, and Mind's Relief,
Vp, vp (ſaid he) diſpatch thee hence in poſte,
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoſte
Of thoſe prowd Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in diſ-aray.

Th'Angel,

Th' Angell, in th' inſtant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep ſlowely harneſt his dull Bears anon;
And in a noyſ-leſs Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowſineſs*, and *Night*:
Th' ayr thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,
The Woolf in Woods lies down, th' Oxe in the Mead,
Th' Orque vnder Water; and on Beds of Down
Men ſtretch their limbs, and lay them ſoftly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender ſpring
Of ſweeteſt Haw-thorn, hangs her drowſie wing,
The Swallow's ſilent, and the lowdeſt *Humber*,
Leaning vpon the Earth, now ſeems to ſlunber:
Th' Yew mooues no more, the Aſpe doth ceaſe to ſhake,
Pines bow their heads, ſeeming ſom reſt to take.
So ſoon as *Sleep*'s black wings had ouer-ſpread
The Pagan Hoaſt; the Souldiers haſte to bed:
For, inſtantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons ſink:
Their words half-ſpoke, are loſt between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep*'s charming humor ſlips,
Which to a deep and death-like *Letharge* brings
Both Heathen Souldiers, and their Heathen Kings.

Abram perceyuing now the Army neer,
By their own Fires; gan thus his Troups to cheer:
Souldiers (ſaid he) behold, this happy Night
Shall make amends for that diſ-aſtrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom*'s ſhame, and *Lot*'s captivity:
Me thinks already, *Victory* (adorn'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns) return'd,
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant ſpears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich than theirs:
Me thinks already on our gliſtering Creſts,
The glorious Garland of the Conqueſt reſts;
Our way to Vertue lyes ſo ſmooth and plain,
With pain-leſs Honour, and vn-vent'red Gain.
This Hoaſt you ſee, is not the valiant Troup
That ſtript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* ſtoop;

Abrams oration to his little Troops.

That

That *Iordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foul heard of Swine wallowing in myre:
Regard them as they are, not as they were:
See but their sloath, doe not their number fear:
He that 's asleep is dead, and he that 's dead
Bites not (they say): what haue we then to dread?
Why stay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare,
Their liues ly prostrat heer at our command;
And Fortune calls but for your helping hand.
Com, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hoasts*
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly powr, and brings mens plots to nought:
Com (happy Troop) follow with one accord
Th'invincible braue Standard of the Lord.
This sayd: eft-soons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face:
Simile. For as in March, the Serpent, having cast
His olde foul skin, crawls from his hole full fast,
Hisses, and stings, and stares vs in the face,
And (gold-like) glistering, glides along the grass:
So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part,
His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall Fury in his breast there boyls,
His stature seems much taller then yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies,
A louely Lightning sparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant Port and gracefull voice
Confirms the faintest, makes the sad reioyce.
Then, on the Camp he sets, where round about
Abraham sets vpon the Campe of Chedorlaomer. Lie mingled Carrs, and Horse, and Men that rout:
Rest seizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The fire it self slept in his ashy bed.
Th'*Hebrews* the-while laid-on on back, or breast,
Or arm, or side, according as their Rest
To th' ground had bound them; and those liues bereft
The which Death's Image in an Image reft.

Heer

Heer, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghoſt, and Wine;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confuſed,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accuſed.
Another, taken by inchanting ſleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons quaffing deep,
Doth at a wound, given in his rattling gorge,
The Wine again in his own Cup diſ-gorge.
Another while, ingeniouſly he plays
Vpon his Lute ſom paſſing-pleaſing Lays,
Sleep ſieles his eyes vp with a gloomy clowd;
And yet his hand ſtill quauers light and lowd:
But, at the laſt it ſinks; and, offring fair
To ſtrike the Baſe, ſtrikes but the empty ayr:
His ſoule, deſcending to th' Infernall Coaſts,
Goes to conclude his Song vnto the Ghoſts:
Dolefull it was, nor for the Argument
(For 't was of *Loue*) but for the ſad event.
Another, wak'ned with thoſe lowd alarms,
Starts-vp, and groapeth round about for arms;
Which, ah too ſoon he findeth, for his part:
For a keen poignard ſtabs him to the heart.
Like as a Tigreſs, hauing with the gore
Of Bulls and Heifers made her ſpots the more, *Simile.*
And pav'd a Plain with Creatures mangled lims,
Views on each ſide her valiant ſtratagems,
Treads on the vanquiſht, and is prowdly-ſad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw ſhe had:
So th' *Hebrew* ſtalking round-about the ſlain,
Braues (but it boots not) and would very fain
That thoſe dead bodies might their ghoſts re-gather,
Or that thoſe Mountains would produce him (rather)
Som Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In blood-drown'd Valleis might his valour try.
Amor's three ſons did no leſs ſlaughter make;
Abram for zeale, they but for Furies ſake:
This, nayls a Souldier with his ſword to th' ground;
That, at a blowe, th' heads of two Heads diſ-crown'd.

This,

This, vnderneath a Chariot kils the driuer:
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.
The Tents already all in blood do swim,
Gushing from sundry Corps, from seuerall lim.
In brief, so many ravening Woolves they seem,
Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen,
Who softly stealing to som fold of sheep
(While both the Shepheard and his Curr doth sleep)
Furbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Vpon the best, to eate and bear-away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquished awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors vnder-take;
Putting the three prowd *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had bin routed quite.
Sleep, sleep (poor *Pagans*) sith you needs must die,
Go sleep again, and so die easily,
Die yer you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gasp-out your soules; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horrour too
Of th' Execution, that our swords shall doo,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer Death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword
(A swift in doing, as in saying so)
More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,
Comparison. Than ever Storm-full cloud, which fed with Water's
Thin moist-full fumes (the snowy Mountains daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd flouds of rain,
On slender stems of the new tender Grain:
Through blood, and blades, through danger, dust, and death,
Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverseth;
And partly in the shock, part with his blowes,
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,
And by his travail topli-turneth then
The liue and dead, and half-dead horse and men:
His bright-keen Fauchin neuer threats, but hits;
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it splits

Som

Some privy poſtern, whence to Hel (in Poſt)
Some groaning Pagan may gaſp out his ghoſt:
He all aſſayls, and him ſo braue beſtowes,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths than blowes.
As the North-winde, re-cleering-vp the front
Of clowdy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The ſhowrs that *Auſters* ſpungy thirſt exhales
Out of thoſe ſeas that circle *Orans* walls:
So wher-ſo-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his gliſtring Shield
(Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight,
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be ſo ſtrangely-ſtout
As not to faint, but brauely yet holde out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot ſtop
The victory, but haſte his own miſhap.
But in what Fence-ſchoole, of what maſter, ſay,
Braue pearl of Souldiers, learnd thy hands to play
So at ſo ſundry weapons, ſuch paſſados,
Such thruſts, ſuch foyns, ſtramazos, and ſtoccados?
Even of that mightie God, whoſe ſacred might
Made Heav'n and Earth (and them ſo braue bedight)
Of meerly nothing: of that God of Powr
Who ſwore to be thy Target and thy Towr:
Of that high God, who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even ſteely bowes to break,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;
But daunts the prowd, and doth their courage tame.
Thy ſword abates th'armed, the ſtrong, the ſtout;
Thou cleav'ſt, thou kill'ſt: The faint diſ-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy prowd dreadfull port confounds with wonder:
Death and Deſpair, Horror and Fury fight
Vnder thine Enſignes in the diſmall Night:
Thou ſlayeſt this, and that thou threat'ſt as much:
This thou purſu'ſt, that thou diſdaign'ſt to touch:

Simile.

Elamites *ouer-throwen by* Abraham.

God giueth victory.

Abraham *follows the execution.*

In brief (thou bleſt Knight braue) thou queld'ſt at once
Valiant and vile, arm'd and vnarmed ones.
Heer, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagans head doth ſlyce:
Down on each ſhoulder looketh either half,
To gaze vpon his ghaſtly *Epitaph*,
In lines of blood writ round about him fair,
Vnder the curtain of his parted hair.
Heer, through a Ierkin (more then Musket-proof)
Made twelue-fold double of Eaſt-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly ſhaft doth thrill
A Gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel:
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers:
And th'Ethnick ſoule flies both-waies out togethers:
Heer thou do'ſt cleaue, with thy keen Fauchins force,
The Bards and Breaſt-plate of a furious Horſe,
No ſooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his Fortune in a bloody track:
Thy barbed dart, heer at a *Chaldee* flies,
And in an inſtant Iardeth both his thighes,
While he blaſpheming his hard ſtarrs and ſtate,
Hops (like a Pie) in ſtead of wonted gate.

Lot reſcued, reuengeth brauely his captiuity.

Now LOT (the while) eſcap't from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burthen of his yron bands;
With iuſt reuenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet growe ſwift, his ſinnews waxen ſtrong,
His heart reviues; and his reviued heart
Supplies new ſpirits to all and euery part.

Simile.

And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of ſom great Stable, ſtaring ſcuds about,
Shakes his prowd head and creſt, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayr, beats on the humble fields,
His flying ſhadow now purſues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as faſt again,
Again beholds it, with ſelf-proud delight
Looks on his legs, ſets his ſtiff tayl vpright,
And neighs ſo lowd to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyſe the neighbour Hils reſound:

So

So, one while LOT, sets on a Troup of Horse,
A Band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he pusheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A Wing of Archers off anon he strikes,
Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,
Where som, to shun Death's (never shunned) stroak,
Had clambred-vp; at length a path he spies,
Where vp he mounts, and doth their Mount surprize:
Whence, stones he heaues, so heavy and so huge,
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;
Vnder whose waight his flying Foes he dashes:
And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he pashes:
Somtimes he shoots, somtimes he shakes a Pike
Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.
Som in the breast he wounds, some in the backs,
Som on the hanch, som on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all; and maketh where he stood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.
At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place. *The Pagans wholly put to flight.*
Then both sides ran; these chased, those do chase:
These onely vse their heels, those heels and hands:
Those wish but a fair way; these that the sands
Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell
Themselues that fled, and them that chaç't so fell:
These render nought but blowes, those nought but blood,
Both sides haue broak their Ranks: pel-mel they scud;
Choakt-vp with dust, disordered, dis-aray'd;
Neither, Command, Threat, nor Intreat obay'd.
Thou that (late) bragdst, that thy White *Wormly* braue
Could dry-foot run vpon the liquid Waue,
And on the sand leaving no print behinde
Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a steel Dart, by ABRAH'M stifly sent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle slent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tygris* silver source,
Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,
Are caught by LOT, and (thrild from side to side)
Loosest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.

It seems no Fight, but (rather as befalls)
An execution of sad criminals:
Who so escapes the sword, escapes not so
His sad destruction; or, if any tho
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)
To rue the fatall ruine of the rest:
For th'Vncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they haue chaç't them clean:
Simile. Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue
A flight of Pidgeons through the welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To saue their lyues) they hardly can recover.

The Kings of Canaan receiued Abraham and his company with great ioy and the grateful offer of their homage vnto him.

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcom *Abram*, and refresh his Troop;
To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they stoop:
O valiant Victor! for thy high deserts,
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeal: or, if ought more
(As well thou maist) thou doest expect therfore,
Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our golde,
Our wiues, our lyues, and what we deerest holde:
Take all we haue; for all we haue is thine:
No wrong to vs, to take thy Valours Fine.

Melchisedech *blesseth* Abraham.

Melchisedec, Gods *sacred Minister*,
And King of *Salem*, coms to greet him there,
Blessing his bliss, and thus with zealous cry
Devoutly pearc't Heav'ns starfull Canopey.
Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And Rules the Actions of all Humane-kinde
With full command; and with one blast of winde
Razes the Rocks, and Rends the proudest Hills,
Dries-vp the Ocean, and the Empty fils:
Blest be the great God of great *Abraham*:
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every Place vnto him Altars build,
And euery Altar with his Praise be fill'd,

And

And every Praise above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels sing:
Blessed be He that by an Arm-less crew
Of Art-less Shepheards did so quick subdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* so;
And to the servants of an exil'd Foe
Hath given the Riches and the royall store
(Both of their Booty and their Owne before)
Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see
Sol's early riling from *Aurora's* knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for Prey,
He put-on arms, divides the Spoils away:
The *Tythe's* the *Priests*: the Rest of all the things
(Yerst lost in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion He participates
To th' *Amorites*, his stout Confederates:
Shewing himself e a Prince as politicke
Prudent and iust, as stout and Souldier-like,
That with his Prowess Policy can mel,
And Conquering, can vse his Conquest wel,
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That scorning Riches, true Renown doth seek.

Abraham distributes the booty, reserving only a portion for the Amorites that were his confederates.

So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-source*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* crystall course,
Rings his renown: Of him is all the speech,
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds;
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the seat of IOVE do scorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do spurn.

He is famous far and neere.

Voice, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise together,
He's held a Prophet or an Angel rather,
They say that God talks with him face to face,
Hoasts at his house, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-simple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tygris* strand.

God appears vnto him, and maketh covenant with him.

And it is certain, the *Thrice-sacred-One*,
The King of Kings, by Dream or Vision,
Speaks with him oft; and calls him thus by name:
Faint not my servant, fear not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fained lip
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,
Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath,
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death:
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native VR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought thee hither, I haue blest thee heer,
I with thy flocks haue covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hills; I haue preserv'd thy Wife
From Strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affrai'd
To tell the Truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:
'Tis I, that haue so oft from Heathens powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conquerour)
Now made thee Triumph over th'Eastern Kings.
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in briefe) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Gard abroad.
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That, to the World thou di'st, to liue to Me)

Circumcision instituted.

Go, *Circumcise* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,
Lead holy Life, walke in my Waies divine
With vpright-foot: so shall my favour haunt
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land

Canaan promised to Abraham.

Which *Canaans* Children haue with mighty hand
So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it selfe) all kinde of Fruit and Corn,
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-Horn:
I'le heap thee there with Honor, Wealth, and Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.
O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In shours of Gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,

What

What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I haue enough, for one
That hath no iſſue after to inherit,
But my good ſeruant ELEAZAR's merit.
Not ſo, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)
Miſtake not ſo my bountifull intent;
I'll not diſparage to a Servants Fee
The rich eſtate, and royall Dignitie
That in my People ſhall heerafter ſhine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a ſtock of thine,
Thine owne deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy ſtate ſucceed.
Yea, thine owne Son's immortal-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the treaſures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with ſodain Ioy,
Made anſwer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
And ſhall his Seed ſucceed ſo eminent?
Ah! let me die then: then I die content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when firſt his Mother (flying
Thy ielous SARA's curſt and threatfull crying)
To the dry Deſarts ſandy horror hi'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extream Thirſt due-timely to refreſh,
Conducting them vnto a Fountaine freſh,
In liquid Cryſtall of whoſe Mayden ſpowt
Bird neuer dipt hir bill, nor Beaſt his ſnowt:
And if I err not (but, I cannot err:
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?
What can the ſight of the Sight-maker dim)?
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Wher-in he ſhall (in ſeaſon) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He ſhall growe Great, yet ſhall his reſt be ſmall;
All ſhall make war on him, and He on all:

Ismaels mightinesse.

Through Corslets, Rivets, Iacks, and Shirts of Mail,
His shaft shall thril the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit:
A Sparrows head he shall (even flying) split:
And in the air shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimblenesse.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) onely for thy sake,
Twelue mighty Princes will I shortly make
Spring from his Loigns, whose fruitfull seed shall sway,
Even vnto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th'outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that vnder Heavens Frame,
I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM;

Isaac promised.

I'll open SARA's dry and barren womb,
From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shall com,
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support the *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com from thy Tent, com forth and heer contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,
Number the Stars, measure their bigness bright,
With fixed ey gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly mark their ordered Courses, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heaven:
Then mai'st thou also number thine own Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their Publike-State
Draw an *Idea* in thine owne conceit.
This, This is He, to and with whom I grant

In him the Covenant ratified.

Th'eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.
Which if he truly keep, vpon his Race
I'll pour an Ocean of my plentious Grace:
I'll not alone giue him the Fields heer seen,
But even from *India*, all that flowreth green
To th'vtmost Ocean's vtmost sand and shelf;
I'll give him Heav'n, I'll giue him even my Selfe.

Hence,

Hence, hence, the *High and mighty Prince* ſhall ſpring,
Sin's, Death's, and Hell's eternall taming King,
The ſacred Founder of Man's ſoveraign Bliſs,
World's peace, world's ranſom, and world's righteouſneſs.
Th'Eternal ſeem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th'olde-man to follow him with a greedy eie:
The ſuddain diſ-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to Powder fired on a boord,
When ſmokingly it mounts in ſuddain flaſh,
With little flame, giving a little claſh.
Plenty and Pleaſure had o're-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the moſt ruth-leſs Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rareſt ſhape,
Th'Adulterous kiſs (which Wedlocks bands vnbindes)
Th'Inceſtuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes
(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Siſter Brother,
Th'Vncle the Niece, and even the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather ſcorn'd, as ſports they car'd not for.
Forbear (deer Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or elſe ſtop your ear,
At th'obſcene ſound of th'vnbeſeeming words
Which to my *Muſe* this odious place affords:
Or, if it's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Puniſhments.
Theſe beaſtly Men (rather theſe man-like Beaſts)
Could not be fill'd with VENVS vulgar Feaſts;
Fair Nature could not furniſh their Deſire;
Som monſtrous meſs theſe Monſters did require:
An execrable flame in flam'd their harts,
Prodigiouſly they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Luſts in fruitleſs Venery.
Therefore, to purge Vlcers ſo peſtilent,
Two heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* ſent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates,
To take his Lodging and to taſte his Cates.

Of his ligne ſhall come Chriſt the Redeemer.

Proſperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abhominations.

Their moſt execrable ſin.

2. Angels ſent down, received and gueſted by Lot.

For,

Of the nature and essence of Angels.

For, Angels, being meer Intelligences,
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no senses:
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy One*)
To treat with vs, they put our Nature on;
And take a body fit to exercise
The Charge they haue, which runs, and feeds, and flies;
Dures during their Commission; and, that past,
Turns t'Elements whence it was first amass't.
A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Vnto a bodie doth not so vnite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a season it accommodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)
Yet in such sort that th'instrument (we see)
Holds much of him that moves it actively.
But alwaies in som place are Angels: though
Not as all filling (God alone is so,
The spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore):
Nor as environ'd (that alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next substance; and whose superfice
Vnto their place proportionable is):
But rather, as sole selfly-limited,
And ioyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd,
But by the touch of their liue efficace,
Containing Bodies which they seem t'embrace:
So, visibly those bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with vs; but not for sustentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.
Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAHAM feasted in his Tents,
When, seeing three, he did adore but one,
Which, comming down from the celestiall Throne,
Fore-told the sad and sodain Tragedy,
Of these loose Cities, for their Luxury.

You

Exhortation to Hospitality.

You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar
Against the colde, faint, hungry Passenger,
You little thinke that all our life and Age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth whoso hath never given
Harbour to Strangers, shall haue none in Heaven,
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held;
Where Angels bright and Soules that haue exceld,
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamie*,
Carowsing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might haue a Wolf or Boar:
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with interest;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least.
For, alms (like levain) make our goods to rise,
And God his owne with blessings plentifies.

The lust-full Sodomites, inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, mutiny against Lot *for harboring them.*

O Hosts, what knowe you, whether (charitable)
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,
You guest Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who supped them: and when the time grew meet
To go to bed, he heard amid the street
A wrangling iangling, and a Murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through Nights solitude.
For, those that first these two bright Stars survai'd,
Wilde Stalion-like, after their beauties naigh'd;
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,
Shame-less and sense-less vp and down they rav'd,
From House to House knocking at every dore,
And beastly-brute, thus, thus they rail and rore;
Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,
This Stranger Lot, our pleasures to depriue?
(O Cowardise!) to suffer in our sights
An exile heer t'vsurp our choise delights,
T'embrace a brace of Youths so beautious
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heaven to vs)?

Shall

Shall it be ſaid that ſuch an olde colde ſtock
Such rare yong Minions in his bed ſhould mock:
While wretched wee, vnto our ſelves make mone,
And (Widow-like) wear-out our ſheets alone?
Let's rather break his doors, and make him knowe,
Such dainty morſels hang not for his Mowe.

Simile. *Even as at* Bathe, *down from the neighbour Hills,*
After a Snowe, the melting Cryſtall trills
Into the Avon *(when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips thoſe ſteep Mountains of their ſhirts ſo white)
Through hundred Valleis guſhing Brooks and Torrents,
Striving for ſwiftnes in their ſundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never reſt till all doe meet in one:
So, at their cry, from every corner throng
Vnto LOT's houſe, Men, Children, old, and young.
For, common was this execrable ſin:
With blear-ey'd Age, as nuſled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of luſt; with Infancy,
Example-led: all through Impunity.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the dore,
Com, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With vs the pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

Lot ſpeaks them faire, & intreats them earneſtly for the ſafety of his gueſts. LOT lowely then replies: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature's Rules, and Rights of Hoſpitality,
By ſacred Laws, and leſſons of Morality,
By all reſpects of our com-Burgeſhip
(Which ſhould our mindes in mutuall kindeneſs keep)
I do adiure you all, that you refrain
The honor of my harm-leſs gueſts to ſtain;
Nor in your hearts to harbor ſuch a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.

Their inſolent reply. Baſe buſie Stranger, com'ſt thou hither, thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to vs?
No (*Puritan*) thou ſhalt not heer do ſo:
Therefore diſpatch and let thy darlings go;

Let-

Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With vs the Pleaſures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this ſin; their ſtubborn rage,
His ſacred promiſe given his Gueſts for gage,
Th'olde *Hebrew*'s minde ſo trouble and diſmay,
That wel he wots not what to do nor ſay.
For, though we ought not (if Gods Word be true)
Do any evill that good may enſue:
To ſhun one ill, another ill he ſuffers,
He proſtitutes his Iſſue; and he offers,
Lambs to the guard of Wolues: and thus he cries,
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)
I haue two daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the firſt-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuſe my chaſte Gueſts with ſuch villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;
A Sin ſo odious, that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think vpon.

He offers them his owne daughters to reſcue his Gueſts.

Tuſh: we are glutted with all granted loves,
And common Pleaſures nought our pleaſure moves:
LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Conſiſt not in the pleaſure, but th'enormity,
Which fools abhor: and, ſaying ſo, they ruſh,
Som vpon LOT, Som at his Gates do puſh.

Their monſtrous impudencie.

O curſed City! where the aged Sier,
Vn-able thus to do, doth thus deſier;
And Younglings, yet ſcarce weaned from their Nurſe,
Strive with their Elders whether ſhall be worſe;
Full is the meaſure of thy monſtrous ſin:
Thy Canker now o're all thy bulk hath been.
God hates all ſin: but, extream Impudence
Is even a greater ſin than the Offence:
The ſweet kinde Kiſſes of chaſte Man and Wife
Although they ſeem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't
In their ſweet fruits (their iſſue choicely-chaſte)

Impudencie in ſinning, doubles the guilt of ſin.

With

With Law's large priviledge; yet euermore
(As Modeſty and Honeſty implore)
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden
Vnto the ſight) with Night's black curtin hidden.
Yet, theſe foul Monſters, in the open ſtreet
Where altogether all the Town might ſee't,
Moſt impudent, dare perpetrate a ſin
Which Hell it ſelfe before had neuer ſeen;
A ſin ſo odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damned in the darkſom Pit.
Before their fearfull deſtruction, the Angels bring Lot *and his family ſafe out of the City.*
But now, the Angels, their celeſtiall kinde
Vn-able longer to conceal, ſtrook blinde
Thoſe beaſtly Letchers, and brought ſafe away
Lot and his houſhold by the break of day.
But, ô prodigious! never roſe the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter ſhin'd vpon
All other places (for he roſe betimes
To ſee ſuch Execution on ſuch Crimes):
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders,
It roares, it rains (ô moſt vnwonted wonders!)
Vpon this Land, which 'gainſt th'Omnipotent
Had warr'd ſo long with ſins ſo inſolent:
And 'gainſt the pride of thoſe deteſted livers,
Heav'n ſeems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.
From *Acheron*, even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monſters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their diſmal terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confuſed Horrors;
All on the guilty ſtrand of *Iordan* ſtorm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* ſwarm,
Simile. As thick as Crowes in hungry ſhoals do light
On new-ſowen lands; where ſtalking bold vpright,
As black as Iet they iet about, and feed
On Wheat, Or Rye, or other kinde of ſeed;
Kaaking ſo loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whiſtling Goad-man's guiding language hear.
The manner of their puniſhment It rain'd indeed; but not ſuch fertile rain
As makes the Corn in Sommer ſprout amain;

And

And all things, freshed with a pleasant air,
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hel,
A rain of Salt, of Fire and Brimston, fel.
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulness,
Which serv'd for fewel to their Wantonness:
Fire punisheth their beastly Fire within:
And Brimstone's stink the stench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)
Their Punishment was also exquisite:
Heer, open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires
Of Brick nor Stone, nor Columns, Gates, nor Arches,
Nor Bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-Marches.
In vain the-while the People weep and cry,
To see their wrack and know no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do split,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spit:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;
Half-burned houses fal with hideous fray,
And VVLCAN makes Mid-night as bright as Day:
Heaven flings down nought but flashing Thunder-shot;
Th' Air's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot
Are spewing ÆTNA's that to Heaven aspire;
All th' Elements (in briefe) are turn'd to fire.
Heer, one perceiuing the next Chamber burning,
With suddain leap towards the window turning,
Thinks to cry *Fire:* but instantly the smoke
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voice do choke.
Another, sooner feels then sees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:
Th'abhorred Bed is burnt, and they, aswell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.

by fire & brimstone from Heaven, and the reason thereof.

The same most liuely represented.

Another.

Another yet on tops of Houſes crawls:
But his foot ſlips, and down at laſt he falls.
Another ſeeling all his cloathes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yer it ſhould come nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
Simile. To boyl and bubble like a ſeething Pan,
Or like a Chaldron that top-full of Oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death ſom cunning counterfait
That with falſe ſtamp ſom Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, ſeeing the Citie all in Cinders,
Himſelfe for ſafety to the fields he renders;
But flakes of Fire from Heav'n diſtilling thick,
There th'horror of a thouſand Deaths do ſtrike.
Through *Adamah*'s and *Gomor*'s goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a ſoule remains:
Horſe, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Maſters ſake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Puniſhment,
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Braſs,
With ſuch an Ink as nothing can deface:
The molten Marble of theſe cindred Hills,
Aſphaltis Lake, and theſe poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,
How God deteſteth ſuch deteſted rage.
O chaſtiſement moſt dradly-wonderfull!
Th'Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad ſtanding Pool
O're-flowes (yet flowes not) whoſe infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth diſ-fertileth:
A Lake, whoſe back, whoſe belly, and whoſe ſhoar,
Nor Bark, nor Fiſh, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleaſant Soyl that did (even) ſhame yer-while
The plentious beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now ſcarr'd, and collowed, with his face and head
Cover'd with aſhes, is all dri'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Vpon whoſe breſt nothing can live or thrive:

For

For, nought it bears save an abortiue ſuit
Of ſeeming-fair, falſe, vain, and fained fruit,
A fruit that feeds the ey, and fills the hand,
But to the ſtomach in no ſteed doth ſtand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips
Or Ivory teeth, in empty ſmoak it ſlips,
So vaniſhing: onely, the noſe receiues
A noyſom ſauour, that (behinde) it leaues.

Exhortation to Trauailers that haue ſeene, & to others that ſhall reade or heare theſe fearefull monuments of Gods ſeuere Iuſtice, to make right vſe of this fearefull Example.

Heer, I adiure you, vent'rous Trauailours,
That viſit th' horror of theſe curſed ſhoars,
And taſte the venom of theſe ſtinking ſtreams,
And touch the vain fruit of theſe withered ſtems:
And alſo you that do behoulde them thus
In theſe ſad Verſes pourtray'd heer by vs,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To ſhowr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring vpright on your affrighted head
Heave-vp your Hats; and, in your diſmall dread,
To think, you hear like Sulph'ry Storms to ſtrike
On our new Monſters for Offences like.

For, the Almightie's drad all-daunting arm,
Not only ſtrikes ſuch as with *Sodom* ſwarm
In theſe foul Sins; but ſuch as ſigh or pity
Sodoms deſtruction, or ſo damn'd a City,
And cannot conſtant with dry eyes obſerve
God's iudgements iuſt on ſuch as ſuch deſerve.

Lots wife metamorphozed.

Lot hies to Segor: but his wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wails (O lamentable terror!
O impious Piety! O kind-cruell error!)
The dire deſtruction of the ſmoking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (which ſhould haue been) ſhe pities,
Grieves ſo to leave her goods, and ſhe laments
To loſe her Iewels and habilliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels Words preciſe)
Towards the Town ſhe turns her wofull eyes.
But inſtantly, turn'd to a whitely ſtone,
Her feet (alas!) faſt to the ground be growne;

The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:
Simile. As silly Bird caught in a subtil gin,
Set by som Shepheard neer the Copses side,
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.
Simile. And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs euery day the ranker,
And never rests, vntill from foot to head
O're all the Body his fell poyson spread:
This Ice creeps-vp, and ceaseth not to num,
Till even the marrow hard as bones becom,
The brain be like the scul, and bloud convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the air
The Windes no more can waue her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A pretious Salt-Mine, supernaturall,
Such, as (but Salt) I wot not what to call;
A Salt, which (seeming to befall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson given,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which seav'n-times seal'd, vnder nine Locks do lie.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn in to Pearls fro'rn on her twinkling hairs:
Fain would she speak, but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-cross,
Though dumb, declare both why, and how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her sudden *Change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flattering verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to som)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.
Mans pronenesse to fall, without the support of Gods gracious fauour. Almighty Father! Gracious God and Iust!
O! what hard-heartednes, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man: if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from vs thy preventing grace:

And

And, if provoked for our past offences,
Thou give vs vp to our Concupiscences?
O *Harran's* Nieces, you (LOT's daughters) saw
SODOM consumed in that Sulphury flaw:
Their Hills and Forrests calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields sowen with a burning brine,
Their stately houses like a coal-pit smoaking,
The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for stinking smother
The Labourers could hardly knowe each other;
Their flowring Valley to a Fen exchang'd,
And your owne Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) these famous Mouuments
Of the iust rigour of God's Punishments
Cannot deterr you: but even *Sodom*-like
Incestuously a holy-man you seek;
Even your owne Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will:
Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)
Even of that seed which did your selues beget:
Within your wombs you bear for nine months time
Th'vpbraiding burden of your shame-lesse Crime,
And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quight,
You both becom even in one very Night,
Wives to your Fathers, Sisters to your Sons.
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All vnder colour, that thus living sole,
Sequestred thus in an vnhaunted hole,
Heav'ns envy should all ADAM's race have reft,
And LOT alone should in the World be left.
Had 't not been better, never to haue bred,
Than t' have conceived in so foul a bed?
Had 't not been better never t'haue been Mothers,
Than by your Father, to have born your Brothers?
Had 't not been better to the death to hate,
Then thus t'haue lov'd him, that you both begate?
Him, so much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of these Rocks God could immediatly

Lot drawen by his Daughters, in drunkennesse to comimit Incest with both of the.

Haue rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or, striking but
Th'Earths soild bosom with his brazen foot,
Out of the dust haue reared suddain swarms
Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms.

FINIS.



THE

THE FATHERS.

A PART OF THE II. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The famous FATHER *of the Faithfull, heer*
Limn'd to the life, in ſtrife of Faith *and* Fear:
His Sonn's *ſweet nature, and his nurture ſuch,*
Endeer his TRIAL *with a neerer Touch:*
REASON's *beſt* Reaſons *are by* FAITH *refell'd;*
With GOD, *th'* Affection *for the* Action *held:*
So, counter-manding His command *(atchiev'd)*
The Sire's *approued, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Heer (had *our Author* liv'd, to end his Works)
Should haue enſu'd the other PATRIARCHS.

O! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born:
To be brought-vp vnder the watchfull eyn
Of milde-ſharp Maſters awfull Diſcipline:
Chiefly, to be (even from the very firſt)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurſt.
Such hap had *Iſaac:* but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, and Iudgement ſage,
Our-ſtripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wiſely waits all on his Fathers word;

Whose steady steps so duly he obserues,
That every look, him for a lesson serues:
And every gesture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His Fathers hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,
Sober and wise, well knowing what is meet;
Though his deer Son sometimes he seem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide;
For, evermore his loue-betraying ey
On 's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly:
Sweet *Isaac*'s face seems as his Glasse it were,
And *Isaac*'s name is musick in his ear.
But God, perceiuing this deep-settled Loue,
Thence takes occasion *Abrams* Faith to proue;
And tempteth him: But not as doth the Diuell
His Vassals tempt (or Man his Mate) to euill:
Satan still draws vs to Death's dismall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath:
Ay Satan ayms our constant Faith to foyl;
But God doth seal it, neuer to recoyl:
Satan suggesteth ill; God moues to grace:
The Diuell seeks our Baptisme to deface;
But God, to make our burning *Zeal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Ierusalem*.

Simile.

A Prince that means effectuall proof to make
Of som Man's Faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doo,
His Words and Deeds, and euery gesture too;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.
But God ne'r seeks by Tryall of Temptation,
To sound Man's heart and secret cogitation
(For well he knowes Man, and his ey doth see
All thoughts of men, yer they conceiued be):
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through temptation he his Saints doth sift,

To

To leaue for pattern to his Churches ſeed,
Their ſtedfaſt Faith, and never-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of ſeaſon God doth never try
His new-conuerted Children, by and by:
Such novices, would quickly faint and ſhrink:
Such ill-rigg'd Ships, would even in lanching ſink:
Their Faith's light bloſſoms, would with very blaſt
Be blown away, and bear no fruit at laſt:
Againſt ſo boiſtrous ſtroaks they want a ſhield:
Vnder ſuch weight, their feeble ſtrength would yield.
But when his Words deer ſeed that he hath ſowen
Within their hearts, is rooted well, and growen:
And when they haue a broad thick Breaſt-plate on,
High peril-proof againſt affliction:
Such as our *Abram*: Who, now waxen ſtrong,
Through exerciſe of many trials long,
Of faith of loue, of fortitude, and right:
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* Impriſonment,
His Wifes twice taking, *Iſmaels* baniſhment,
Being made invincible for all aſſaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,
Which ſceptreth Shepheards, and vn-crowneth Kings.
Giue me a voyce, now, O voyce all divine! *Imitation.*
With ſacred fire inflame this breaſt of mine:
Ah! raviſh me, make all this Vniverſe
Admire thine *Abram* pourtrayd in my Verſe.
Mine *Abram*, ſaid the Lord, deer *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am*:
Hie ſtraight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine own Son *Iſaac*; on that ſacred Hill
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the ſame
In Sacrifice vnto the rage-full Flame.
As he, that ſlumbering on his carefull Bed, *Simile.*
Seems to diſcerne ſom Fancy full of dread,
Shrinks down himſelf, and fearfull hides his face,
And ſcant draws breath in half an howrs ſpace:

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And ſhall my faith, my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what ſaiſt thou, *Abram?* pawſe thou muſt.
He that revives the *Phœnix* from her duſt,
And from dead Silk-worm's Toombs (their ſhining Clews)
A living bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the only ſtock
Of his chaſte Spouſe (his Church and choſen flock)?
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the onely Light
Of all the World, for Vertues luſtre bright?
Or, can he not (if 't pleaſe him) euen in death
Reſtore him life, and re-inſpire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringeſt for defence,
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou ſhak'ſt his Iuſtice. This is certain (too)
God can do all, ſaue that he will not doo.
He loues none ill: for, when the wreakfull Waues
Were all return'd into their wonted Caues;
When all the Meads, and euery fruitfull Plain,
Began (with ioy) to ſee the Sun again;
So ſoon as *Noah* (with a gladſom heart)
Forth of his floating Priſon did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Then Murder, doth his *Maieſty* abhor.
But (ſhallow man) ſound not the vaſt Abyſs
Of God's deep Iudgements, where no ground there is:
Be ſober-wiſe: ſo, bound thy frail deſire:
And, what thou canſt not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (iuſt and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himſelf, but vs:
He frees himſelf; and flies with his Powrs wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Muſt he needs do it, 'cauſe 'twas good before:
But good is good, becauſe it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure Righteouſneſs:
From him, whoſe goodneſs nothing can expreſs.

Ah,

Ah, profane thoughts! O wretch! and think'ſt thou then
That God delights to drink the blood of men?
That he intends by ſuch a ſtrange impietie
To plant his ſeruice? You, you forged deitie
Of *Molech*, *Milcom*, *Camoſh*, *Aſtaroth*,
Your damned Shrines with ſuch dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants, you delight in Sacrifice
Of ſlaughtered Children: 't is your bloudy guiſe
(You cruell Idols) with ſuch *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You holde no ſent ſo ſweet, no gift ſo good,
As ſtreaming Riuers of our luke-warm blood:
Not *Abram*'s God (ay gratious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but onely for Man-kinde:
Who hates the bloody hands: his Creatures loues:
And contrite hearts for ſacrifice approues.
You, you, diſguiz'd (as angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this deſpight,
Supplant my Faith on his ſure promiſe built,
And ſtain his Altars with this bloody guilt.
No, no, my ioy, my Boy thrice-happy born
(Yea more then ſo, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father ſhalt thou be
Of happy People, that ſhall ſpring from thee.
Fear not (deer Child) that I, vnnaturall,
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all:
Or by th' exploit of ſuch deteſted deed
Commend my name to them that ſhall ſucceed.
I will the Fame that of my name ſhall ring
In time to com, ſhall fly with fairer wing.
The lofty Pine, that 's ſhaken to and fro *Simile.*
With Counter-puſs of ſundry windes that blowe,
Now, ſwaying South-wards tears ſom root in twain,
Then, bending North-ward doth another ſtrain,
Reels vp and down, toſt by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neyther yet can tell
(Inconſtant Neuter, that to both doth yield)
Which of the two is like to win the Field:

So

So *Abraham*, on each side set-vpon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection sways:
Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs:
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull Father:
Now resolute, anon relenting rather:
One while the Flesh hath got the vpper hand:
Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand.
Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth, to break His Fathers will.
For thus (at last) He saith, now sure I knowe
'T is God, 't is God; the God that loues me so,
Loues, keeps, sustains: whom I so oft haue seen:
Whose voyce so often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Satan cannot shine so bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 'Tis my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)
The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit.
God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.
The sable Night dis-lodg'd: and now began
Aurora's Vsher with his windy Fan
Gently to shake the Woods on every side,
While his fair *Mistress* (like a stately Bride)
With flowrs, and Gems, and *Indian* gold doth spangle
Her louely locks, her Louers looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayr, in Mantle blew,
With siluer fring'd, shee drops the Pearly deaw.
With her goes *Abram* out: and the third day,
Arriues on *Cedrons* Margents greenly-gay:
Beholds the sacred Hil, and with his Son
(Loaden with sacred wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, said *Isaac*; Father, heer I see
Knife, fire, and faggot, ready instantly:
But wher's your *Hoste*? Oh! let vs mount, my Son,
Said *Abram*: God will soon prouide vs one.
But, scant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him,
A little faster the steep Mount to climbe,

Yet

Yet *Abram* changed cheere; and, as new Wine, *Simile.*
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)
For beeing ſtopt too ſoon, and wanting vent,
Blowes-vp the Bung, or doth the veſſell rent,
Spews out a purple ſtream, the ground doth ſtain,
With *Bacchus* colour, where the cask hath layn:
So, now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerſt as captiue in the Brain include)
At the deer names of Father and of Son,
On his pale Cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eye's full veſſels now began to leak:
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering gan to ſpeak,
In ſubmiſs voyce, that *Iſaac* might not hear
His bitter grief, that he vnfoldeth heer.
Sad ſpectacle! O now my hap-leſs hand,
Thou whetſt a ſword, and thou do'ſt teend a brand,
The brand ſhal burn my heart, the ſword's keen blade
Shall my bloods blood, and my lifes life, inuade:
And thou, poor *Iſaac*, beareſt on thy back,
Wood that ſhall make thy tender fleſh to crack,
And yield'ſt thee (more for mine, than thine amiſs):
Both Prieſt and Beaſt, of one ſame Sacrifice.
O hapleſs Son! O more then hap-leſs Sire!
Moſt wicked wretch! O what miſ-fortune dire
In-gulfs vs heer! where miſerable I,
To be true godly, muſt Gods law deny:
To be true faithful, muſt my faith tranſgreſs:
To be God's Son, I muſt be nothing leſs
Than *Iſaacs* Sire: and *Iſaac* (for my ſake)
Muſt Soyl, and Sire, and life and all forſake.
Yet on he goes, and ſoon ſurmounts the Mount, *Simile.*
And ſteel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournful Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princeſs*, when her Grace
In *Thetis* Waues hath lately waſht her face)
He builds his Altar, lays his wood there-on,
And tenderly bindes his deer Son anon.
Father, ſaid *Iſaac*, Father, Father deer
(What? do you turn away, as loth to hear?)

O Father, tel me, tel me what you mean:
O cruelty vn-knowen! Is this the mean
Wherby my loyns (as promised long since is)
Shal make you Grand-sire of so many princes?
And shal I (glorious) if I heer do dy,
Fil Earth with Kings with shining Stars the Sky?
Back, *Phœbus*: blush, go hide thy golden head:
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:
See not this savage sight: Shal *Abraham's* minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son vn-kinde!
And shal great *Abram* do the damned deed,
That Lions, Tygres, Boars and Bears would dread!
See how (incenst) he stops his ear to me,
As dreaming stil on 's bloody mystery.
Lord, how precise! see how the Paricide
Seems to make conscience in less sins to slide:
And he that meanes to murder me (his Son)
Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) hear me: not that I desire
With sugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In God 's name reap the Grain your self haue sowen,
Com take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my blood your blade, if you it please
That I must die; welcom my death (mine ease):
But tell me yet my fault (before I die)
That hath deserv'd a punishment so high.
Say (Father) haue I not conspir'd your death?
Or with strong poyson sought to stop your breath?
Haue I deuis'd to short my Mother's life?
Or with your Foes taen part in any strife?
O thou Ethereal Palace Crystalline
(God's highest Court) If in this heart of mine
So damned thoughts, had ever any place,
Shut-vp for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Against my Soule; and neuer let, that I
Among thy winged Messengers do flie.
If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me further-more

What

What reſts beſides, that damned I haue don,
To make a Father Butcher of his Son?
In memorie, that fault I fain would haue,
That (after God's) I might your pardon craue
For ſuch offence; and ſo, th' Attonement driven,
You liue content, and I may die forgiuen.
My Son (ſaid Hee) thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault:
God (our God) calls thee, and He will not let
A Pagan ſword in thy deer blood be wet;
Nor burning Plague, nor any pining pain
With Languor turn thy fleſh to duſt againe:
But Sacrific'd to him (for ſweet perfume)
Will haue thee heer within this fire conſume.
What? Fears my Loue, my Life my Gem, my Ioy?
What God commands, his ſeruants muſt obey,
Without conſulting with frail Fleſh and Blood,
How he his promiſe will in time make good:
How he wil make ſo many Scepters ſpring
From thy dead duſt? How He (All-wiſe) wil bring,
In his due ſeaſon, from thy ſenſe-leſs Thighes,
The glorious Son of righteouſnes to riſe,
Who ſhal the Mountains bruiſe with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place?
For he that (paſt the courſe of Natures kinde)
Firſt gaue thee birth, can with his ſacred Winde
Raiſe thee again out of the loweſt duſt,
Ten-thouſand meanes he hath to ſaue the iuſt:
His glorious wiſdom guides the worlds ſociety,
With equall Reans of Power and of Piety.
Mine owne ſweet *Iſaac*, deereſt of my ſeed
Too ſweet, alas! the more my grief doth bleed,
The more my loſs, the more (with-eaſe leſs anguiſh)
My vexed Bowels for thy lack ſhal languiſh).
Adue deer Son (no longer mine, but his
Who call's thee hence) let this vn-happy kiſs
Be the ſad ſeal of a more ſad Fare-wel
Than wit can paint, or words haue powr to tell.

Sith

Sith God commands, and (father) you require
To haue it so, com Death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) com gentle death, dispatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T'imbrace my Soule: O! let me brauely fly
To meet my Lord, and Death's prowd darts defie.
What, Father, weep you now? Ah! cease those showrs:
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours:
I was the Lords yer I was born, you knowe;
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoyl, and (Coward) lose the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?
Shal we so dare to dally with the Lord?
To cast his yoak and to contemn his Word?
Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:
The Earth his foot-stool: and dark *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damned soules be shut)
Is of his anger euermore the Butt.
On him alone, all our good-hap depends:
And he alone from dangers vs defends.
Ah! weep no more: This sacred Turf doth craue
More blood than Tears: let vs vs so behaue,
That ioyn'd in zeal, we yield vs willingly
To make a vertue of necessity.
Let's testifie we haue a time abod,
I in your School, you in the school of God:
Where, we haue learned that his sacred Word
(Which made of Nothing, all that euer stirr'd;
Which all sustaines, and all directeth still)
To diuers ends, conducts the good and ill.
Who loues not God, more than all Kinn's respect,
Deserues no place among his deer Elect:
And who doth once God's Tillage vnder-take,
Must not look back, neither his Plough forsake.
Here-with, th'old *Hebrew* cheerfuller becam,
And (to himself) cries, Courage *Abraham*:
The World, the Flesh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be.

Lor

Lord, by thy Spirit vnto my ſpirit annex
So liuely Faith, that ſtill mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Iſaac*, whoſe ſharp (ſin-leſs) Suffering
Shall purge, from ſin, me and my ſinfull offering.
Scarce had he draw'n his ſword (in reſolution)
With heaued hand for inſtant execution,
When inſtantly the thundring voice of God
Stay'd hart and hand, and thus the Fact forbod;
Abram, enough: hold, hold thy hand (ſaid he)
Put-vp thy ſword; thine *Iſaac* ſhall not die:
Now, of thy faith I haue had perfect proof;
Thy Will, for Deed I do accept: Enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God giues thanks and praiſe,
Vnbindes his Son, and in his roome he layes
A Lamb (there ſtrangely hampered by the head)
And that, to God, deuoutly offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroik* Facts:
And, that pure Law a Son of thine ſhould write,
Shall nothing elſe but thy braue deeds recite.
Extoll who liſt, thy wiſedoms excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And Iuſtice too (which euen the *Gentiles* honor):
Ill dares my Muſe take ſuch a task vpon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th'Effects)
Onely one fruit of thouſand ſhe ſelects,
For glorious ſubiect: which (to ſay the right)
I rather loue to wonder-at, than write.
Go *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book:
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look,
Collect a Scroule of all the Children ſlain
On th'Altars of your Gods: dig-vp again
Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple;
Among your Offerings, chooſe the beſt example
(Among your Offerings which your Fathers paſt
Haue made, to make their names eternall laſt)
Among them all (fondlings) you ſhall not finde
Such an example, where (vnkindely-kinde)

Father and Son so mutually agree,
To showe themselues, Father nor Son to be:
Where man's deep zeal, and God's deer fauour stroue,
For Counter-conquest in officious loue.
One, by constraint his Son doth sacrifice:
Another means his Name t'immortalize
By such a Fact: Another hopes to shun
Some dismall Plague, or dire Affliction:
Another, onely that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Custom's, aw-les, law-les Form,
Which blears our eys, and blurs our Senses so,
That Lady *Reason* must her seat forgo:
Yea, blindes the iudgement of the World so far,
That *Vertue*'s oft arraign'd at *Vice*'s Bar.
But, vn-constrain'd, our *Abram* all alone,
Vpon a Mountain, to the guize of none
(For it was odious to the *Iews* to doo)
And in a time of Peace and plenty too,
Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, slaying *Isaac*, wars against his Weal.
O sacred Muse! that on the double Mount,
With withering Bayes bind'st not thy Singers Front;
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire,
With Crowns of glory doest their brows attire:
Tell (for thou know'st) what sacred Mystery,
Vnder this shaddow, doth in secret ly?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall,
So liuely figur'd? To behold Gods Bowe
So ready bent to cleaue your heart in two?
To see yong *Isaac*, Pattern of that Prince,
Who shal Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell, convince?
Both only Sons; both sacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both sanctified, both Saints Progenitors;
Both bear their Cross, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-less, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dy.

Vpon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount
Serues vs for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Restores vs *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam*, and his weaker Wife)
And blessed bears the holy Tree of life.
Christ dies indeed: but *Isaac* is repriv'd
(Because Heav'ns Councell otherwise contriv'd)
For *Isaac's* blood was no sufficient price
To ransom soules from Hell to Paradise:
The Leprosie of our contagious sin,
More powr-full Rivers must be purged in.

FINIS.

THE LAVVE.

THE III. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Envy, *in* Pharao, *seeks to stop the Cause*
Of Iews *increase*: Moses *escapes his claws*;
Out of a Burning (*vnburnt*) Bush, *a Voice*
For Iacob's *Rescue doth of Him make choice*;
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *to th'* Egyptian *King*:
His Hard'ning, PLAGVING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Israel *ingrate for all*:
Christ-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall*:
The glorious LAVVE: *the* golden Calf: strange Fire:
Core *in-gulft*: MOSES *prepar'd t'expire*.

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,
Rock-battering Bumbards, Valour-murdering Guns,
Think you to drown with horror of your Noise
The choise sweet accents of my sacred Voice?
Blowe (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder;
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl:
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile
Out-shrills yee still; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a silver tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spayn*,
And then from thence, even to the *Artik* Wayn.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;
My side's too-weak, alas, my breath's too-short:

It is the ſpirit-inſpiring Spirit, which yerſt
On th'eldeſt Waters mildly moved firſt,
That furniſhes and fills with ſacred winde
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muſe* and minde.
So, ſtill, good Lord, in theſe tumultuous times,
Giue Peace vnto my Soule, ſoule to my Rimes:
Let me not faint amid ſo faire a courſe:
Let the World's end be th'end of my Diſcourſe:
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty ſtile (Lord) let me ſing thy Powr.
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and ſuppreſt
IOSEPH's Deſerts; his Maſter was deceaſt,
His Sons were dead: when curriſh *Envie's ſtrife*
Lays each-where ambuſh for poor ISRAEL's life:
Who, notwithſtanding, doth far faſter ſpread *Compariſon.*
And thicker ſpring, than, in a fruitfull Mead
Moted with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks
Can with their daily hunger hardly mowe
So much as daily doth ſtill newly growe.
This *Monſter* wuns not in the Cel ſhe wont; *Deſcription of the Palace of Envy.*
Sh'hath rear'd her Palace on the ſteepeſt Mount,
Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders with their ſtony pride
Eternally do *Spain* from *France* divide:
It hath a thouſand loop-holes every-way;
Yet never enters there one ſunny ray:
Or if that any chance ſo far to paſs,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face:
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plaç't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, wher-by
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,
News from all corners of the World do bring,
Buzzing there-in: as, in a Sommer Even, *Simile.*
From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,
The Graſs-hoppers, ſeeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thouſand noyſes.
It fortun'd *now* that a ſwift-flying *Fame*, *To whom Fame reporteth* Iſraels *proſperity.*
Which (lately but) from ſtately *Memphis* came,

Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-less, fills
With this Report one of her listening Quills:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with vs,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Most wakefull Goddess, Queen of mortall hearts,
Consort of *Honor*, *Wealth*, and *High-Deserts*,
Doo'st thou not knowe, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiseth, the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-borne King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead shall liue again; and by his Worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfait, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Cross th'envy of *Envy* kill)
Doth (even in sight) abundantly increase?
That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happiness?
That seaventy Exiles, with vn-hallowed Frie
Couer the face of all the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, waigh not thy force a iot?
Envie, thou seest it; but fore-seest it not.

Envy incenseth Pharaoh to oppress them.

Swolne like a Toad, between her bleeding iaws.
Her hissing Serpents wriggling tails she chaws:
And, hasting hence, in ISIS form she iets;
A golden vessell in one hand she gets,
In th'other a sweet Instrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A silver Crescent on her front she set,
And in her bosom many a fostering teat:
And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence
She presses-in to the *Bubastik* Prince,
Who, slumbring then on his vn-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatness was disturbed much:
Then she (the while, squinting vpon the lustre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glister;
And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the Amber,
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou, son?
And see'st thou not thy self and thine vn-don,
While cruell Snakes, which thy kinde brest did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their vngratefull swarm?

These

These Fugitiues, these out-casts do conspire
Against rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aspire
With odious Yoak of bondage to debase
The noble PHARAOH's, God's immortall Race.
With these last words, into his brest she blowes
A banefull ayr, whose strength vnfeltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reason* stoop to *Sense* in every part:
So th' Aspick pale (with too-right aim) doth spit *Simile.*
On his bare face, that coms too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane she turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So secretly, that without sense of pain,
Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie's slain.
What shall I farther say? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's scourge,
Besides her sable poyson, doth inspire
With *Hate* and *Fear* the Princes fell desire. *Envies two Twins.*
Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no peace,
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease;
Still, still oppress, Tax vpon Tax arose,
After Thefts, Threats, and after Threats com blowes.
The silly wretches are compell'd som-while *Slauery of the Israelites.*
To cut new Chanels for the course of *Nile:*
Somtimes som Cities ruins to repair:
Somtimes to build huge Castles in the air:
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrified:
Those Towrs, that scuse th'audacious *Titan*'s pride
(Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expense;
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)
To make with their owne sweat and blood their morter:
To be at-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter.
They labour hard, eat little, sleeping less,
No sooner layd, but thus their Task-lords press;
Villains, to work: what? are ye growen so sloth?
Wee'll make yee yeeld vs wax and hony both.

Pharao his vain policy.

In brief, this Tyrant, with ſuch ſervitude,
Thought ſoon to waſte the *ſacred multitude*;
Or, at the leaſt, that over-layd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling ſo,
They would in time becom leſs ſervice-able
In VENVS Battails, and for breed leſs able
(Their ſpirits diſperſt, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* ſap vn-duly qualified):
But, when he ſaw this not ſucceed ſo well,
But that the Lord ſtill proſper'd ISRAEL;

His cruell Edict againſt the male children.

Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)
That all their male-babes in their birth be ſlain:
And that (becauſe that charge had don no good)
They ſhould be caſt, in CAIRO's ſilver Flood.
O Barbariſm, learned in Hel belowe!
Thoſe, that (alas!) nor ſteel nor ſtream do knowe,
Muſt Die of ſteel or ſtream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the ſtroke, her with the griefe therof:
With two-fold tears *Iews* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life, their life hath reav'n.
But, IOCHEBED would fain (if ſhe had durſt)
Her deer ſon MOSES ſecretly haue nourç't:
Yet thinking it better her Babe forgo,
Than Childe and Parents both to hazard ſo,
At length ſhe layes it forth, in Ruſh-boat weaves-it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's ſhe leaves-it.
Though Rudder-les, not Pilot-les, this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Floods ſide did float,
And ſaues from wrack the future *Legiſlator*,
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:

His Daughter finding Moſes expoſed, cauſeth him to be princely brought vp.

Who opening it, findes (which with ruth did ſtrike-her)
A lovely Babe (or little Angel liker)
Which with a ſmile ſeem'd to implore the ayd
And gentle pity of the Royall Mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Maieſty,
Seem round about the Infants face to fly,

And

And on his head ſeem'd (as it were) to ſhine
Preſagefull rayes of ſom-what more diuine.
She takes him vp, and rears him royal-like;
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
A wel breath'd Body, nimble, ſound, and ſtrong,
That in the Dance-ſchoole needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree ſet in as good a ſoyl,
Which growes a-pace, without the Husband's toyl.
In time, he puts in *Practice* what he *knowes*;
With curteous *Mildneſs*, manly *Courage* ſhowes:
H'hath nothing vulgar: with great happineſs,
In choice diſcourſe he doth his mind expreſs;
And as his Soul's-type his ſweet tongue affoords,
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince; ſuch is the peoples prayer.
Thus, while o're-whelmed with the rapid courſe
Of Miſchief's Torrent (and ſtill fearing worſe)
ISRAEL ſeems help-les and even hope-les too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doo:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and ſtorm,
Their *Caſtor* ſhines, their Saviour's ſav'd: and Hee
That with high hand ſhall them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, ſcarring with end-les ſhame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raiſed by the ſame.
For, though him there they as a God adore,
He ſcorns not yet his friends and kinred poor:
He feels their Yoak, their mournings he laments:
His word and ſword are preſt in their defence;
And, as ordain'd, for their Deliuerance,
And ſent expreſs by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that taſted nought ſo well
As ISRAEL's blood) to ill-intreat a *Iew*,
Him bold incounters, and him brauely ſlew.
But, fearing then leaſt his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:

2. *Similes.*

Gods prouidence in his preſeruation.

Moſes *affection and duty toward his Parents and care of his Brethren.*

He flies out of Egypt.

And,

And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping IETHRO's sheep,
He Fasts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he lays-vp long-before
Within his Soule (his spirituall Armory)
All sacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,
Where-with t'incounter, conquer, and suppress
All Insurrections of Voluptuousness.
God talketh to him in the Wilderness. Also, not seldom some deep *Dream* or *Trance*
Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance:
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plentious shoars of the *Pelusian* Foord,
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,
In learned Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts;
In *Desart* meets him; greets him, face to face,
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.
Moses vision of the flaming Bush For, while he past his sacred Prentiship
(In Wildernes) of th' *Hebrews* Shepheardship;
In driving forth to kiss-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending too't,
He suddain sees a *Bush* to flame and fume,
And all a-fire, yet not at all consume;
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,
Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin:
True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe
Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define:
What (*Amram's* son) Doth *Iacob's* bitter Teen
Dismay thee so? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flourishes, on each side hedged round
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent;
Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.
The voyce of the Lord speaking out of the Bush. I AM *I that I am*, in me, for me, by me:
All Beings else Be not (or else vn-selfly be)

But,

But, from my Beeing, all their Beeing gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:
Onely Beginning, Midſt, and End of all;
Yet *ſans* Beginning, Midſt, and End at all:
All in my ſelfe compris'd; and all compriſing
That in the World was, is, or ſhall be riſing:
Baſe of this Vniverſe: th'vniting Chain
Of th'Elements: the Wiſedom Soveraign:
Each-where, in Eſſence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodneſs: ever-ſhining Light:
Perfectly Bleſt: the One, the Good, the Bright:
Self-ſimple Act, working in fraileſt matter:
Framer of Forms: of Subſtances Creator:
And (to ſpeak plainer) even that GOD I AM
Whom ſo long ſince religious *Abraham*,
Iſaac, and *Iacob*, and their Progenies
Haue worſhipped and prays'd in humble wiſe.
My ſacred ears are tyred with the noyſe
Of thy poor Brethren's iuſt-complayning voyce:
I haue beheld my Peoples burdens there;
MOSES, no more I will, nor can, forbear:
Th'haue groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long
Vnder that Tyrants vn-relenting wrong.
Now, their *Deliuerer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A ſacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I haue ſo oft bequeath'd rich *Paleſtine*.
Therefore from me command thou PHARAO
That preſently he let my People go
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wilderneſs
Where far from ſight of all profane exceſs,
On a new Altar they may ſacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their ſuccour lies:
Haſte, haſte (I ſay) and make me no excuſe
On thy Tongue's rudenes (for the want of vſe)
Nor on thy weaknes, nor vnworthineſs
To vnder-go ſo great a Buſineſs.

God hath pity on his People afflicted in Egypt.

He ordaineth Moſes *for their Deliverer, & giues him commiſsion to goe to* Pharao.

What?

What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Vnto his Legat? And, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and All to nought shall bring;
Th'Omnipotent, who doth confound (for His)
By weak the strong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Iudgements, men may more
The Work-man then the Instruments adore)
Will he forsake, or leave him vn-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do-well affected,
Can by his Master never be reiected.

Moses (*accompanied with his brother* Aaron) *sets forward in his high Embassage.*

No sooner this, the *Divine Voice* had ended,
And vp to Heav'n the Bushy Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men):
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him, in th' Almighties name;
Great NILVS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
Let go my People out of all thy Coasts,
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wildernes;
That vnto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.

Pharaos *proud answere.*

Base Fugitive, proud slaue (that art return'd
Not to be whipt, but rather hangd, or burn'd)
What Lord, said PHARAO? ha! what Soveraign?
O seaven-horn'd *Nile!* O hundred-pointed Plain!
O City of the Sun! ô *Thebes!* and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, do ye all not bow
To vs alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powrs
Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
Too idlely pampred, plot Rebellions:

Sloth

Sloth marrs the ſlaues, and vnder fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To think by Fauours and by Clemency,
To keep men in their duty? To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, inſolent and wilde:
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth diſ-grace,
And ſmooths the path to Treaſon's plots a-pace.
The dull Aſs, numbers with his ſtripes his ſteps:
Th'Ox, over-fat, too-ſtrong, and reſty, leaps
About the Lands, caſteth his yoak, and ſtrikes,
And waxen wilde, even at his Keeper kicks.
Well: to enioy a People, through their skin
With ſcourges ſlyç't, muſt their bare bones be ſeen;
We muſt ſtill keep them ſhort, and clip their wings,
Pare neer their nails, and pull out all their ſtings;
Lade them with Tribute, and new Towle, and Tax,
And Subſidies, vntill we break their backs:
Tire them with trauail, flay-them, pole-them, pil-them,
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their fleſh, and kil-them.
'Tis good for Princes, to haue all things fat,
Except their Subiects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miſcreants! ha, raſcal excrements,
That lift your heel againſt your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth, you get nor wood nor ſtraw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you haue had before:
Your ſelues ſhall ſeek it out; yet ſhall you ſtill
The number of your wonted task fulfill.

The true Anatomy of a Tyrant.

I haue Commiſſion from the King of Kings,
Maker, Preſerver, Ruler of all things,
Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to knowe the Lord)
Thou feel his hand, vnleſs thou fear his word.

Moſes reply.

In th'inſtant, AARON on the ſlippery ſand
Caſts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:
So ſhall thy golden Scepter down be caſt,
So ſhall the Iudgements of the Lord at laſt
(Now deemed dead) reviue, to daunt thy powr:
So ISRAEL ſhall *Egypts* wealth devour,

Aaron caſteth down his Rod: which immediatly turnes into a Serpent.

If

If thou confeſs not God to be the Lord:
If thou attend not, nor obſerue his Word:
And if his People thou do not releaſe,
To goe and ſerue him in the Wilderneſs.
Before that AARON this Diſcourſe had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It gliſtered bright: and in a faſhion ſtrange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting, and hiſſing with his forked tongue.

The Magicians of Egypt *counterfet that miracle, and bewitch the eyes of the King.*

The *Memphian* Sages then, and ſubtill Prieſts,
Tvphold the Kingdom of their OSIRIS,
Vpbrayd them thus: Alas! is this the moſt
Your God can do, of whom ſo much you boaſt?
Are theſe his Wonders? Go (baſe *Monte-banks*)
Go ſhew elſ-where your ſleights and Iuggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear ſom vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Counſell of a Prince;
Who, by the Gods inſtructed, doth contain
All Arts perfection in his ſacred brain.
And, as they ſpake, out of their curſed hands
They all let-fall their ſtrange-inchanted Wands;
Which inſtantly turn into Serpents too,
Hiſſing, and ſpetting, crawling to and fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aſpicks, Snakes, and Serpents ſwarms;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huſwife ſees

Simile.

The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheeſe.
You, you are Iugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd:
You change not Nature, but the bare out-ſide;
And your Enchantments onely do transform
The face of things, not the eſſentiall form.
You (Sorcerers) ſo mock the Princes ey,
And his Imagination damnifie,
That common Senſe to his externall, brings
(By re-percuſſion) a falſe ſhape of things.
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in ſhowe,
As heer in ſight your ſelues by proofe ſhall knowe.

Immedi-

Immediatly his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Roul'd on his breſt; his body wriggelled
Som-times aloft in length; ſom-times it ſunk
Into it ſelf, and altogether ſhrunk:
It ſlides, it ſups the air, it hiſſes fell,
In ſteed of eyes two ſparkling Rubies ſwell:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched ſtrong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) ſet
With ſodain rage vpon thoſe Counterfet,
Thoſe ſeeming-Serpents, and them all devour:
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth ſcour
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of ſmaller Fiſhes and their feeble fry.

Moſes rod-Serpent deuoureth the Serpents of the Egyptians.

But, at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deafe to his owne good, is more inclin'd
To Satans tools: the people like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherefore the Lord, ſuch proud contempts to pay,
Ten ſundry *plagues* vpon their Land doth lay:
Redoubling ſo his drad-full ſtrokes, that there,
Who would not love him milde, him rough ſhould fear.

Pharao *and his people hardened: Therefore God plagued* Egypt.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood,
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to blood;
So that the ſtream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even vnto the Sea.
The Court re-courſt to Lakes, to Springs, and Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, and Lakes had the like taſte and looks:
Then, to the Ditches; but even to the brink
There flow'd (alas!) in ſteed of Water, Ink:
Then, to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Ruſh, pipe-opening Fern is found;
And there they dig for Water: but (alas!)
The wounded ſoyl ſpets blood into their face.
O iuſt-iuſt Iudgement! Thoſe proud Tyrants fell,
Thoſe bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL;
Thoſe that delighted, and had made their game
In ſhedding blood, are forç't to drink the ſame:

1. *By turning their Waters into blood.*

And

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From place to place, through Medows, Fens and Floods,
Hills, Dales, and Deſarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
Tremble therfore (O Tyrants) tremble ay,
Poor worms of Earth, proud Aſhes, Duſt and Clay;
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence
'Gainſt the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,
Shall paſh to powder all that him withſtand?
And 'gainſt the rage of flames eternal-frying,
Where damned ſoules ly euer-neuer-dying:
Sith the leaſt *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermin* too
Out-braue your braues, and triumph ouer you.
Gallop to *Anian*, ſail to *Iucatan*,
Viſit *Botongas*, diue beyond the *Danes*:
Well may you fly, but not eſcape him there:
Wretches, your halters ſtill about you bear.
Th'Almighties hand is long, and buſie ſtill;
Hauing eſcap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:
He ſeems ſomtimes to ſleep and ſuffer all;
But calls at laſt for Vſe and Principall:
With hundred ſorts of Shafts his Quiuer's full,
Som paſsing keen, ſom ſom-what ſharp, ſom dull,
Som killing dead, ſom wounding deep, ſom light;
But all of them do alwaies hit the White,
Each after other. Now th'Omnipotence
At *Egypt* ſhoots his ſhafts of Peſtilence:
Th'Ox falls-down in his yoak, Lambs bleating dy,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.
Anon he couers Man and Beaſt with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;
Whoſe vlcerous venoms, all inflaming, ſpread
O're all the body from the foot to head.
Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattell great with young
All brain'd with hail-ſtones: Trees with tempeſt cleft,
Robd of their boughs, their boughs of leaues bereft.
And, from Heav'ns rage, all to ſeek ſhelter, glad;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-ſad:

Man cãnot hide him frõ the hand of God, nor auoid his vengeance.

5. With the Plague of Peſtilence.

6. With Vlcers & grieuous Scabs or Murrain.

7. With haile & fire frõ Heauen.

Egyptians amazed at this extraordinary scourge.

The *Söan* Virgins tear their Beauties honour;
Not for the waste, so much, as for the manner:
For, in that Country neuer see they Clowd,
With waight of Snowes their trees are neuer bow'd,
They know no Ice: and though they haue (as we)
The Year intire, their Seasons are but three:
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,
Which from else-where *Sol's* thirsty rayes erect:
Rain-les, their soyl is wet, and Clowd-les, fat;
It self's moist bosom brings in this and that:
For, while else-where the Riuer's roaring pride
Is dryed-vp; and while that far and wide
The *Palestine* lecks (for his thirsty Flock)
Iordan in *Iordan*, *Iacob* in *Iacob*;
Their floud o're flowes, and parched *Mesraim*.
A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,
Niles billows beat on the high-dangling Date;
And Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.
Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars *Etesian* gales,
You cause it not: no, those are Dreams and Tales:
Th'Eternall-Trine, who made all compassly,
Makes th'vnder waues, the vppers want supply;
And, *Egypts* Womb to fill with fruits and Flowrs,
Gives swelling *Nile* th'office of heauenly Showrs.
Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Clowd
Of horned *Locusts* doth the Sun be-clowd,
And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast
The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-deuouring Hoast;
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, and (greedy) crops
Both night and Day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.
Then, gross thick *Darkness* ouer all he dight,
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:
With Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists drouzy vapours
Quench their home-Fires, and Temple-sacred Tapers.
If hunger driue the Pagan from their dens,
One 'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins;
Another, groping vp and down for bread,
Falls down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.

The naturall fruitfulnesse and prosperity of Egypt, in itself e marualous.

8. *They are vexed with Grashoppers.*

9. *With palpable darknes.*

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After so many grieuous plagues the Egyptians cry out vpon their King to let the Israelites goe.

Scarce did the glorious Gouernour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden tresse display,
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,
Wiues, Husbands, Sons, and Siers, Sisters, and Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noyse:
O stubborn stomach! (cause of all our sadnes)
Dull Constancy! or rather, desperat Madnes!
A Flood of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill:
The Heav'ns still Thunder; th'Ayr doth threaten still:
Death, ghastly death triumpheth euery-where,
In euery house; and yet without all fear,
Without all feeling we despise the Rod,
And scorn the Iudgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of Kings;
And in his sight, the Greatest of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall:
Yield, yield (alas!) stoop to his powrfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten times beat.

They hasten and importune them to be gone.

Go, get you gon: hence, hence vn-lucky race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,
Your breath this ayr: Why haste you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherfore do you stay?
Step to our houses (if that ought you lack)
Choose what you like, and what you like go take,
Gold, Plate, or Iewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,
Bear them vnto your gods, not in the sands
Where the Heav'n-kissing Clowd-browd *Sina* stands;
But much, much farther, and so far, that here
We neuer more your odious newes may hear:
Go *Hebrews*, go, in God's Name thriue amain;
By losing you, we shall sufficient gain.

After their departure, Pharao immediatly pursuets them.

With the Kings leaue, then th' *Hebrews* Prince collects
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs:
Scarce were they gon, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to go fetch them back;

And

And camping neer them, execrably-rude,
Threatens them death, or end-les Seruitude.
Euen as a Duck, that nigh som cryſtall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the ſame Hawk bin ſtrook,
Hearing aloft her gingling ſilver bels,
Quiuers for fear, and looks for nothing els
But when the Falcon (ſtooping thunder-like)
With ſuddain ſouſe her to the ſoyl ſhall ſtrike,
And with the ſtroak, make on the ſenſe-les ground
The gut-les Quar, once, twice, or thrice rebound:
So *Iſrael*, fearing again to feel
Pharao's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quiuers and ſhiuers for deſpair and dread;
And ſpits his gall againſt his godly Head.
O baſe ambition! This falſe Politick,
Plotting to Great himſelf, our deaths doth ſeek:
He mocks vs all, and makes vs (fortune-les)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wilderneſs;
Allur'd with luſtre of Religious ſhowes,
Poor ſoules, He ſels vs to our hatefull Foes:
For, O! what ſtrength? alas! what ſtratagem?
Or how (good God) ſhall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it ſhall ſaue vs
From their fell hands, that ſeek to ſlay, or ſlaue-vs?
Shall we, diſarmed with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with ſtill-ſteep-riſing flight
Surmount theſe Mountains? haue we Ships at hand
To paſs the Sea (this half a Sea, half ſand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes theſe Waters to be nauigable?
Alas! ſom of vs ſhall with Scithes be ſlaſht;
Som, with their Horſe-feet all to peeces paſht,
Som, thrill'd with Swords, or Shafts, through hundred holes
Shall ghaſtly gaſp-out our vntimely ſoules.
Sith die we muſt, then die we voluntary:
Let's run, our ſelues, where others would vs carry;
Com *Iſraelites*, com, let vs die together,
Both men and women: ſo we ſhall (in either)

Simile.

The Iſraelites feare, and murmuring againſt Moſes.

Preuent their rage, content their auarice,
And yield (perhaps) to MOSES, euen his Wish.
Why brethren? knowe ye not, their Ruler saith,
Moses instruction to incourage them, with assured confidence in God.
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That he turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That he hath (prest) a thousand winged Bands
T'assist his Children, and his Foes t'assail?
And that He helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, and seems the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd, already charg'eth ours,
Simile.
As thick, or thicker then the Welkin powrs
His candi'd drops vpon the eares of Corn,
Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be shorn?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to haue swallowed you)
Of all this army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;
There shall to-morrow not a man remain:
Therfore be still; God shall your side sustain.
Calling vpō God he parts the Red Sea, so that the people passe thorough as on dry land.
Then (zealous) calling on th'immortall God,
He smot the Sea with his dead-liuing Rod:
The Sea obay'd, as bay'd: the Waues, controul'd;
Each vpon other vp to Heav'n do folde:
Between both sides, a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast:
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (e's)
With golden sands, with Pearl, and Nacre-shels,
And on each side is flanked all along
With walls of crystall, beautifull and strong.
This flood-les Foord, the Faithfull Legions pass,
And all the way their shoo scarce moisted was.
Dream we (said they)? or is it true we try?
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th'Ocean in th'ayr suspending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?
Two Walls of Glass, built with a word alone,
Afrik and *Asia* to con-ioyn in one?

Th'all-seeing Sun new bottoms to beholde?
Children to run, where Tunnies lately roll'd?
Th'*Egyptian* Troops pursue them by the track;
Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back;
Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his cry stall banks:
But, as a wall weak'ned with mining-vnder,
The Piles consum'd falls suddainly a-sunder,
O'rewhelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-vp all the ditch:
Even so Gods finger, which these Waters bay'd,
Beeing with-drawen, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd;
And, re-conioyning his congealed Flood,
Swallows in th'instant all those Tyrants wood.
Heer one by swimming thinks himself to saue:
But, with his scarf tangled about a Naue,
He's strangled straight; and to the bottom sinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:
While that (in vain) another with lowd lashes
Scours his prowd Coursers through the scarlet *Washes*;
The streams (wher-on more Deaths than waues do swim)
Bury his Chariot, and his Chariot him:
Another swallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,
Is layd a-liue within a liuing Tomb:
Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin
Vnto the bottom hales him head-long in;
And instantly the water couers either:
Right Twins indeed; born, bred, and dead together.
Nile's stubborn Monarch, stately drawn vpon
A curious Chariot chaç't with pearl and stone,
By two prowd Coursers, passing Snowe for colour;
For strength, the Elephants; Lions for valour;
Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes, and Waues;
And, marching vp-ward, still blasphemes and braues:
Heer, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split;
Then, coms a bigger, and a bigger yet,

The Egyptians following them are swallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Pharao *profanely blasphemeing & prowdly brauing* Moses *and the Sea, is notwithstanding drowned with the rest.*

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When thus th'Almighty (glorious God moſt High)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and daunce; and marying all their voices,
To Timbrels, Hawbois, and lowd Cornets noyſes,
Make all the ſhoars reſound, and all the Coaſts,
With the ſhrill Praiſes of the Lord of Hoaſts.
Eternall iſſue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wiſedom of the *Father*, now inſpire
And ſhewe the ſequell that from hence befell,
And how he dealt with his deer *Iſraell*,
Amid the Deſart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plentious *Heritage*:
Tell, for (I knowe) thou know'ſt: for, compaſt ay
With Fire by Night, and with a Clowd by Day,
Thou (my ſoul's hope) wert their ſole guide and guard,
Their Meat and Drink in all their Iourney hard.
Marching amid the *Deſart*, nought they lack:
Heauen ſtill diſtils an Ocean (for their ſake)
Of end-les good: and euery Morn doth ſend
Sufficient food for all the day to ſpend.
When the Sun riſeth, and doth haſte his Race,
(Half ours, half theirs, that vnderneath vs paſe)
To re-behold the bewty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preuenting all miſ-order)
Of th'awefull Hoaſt lodg'd in the Wilderneſs,
So favour'd of the Sun of Righteouſneſs:
Each coms but forth his Tent, and at his dore
Findes his bread ready (without ſeeking more):
A pleaſant bread, which from his plentious clowd,
Like little Haile, Heav'ns wakefull Steward ſtrow'd.
The yellow ſands of *Etim*'s ample Plain
Were heaped all with a white ſugred grain,
Sweet Corianders; Iunkets, not to feed
This Hoaſt alone, but euen a World (for need).
Each hath his part, and euery one is fed,
With the ſweet morſels of an vn-bought bread.
It neuer rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's prouiſions:

2. Part of this Tract: where is diſcourſed of the eſtate of the People of Iſraell in the Wilderneſſe, vntill the death of Moſes.

God giueth them Manna.

It is giuen from day to day.

To

To th'end, so great an Hoast, so curbed straight,
Still on the Lor'ds wide open hand should wait,
And euery Dawning haue due cause to call
On him, their Founder, and the Fount of all:
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer*-full;
The sur-plus rots, mould, knead it how they will.
The Holy-one (iust Arbitrer of wrong)
Allows no less vnto the weak, than strong:
On *Sabbaoth*'s Eve, he lets sufficient fall,
To serue for that day, and the next with-all,
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread hast,
Thou, for whom Harueſt all the Year doth last,
That in poor Desarts, rich aboundance heap'st,
That sweat-les eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
That hast the Ayr for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yield)
That, for taste-changing do'st not change thy cheer,
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:

It is a lively figure of Christ *the true bread of life.*

O *Israell!* see in this Table-pure,
In this fair glass, thy Saviour's pourtraiture,
The Son of God. MESSIAS promised,
The sacred seed, to bruize the Serpents head:
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter euer shines,
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heavens confines;
And, when He shall (to light thy Sin-full load)
Put *Manhood* on, dis-knowe him not for *God*.

The same demonstrated by particular conference.

This Grain is small, but full of substance though:
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in showe.
Manna is sweet: Christ as the Hony-Comb.
Manna from high: and CHRIST from heaven doth com.
With that, there falls a pleasant pearly deaw:
CHRIST comming down doth all the Earth be-streaw
With spirituall gifts. That, vnto great and small
Tastes to their tasles: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Ioy to th'afflicted, to the sickly health,

Pardon

Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's sauour to the Meek, *Death's* to the Prowd).
That's common good: and *Christ* communicate.
That's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last):
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon dis-taste.
Of that, they eat no lesse that haue one measure,
Than who haue hundred: and in *Christ* his Treasure
Of Diuine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proselyte*
Hath no lesse part, than Doctors (deep of sight).
That's round: *Christ* simple, and sincerely-round.
That in the *Ark*: *Christ* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) stinking worms becom:
Christ (th'*Ever-Word*) is scandall vnto som.
That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That's broken every grain: *Christ* (Lamb of God)
Vpon his *Crost*-press is so torn and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath purl'd.
Down from Mount *Sion* ouer all the World.
Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,
This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,
Th'*Hebrews* do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde
Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;
A clowd of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,
And euery one may take to his content:
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,
For a day's-iourney, Cubit thick they ly.
But though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,
Although their Bellies strout with too much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat,
Yet still they howl for hunger: and they long
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlik strong:
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss
Their Terms appointed for their florishes)
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,
Red Herrings, Rashers, and (som) sops in Tar;

The people lust for flesh.

God sends them Quailes.

They long for the Garlike & Onions of Egypt.

Simile.

Yea,

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You blessed liue, and see th'Almighties face:
Our Days begin in tears, in toyls they pass,
And end in dolours (this is all we do):
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.
Stif-necked People, stubborn generation,
Egypt doth witness (in a wondrous fashion)
God's goodnes (to thee): all the Elements
Expound vnto thee his Omnipotence:
And do'st thou murmure still? and dar'st thou yet
Blaspheme his promise, and discredit it?
Said MOSES then, and gaue a sodain knock
With his deer Scepter on a mighty Rock;
From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all,
And wel-nigh half, vnto the ground doth fall,
As smit with Lightning: then, with rapid rush,
Out of the stone a plentious *stream* doth gush,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his glass
Gliding so swift, so soon re-youngs the grass;
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And through new paths so braue a course to run.

Moses reproues them, & smiteth the Rock, from whence issues plenty of water.

Who hath not seen (far vp within the Land)
A shoal of Geese on the dry-Sommer sand
In their hoarce language (som-times lowely-lowd)
Suing for succour to som moyst-full clowd;
How, when the Rain descends, their wings they beat,
(With the first drops to cool their swelting heat)
Bib with their Bill, bouz with their throats, and suck,
And twenty times vnto the bottom duck?
Such th'*Hebrews* glee: one, stooping down, doth sup
The cleer quick stream; another takes it vp
In his bare hand, another in his hat;
This in his buskin, in a bucket, that
(Well fresht him-self) bears som vnto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher ful, and that his Crock:
And other-som (whose Thirst is more extream)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the crystall stream.

Simile.

From *Rephidim*, along'st the *Desart* Coast,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoast;

They march toward Mount Sina, where God deliuereth them

Where, his LAW.

Where, th'everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAVV doth thunder;
To showe, that His reuerent, Diuine *Decrees*
(Wher-to all hearts should bow, and bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince;
(Nymph-prompted NVMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* Strifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleasure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayr, and all ther-in:
That ISRAEL shall finde him (if they sin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giuing the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that drad *Testament*
Grav'n in two Tables for vs impotent,
Hath in the same a sadder load compris'd,
And heauier yoak, then is the yoak of *Christ*.
That, that doth showe vs Sin; threats, wounds, and kils:
This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distils.

With what dredful Maiesty it was deliuered.

Redoubled Lightnings dazle th'*Hebrews* eyes;
Clowd-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and Skies,
Lowder and lowder in careers and cracks;
And stately SINA's massie center shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top,
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap;
Vnder his rocky ribs, in Coombs belowe,
Rough-blustering BOREAS, nurst with *Riphean* snowe,
And blub-cheekt AVSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midst, iustling for room, do roar:
A cloak of clowds all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and vnder:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARVS showes.
A Heav'nly Trump a shrill *Tantara* blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble-flash,
The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,
And deafning Thunders, with the same do sing
(O wondrous consort!) th'everlasting King

His

His glorious Wisdom, who doth giue the *Law*
To th'Heavenly Troops, and keeps them all in aw.
But, as in Battail, we can hear no more *Simile.*
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:
And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rise, *Simile.*
Aboue the warbling of an *Alman* Fife;
A dradder voyce (yet a distincter voice)
Whose sound doth drown all th'other former noise,
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,
Which thrills the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Iacob:* who all pale for fear,
From God's owne mouth these sacred words doth hear;
Hark *Israell:* O *Iacob* hear my *Law:*
Hear it, to keep it (and thy self in aw).
I am IEHOVA, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
ADORE ME ONLY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart, in euery Deed and Word. *The Decalogue.*
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)
To thy owne Works My Glory to transport.
VSE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,
Neuer Blaspheme, neither thy self for-swear.
SIX DAYS VVORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hie.
TO THOSE that gaue thee life, due REVERENCE giue,
If thou desire long in the Land to liue.
IMBRVE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HVMAN BLOOD.
STAIN NOT *anothers* BED. STEALE NO MANS GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE VVITNES. COVET NOT *to haue*
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slaue,
His House, his Land, his Cattle, or his Coyn,
His Place, or Grace; or ought that is not Thine.
Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right *The excellency of the Law of God.*
Of our frail life! our foot-steps Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's sweet Rest! O byting curb of Sin!
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:
Reuerent EDICTS vpon Mount SINA giuen,
How-much-fold sense is in few words contriven!

How

How wonderfull, and how exceeding-far!
How plain, how ſacred, how profound you are!
All Nations elſe, a thouſand times (for cauſe)
Haue Writ and Raç't, and chopt and chang'd their Laws:
Except the *Iews*; but they, although their State
With euery Moon almoſt did innouate
(As ſomtimes having Kings, and ſomtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law ſtill one.

The inconſtancie and vanity of Humane Lawes.

What reſteth at this daie, of *Salaminian*,
Laconian LAVVS, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome*, that made euen all the World one City,
So ſtrong in Arms, and in State's-Art ſo witty;
Hath, in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.

Stability and authority of the Law of God.

But, ſince in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thouſand times the Sun
Hath gallopt round Heaven's golden Bandeleer,
Imboſſt with Beaſts, ſtudded with ſtarrs ſo cleer;
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft,
Although the People vnto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulſt from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through euery Age almoſt,
On a rough Sea of Miſchiefs hath been toſt.

A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Diſcipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coronan*
Of *Theban* Rytes: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:
But, this *Set* LAVV giuen IACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature, and of Nations,
Which (ſacred) ſounds wher-euer (to deſcry)
Th'all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Chriſtians* honour it,
And *Iews* with Fear, do euen adore it yet.

How all men tranſgreſſe the ſame in euery part.

I only, I (Great GOD) thy LAVVS do ſpurn
With my foul feet, I do thy Statutes ſcorn:
Puft in my Soule with extream *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy ſtead, I do my ſelf *Adore*.

I Serue no wooden gods, nor *Kneel* to Stones;
But *Couetous*, I worship Golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blasphemy*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in sad *Hypocrisie*.
I *Rest* the Sabboath: yet I break thy LAVV,
Seruing (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reuerence* Superiors, but in showe;
Not out of Loue, but as compelled so.
I *Murder* none: yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others Fame, and my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Ciuilize*, lest that I seem *Obscœne*:
But Lord (Thou know'st) I am *Vncbaste*, vnclean.
I seem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I speak not much: yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
I *Wish* too-earnest, and too-oft (in fine)
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.
Heer lie I naked: lo th' *Anatomie*
Of my foul Heart. O *Humane-Deity!*
O *Christ!* th' Almightie's like All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe!* as whilom (Lord)
Thou putst-on Mine: me in Thy Blood be-laue;
And in my Soule thy sacred *Lawes* ingraue.
While with the Duke, th'Eternall did deuise,
And to his inward sight did modulize
His *Tabernacle's* admirable Form;
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrik* of the *Rytes Diuine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Palestine*,
After their fancy should not worship him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his sacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* vse:
But, by their *Rytes* to guide their spirituall eye
To *Christ*, the Rock on whom their hopes should lie;
Beholde (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputied
During his absence, all the Flock to guide,

Remedy for all our sinnes.

In Moses *absence* Aaron *makes the golden Calfe.*

Dumb coward Curr, barks not against their ill;
But giuing way to the mad Peoples will,
Casteth a *Golden Calf*, and sets it vp,
For them to worship, and vnto it stoop:
Gold, Rings, and Iewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Loue-tokens) lately to them given,
Are cast into a Mould; and (which is worse)
Iacob, to wed a *Calf*, doth *God* divorce.
Those Feet, that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulf*,
Now Dance (alas!) before a Molten *Calf:*
That Voice, which late on ETHAM sands had rung
Th' Almightie's glory; now to Satan sung.

Moses sharpely reproveth Aaron, breaks the Idol, and punsheth the Idolaters.

The zealous Prophet, with iust fury moov'd,
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reproov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol: and eft-soons
Flankt by olde LEVI's most religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, and each-where strowes his way
With blood and slaughter, horror and dismay:

Simile.

As half a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull ey choosing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres* locks
Make hand-fulls sheaves, and of their sheaves make Shocks;
And through the Field from end to end do run,
Working a-vie, till all be down and don:
Or, as so many Canons shot at-once

Simile.

A-front a Camp; Th'Earth with the Thunder grones,
Heer flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There stands th'one half of a halv'd body, th'other
Falls-down a furlong thence: heer flies a shield;
And deep-wide windows make they in the field.

Aaron and Mary (or Miriam) murmure against Moses.

All these sure signes of God's deer estimate,
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magistrate
In his Authority: even AARON spights-it,
And MIRIAM (his sister) too back-bites-it.
But suddainly, on her in his Defence,
Foul Leprosie did punish this Offence.

Nadab and Abihu for offering of strange Fire,

His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:

But,

But, on them soon a heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Sommer som hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *Blazing-Star* with suddain flash doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all:)
Fires instantly their beards and oyled haire,
And all the sacred vestiments they wear;
Exhales their blood, their Bodyes burnes to ashes,
Their *Censers* melts with heat of Lightning flashes,
Their coales are quenched all, and sacred Flame
Th'vnhallowed Fire devour'd and over-came.
are killed by Fire from Heaven.

His Kinsman CORE then (with DATHAN soyn'd
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O see (saith he) how many a subtil gin
The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms in!
How we, abus'd with *Oracles* most vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties!
See, how they do ingross between them two,
Into one House, SCEPTER and EPHOD too:
See, how they dally, and with much delay
Prolong their Iourney to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) see how sly Course they take,
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack.
Hear'st thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly ioy
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'T were good to walk vs yet for ten yeers more
About these Mountains in these desarts poor:
Keep vs still Exiles; Let vs (our Desire)
Languish, wax-olde, and in these sands expire,
Where cruell Serpents haunt vs still at hand,
A Fruit-les, Flood-les, yea a Land-les Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine Ambition
Cannot com down to privat mens condition,
Be Captain, Duke and King: for, God approves-thee,
Thy Vertues guard, the People fears and loves-thee.
But as for AARON, what is his desert?
What High-exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Core, Dathan, and Abiram, their conspiracy.

Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood?* O good God, what shame?
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame
But HOREBS Horn-God? for despising thee,
And thy Commands; and for Conspiracie?
The morrow next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with sacred Censer went
Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty ey,
His faction present: AARON also by.
Lord shield thy Cause, approue thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the Lewd a Fable:
Oint thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Showe whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*,
Said MOSES then; and euen as yet he spake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,
Their dreadfull punishment. A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her bosom vp and down it tumbles,
Tearing her Rocks, Vntil she *Yawn* a way
To let it out and to let in the Day:
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Diuels dazled with the glistring leav'n
Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would diue;
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they striue.
CORE, round compast with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBVB and to the *Fiends:*
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down,
And arms of Trees there planted vp-side-down:
He goes with Noise down to the *Silent* Coast,
Intoombd aliue, without all Art or cost.
And all the rest that his proud side assum'd;
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.
Aarons charge is confirmed by miracle. And AARON'S Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, and Almonds bears;
When all his Fellows haue no life in theirs.
Sundry victories of the Israelites, vnder the conduct and direction of Moses. Now, shall I sing, through MOSES prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants springs)
Proud HESEBON, and the fiue *Madian* Kings,

With the falſe Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets-gifts* a ſacrilegious trade;
Who falſe, ſayes true; who ſtriuing (paſt all ſhame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the ſame:
Who, ſnaring th' *Hebrews* with frail Beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their ſoules defaces?
Doubt-les his Deeds are ſuch, as would I ſing
But half of them, I vnder-take a thing
As hard almoſt, as in the *Gangik* Seas
To count the Waues, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And, of ſo much, ſhould I a little ſay,
It were to wrong him, and his Praiſe betray.
His Noble Acts we therefore heer ſuſpend,
And skip vnto his ſweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is it whereby we iudge the beſt
(For eyther Life) how Man is Curſt or Bleſt.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waſte,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling faſt,
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his ſoule refine,
And raiſe to Heaven, whence it was ſent diuine;
He doth not (*Now*) ſtudy to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Iſſue* ſtill:
Wiſely and iuſtly to diuide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his neereſt Blood:
T' aſſigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to adde, and alter it:
To quittance Friendſhips with frank Legacies:
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* ſom,
T' appoint himſelf a Palace for a *Tomb*.
I praiſe a Care to ſettle our Eſtate:
But, when Death threatens vs, then it is too-late.
A ſeemly Burial is a ſacred Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.
He (lifting higher his laſt thoughts) beſides
The Common-Weale's care, for the Church prouides,
And grauing his diſcourſe with voyce deuout,
Bids thus far-well to all that ſtand about;

Reſeruing the Warres for another Diſcourſe, our Poet haſteth to the death of Moſes.

By his example Men are warned not to deferre to make their Will till it be too late to be troubled with the buſines of this World.

He pronounceth the blessings and the curses written in Leuit. 26. & Deutro. 28. *whereunto the people say Amen.*

O IACOB's seed (I might say, my deer sons)
Y'are sense-les more then metalls, stocks or stones,
If y'haue forgot the many-many Miracles
Wher-with the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this sauage Place)
In forty yeers receiued of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
And in thy hearts-hart (not in Marble) bear
His ever-lasting LAVV: before him stand,
And to his Service consecrate thy hand.

Blessings on those that obey.

If this thou do, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Sommer, in a Mead,
The Grass-hoppers that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Eaws fat Twins shall bring thee euer,
And of their Milk shall make a plentious Riuer:
Th'olde Tyrant loads not with so-many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
The panting Vassalls to him Tributary,
As thy rich Fields shall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy children's children, set
About thy Table side by side at meat,
Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that vpright-ly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage
Plenty of Oyl vnto their Master sage:
Sons of thy sons shall serue thy reuerend Eld:
Thou shalt die quiet, thou shalt liue vnqueld:
Blessed at home, and blessed in the Plain:
The blessed God shall send thee timely Rain,
And holsom windes, and with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns store-house to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but shall flie thee ten:
The Peace-Plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall shade thy gates: Thy valour shall dismay
And daunt the Earth: and with his sacred aw
Thy Sauiour-King shall giue the World the law.

If other-wiſe; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fell with thouſand pangs in one:
Thy numbry Flocks in part ſhall barren be,
In part ſhall bring abortives vnto thee:
Accurſt at home, accurſed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-les, and thy care in vain:
Thy Field ſhall be of ſteel, thy Heav'n of braſs,
Thy Fountains dry: and God diſpleas'd (alas!)
In ſteed of holſom ſhowrs, ſhall ſend down flaſhes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Aſhes:
Thou ſhalt reap little where thou much haſt ſhed,
And with that little ſhall thy Foe be fed;
He ſhall the fatteſt of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou muſt not lowr:
Thou ſhalt build fair, another haue thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall loſe her *Bride-belt*: God with rage ſhall ſmite
Thy ſtubborn heart, with blindneſſe and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the leaſt creak ſhall make thee turn thy back:
Thou never ſhalt thine adverſe Hoaſt ſurvay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.
A People ſtout, for ſtrength and number ample,
Which th'*Ægle* hath for *Enſigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall ſhall dam,
And make thee (Famiſht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine owne bowels, and for want of meat
Thine owne deer Children's trembling fleſh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far diſperſt from home)
O're all the Corners of the earth ſhall roam:
To ſhew their Curſe, they ſhall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worſe) they ſhall not be their Owne.
AMEN, ſaid all the Hoaſt. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

Curſes on the Diſobedient.

SIth ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heavens, and O thou Earth giue ear
Vnto my voyce, and Witneſs (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal and their hard hart.

The SONG OF MOSES.

O Heav'n and Earth attend vnto my Song,
Hear my discourse, which sweetly slides along;
As siluer showrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And hony deaws, on tender grass distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse
(As water on the withered Lawns) may pearce:
And that the hony dropping from my tongue
May serue the olde for rain, for deaw the yong.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth
Com praise him with me, sound his glory forth,
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Works record,
Truth, Goodnes, Greatnes, Iustice of the Lord.

But, though for euer He haue showen him such;
His children yet (no Children, rather much
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,
All kinde of vice haue foully wallowed in.

O fooliſh People! dooſt thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenç't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who choſe thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of ſo foule a maſſe, ſo fair?

Vn-winde the bottom of olde Times again,
Of Ages paſt vn-reel the ſnarled skain,
Ask of thy Parents, and they ſhall declare,
Thine Elders, and they'll tell thee Wonders rare.

They'll tell thee, how, when firſt the Lord had ſpred
Men on the Earth, and iuſtly levelled
His ſtrait long Meaſure th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee a plentious Land provide.

For his deer IACOB, whom his fauour then
Seem'd t' haue ſequeſtred from the reſt of men,
To th' end his *Bleſſed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his Care, Loue, Lot, and Heritage.

They'll

They'll tell thee too, how through the ſandy horror
Of a vaſt *Deſart*, Den of ghaſtly Terror,
Of Thirſt and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea (of his goodnes) to direct him ſtill,
By Word and Writ ſhow'd him his ſacred Will;
Vnder his wings ſhade, hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his ey.

As is the royall *Eagle*'s ſacred wont,
When ſhe would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To flie and crie about her Neſt, to cheer them,
And when they faint, on her wingd back to bear them:

God (without aid of other Gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the higheſt Places,
Suck Oyl and Hony from the Rocks diſtilling,
In plentious Land with pleaſant Fruits him filling.

He gaue him Milk and Butter for his meat;
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, and the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a moſt delicious Wine
(The ſprightfull bloud of the broad-ſpreading Vine).

But, waxen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Againſt his God (to whom his Soule ſhould kneel)
Forſakes his Maker, and contemns the Same
That ſaued him from danger, death, and ſhame.

Then, he inflam'd the fury of the Lord;
With profane bowing to falſe Gods abhord:
With ſeruing *Idols*, and with Sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phanſies of his owne deuiſing.

For vain falſe Gods, Gods vn-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he neuer knew,
He hath forgot the true eternall BEING,
The God of whom he holdes his bliſs and being.

God

God ſaw it well, and Ielouſly a-fire,
Againſt his Children thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightnes of my face,
I'll take from them the treaſures of my grace.

Then let vs ſee what will of them becom:
But, what but miſchiefe can vnto them com,
That ſo perverſe with euery puff let fly
Their Faith, ſole conſtant in inconſtancy?

Th' haue made me ieloux of a God, no God:
I'll make them ieloux, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no People: And their breſt
Shall ſplit, for ſpight, to ſee the *Nations* bleſt.

Deuouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath conſume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And ſtrong foundations of the ſteepeſt Hils.

I'll ſpend on them my ſtore of Puniſhments,
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Peſtilence,
Wilde Beaſts, and Worms that baſely crawling are,
Without remorſe ſhall make them end-les War.

Abroad, the Sword their ſtrong men ſhall devour,
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The freſh yong Youth, the ſucking Children ſmall,
And hoary head, dead to the ground ſhall fall.

Yea, euen already would I quite deface
And clean deſtroy them, I would IACOB race,
Raze his Memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would ſay:

We haue preuail'd, we by our ſtrength alone
Haue quell'd this People, and them over-throwen:
'T was not their God that did it for their Sins:
No, He himſelf is vanquiſht with his Friends.

Ha!

Ha! ſottiſh blocks, void of all ſenſe and ſight:
Could one man put a thouſand men to flight,
And two, ten thouſand, if the God of Arms
Had not even ſolde their Troops and bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their Gods ſurpaſs:
They knowe it well: but, their Wine ſprings (alas!)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMER's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Rayſins Poyſon yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the ſame that coms
From the fell ASPIK's foul infecting gums.

Do not I know it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their Sins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their Ruin poſteth: then, th' Omnipotent
Shall Iudge for IACOB: then I will repent
To quite-deſtroy mine owne beloued People,
Seeing their ſtrength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'T will then be ſaid, Where are their Gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, ſent-les, ſight-les, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, and eyes,
And (as their Guards) ſo oft did ſacrifice?

Now let thoſe trim Protectors them protect;
Let them riſe quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and com ſtand before,
To ſhield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTAL *am:*
There's none like *Me*, in or aboue this *Frame:*
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Graue,
And from my hands none can the Sinner ſaue.

I'll lift my hand toward th' arched Heav'ns on high,
And ſwear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which onely *Beeing*, giues to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I ſay) as ſouerain King alone,
I ſit me down on my high *Iuſtice* Throne,
I'll venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon iuſtly their iniquities:

My heart-thrill Darts I will make drunk with blood,
I'll glut my Sword with ſlaughter; all the brood
Of rebell Nations I will race (in fine)
To recompenſe the blood and death of Mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praiſe and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is ſo choiſely-deer:
Sith Hee'll auenge his Cauſe, and beating down
His Enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

THE CAPTAINES.

THE IIII. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iust-Duked IOSVAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN's *Conqueſt*: Iordan *ſelf-dinides*:
Re-Circumciſion, *what*, *and where*, *and why*:
Sackt Iericho: Hai *won* (*ſo* Achan *die*):
Gabaonites *guile*: ſtrange Haile: *the* Sun ſtands ſtil:
Nature *repines*. Iews (*Guide-les*) *prone to ill*.
Adoni-Bezec. Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Iahel *conquer* SISARA.
Samuel *ſucceeds*: Iews *craue a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway*; States-*Rule*: *and* MONARCHY.

Canaan *ſaluted*.

HAil *holy* IORDAN, and you *bleſſed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters of whoſe cryſtall Currents
So many *Saints* haue ſipt: O *Walls*, that reſt
Fair Monuments of many a famous Gueſt:
O *Hills*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* ſo flowry ſweet,
Where *Angels* oft haue ſet their ſacred feet:
And thou O *ſacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th' only MAN GOD, and his happy *Swadle*:
And thou O *Soil*, which drank'ſt the *crimſin Showr*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you fat *Hillocks* (which I take as given
For a firm pledge of the full ioyes of Heav'n)
Where Milk and Hony flowe; I ſee you all,
Vnder the conduct of my Generall.

NVN'S

NVN's valiant *Son*: and vnder GEDEON's Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, heer (braue *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;
Thrice-sacred Spirit, thy speedie succour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their Guide, Guard, strength and stay,
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

IOSVAH, by Favour nor by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank then Royall Soveraigns

Iosuah his iust authority, over the People of Israell.

(Who buies in gross, he by retail must sell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-les):
Neither by Force (for, who so enters (Right-les)
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):
Nor so dain climbs he (raw) vnto the same
(For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,
He coms not down, but head-long down doth leap):

Simile.

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,
Which (now) *with* Conscience, Law *doth Moderate,*
Was first a Student (*vnder others aw*)
Then Barister, *then* Counceller *at-Law,*
Then Queens-Solicitor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer,*
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELER;
He coms to't by degrees: and having first
Show'n himself wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faith-full to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in Fight against the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the People pleased is.

His first Oration to the People.

But in his State yer he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the midst of God's beloved Hoast,
He thus dilates: O happy Legions deer,
Which sacred Arms vnder Heav'ns Ensignes bear,
Fear not that I, yet forty years, again
Your wandring Troops in these y ast sands should train
Twixt Hope and Fear: th'vn-hallowed Offerings,
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiff Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-draw'n th'aid of your heav'nly Father:

God

God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd)
Nills the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therfore, now take him at his word,
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely showe that th'Hoast of ISRAEL,
In Valour, far doth his drad Fame excell.
Courageous IACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holdes have prov'd thy Pikes and Darts,
The *Madianits* have thine Arms thunder knowen,
Th'hast razed *Bazan*, ransackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Crost the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy draddest Foes: Lo, now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.
Then turning him to RVBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their Portion had
By MOSES grant on *Iordan's* Eastern verge;
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to vrge:
Can you (my Harts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and vs thus of your aids bereave?
Will you ly wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in colde Trenches your poor Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be don)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full fury pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continuall showrs?
Will you go dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield you should dishonour so your Blood:
Nay rather (leauing on this side the Flood
Your Wives and Children, and (vnfit for Battell)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Com arm your selves, t'advance our Victories,
And share with vs in Perill, as in Prize.
O noble Prince (then all the Hoast repli'd)
March-on a Gods name; and good Hap betide:

He vrgeth particularly Rubē, Gad, & Manasses, *to take part with their Brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of* Canaan.

The generall and ioifull answere of the people.

Were

Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wildernes,
Were there before vs yet more crimsin Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set
Each vpon other (vp to Heav'n to get)
We'll follow thee through all; and onely th'end
Of our own liues shall our brave Iourney end.
After the *Ark*, then march they in aray
Direct to *Iordan*, praysing all the way
That liuing God, whose match-les mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might pass by land.

A Poeticall and pleasant description of the Riuer Iordan.

Hoar-headed *Iordan* neatly lodged was
In a large Caue, built all of beaten Glass;
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-lay'd the rest
With *Nacre checks*, and Corall of the best:
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute siluer to his seruice run:
There, IRIS, AVSTER, and Clowds blewly black
Continually their liquor leaue and take:
There th'aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed
And pensiue leaning his flag-shaggie head
Vpon a Tuft, where th'eating waues incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAELS approach:
Each haire he hath is a quick-flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that ouer-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,
About his loins a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow Wreath about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREVS his complexion showes.
So soon as He their welcom rumour heard,
His frosty head aboue the Waues he rear'd,
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The wauing Tresses of his weeping hairs,
And then perceiuing IACOB's Army stay'd
By his prowd streams; he chid them thus, and said:

Pre-

Presumptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingratefull Torrent) Prosopopœia.
Lift-vp thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and ouer-flowe thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast giue-way?
Shall *Egypt*'s honour, shall that Gulf (I say)
That long large Sea, which with his plentious waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laues;
Shall That yield humbly at his Seruant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himself (his glorious self) that Inns
Heer in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,
And down his back powrs back-ward all his course:
The stream returns towards his double source;
And, leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waves in heaped Hils were fixt,
To giue God place, and passage to his hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed coast.

So, dry they pass (after the sacred *Oracle*) *The Israelites passe dry shod through* Iordan.
And leaue Memorials of that famous Miracle
Vpon Mount *Gilgal:* and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,
To giue to His som special difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram*'s Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*; *Circumcision.*
And ever-more, that *Isaac*'s blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

But, why (say'st thou) should ancient ISRAEL, *A curious Question, why it was appointed in such a place.*
In such a secret place Record and Seal
Th' *Act* of the *Couenant:* and with bloody smart,
Ingraue their glory in a shamefull part?

Who blushes at it, is a grace-less Beast: *A sharpe and sober answere.*
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* impreſt
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.

A hundred ſubtill Reaſons from the Writs
Of *Rabbins* could I bring: but, ſober Wits
Reſt ſatisfied, conceiving that th'inciſion
Of th'obcœne *Fore-skin*, ſignifies th'abſciſſion,
Or ſacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beſeeming thoſe whom God, for his, elects:
That God the Fruits of Fleſh and Blood doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we muſt regenerate.

The right application and vſe thereof.

The Paſſeouer.

Now, th'*Hebrews* kept their *Paſs-ouer*: and go
(By Heav'ns addreſs) to mighty *Iericho*,
Beſieging ſo the City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.

The Siege of Iericho, after a ſtrange manner.

Souldiers (ſayd then th'vndaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To myne, or ſcale, or batter-down theſe Towrs:
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himſelf alone: and then he bod
(As firſt himſelf had been inform'd by God)
That daily once they all ſhould march the Round
About the City, with horn-Trumpets ſound,
Bearing about for only Banneret,
The light-full *Ark*, GOD's ſacred Cabinet:
Their ſwords vn-draw'n, not making any noyſe,
Threat-leſs their brows, and without braves their voyce,
No ſhaft to ſhoot, no ſigne of War, no glance,
And euen their March doth rather ſeem a dance.

The Citizens deride it.

What Childre-ſpell? what May-game haue we heer?
What, dare you (Gallants) dare you com no neer?
Is this your braue Aſſault? is this your Fight?
Ween you with Scar-crowes vs (like birds) to fright?
(Said the beſieged) get you ſom where els
(Poor ſots) to ſhowe your Bug-bears and your ſpels:
Ceaſe your hoarſe muſick, leaue the ſtage alone:
Fools, draw the Curten, now your Play is done.

On the 7. day, their walles of themſelues fall downe.

Six dayes together had th'*Hebrews* thus 't
About the town, ſeauen-times the ſeaventh they muſt;
When ſacred *Leuits* ſound more lowd and high
Their horny Trumps: then all the people cry

Com,

Com, com (great God) com, batter, batter down
These odious walls, this Idol-wedded Town.
It cracks in th'instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,
Each stone is loose, and all the wall doth quiver,
And all at once vnto the ground doth shiuer
With hideous noyse; and th'*Heathen* Guarison
Is but immur'd with Clowds of dust alone:
So shall you see a Clowd-crown'd Hill somtime, *Simile.*
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time,
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop;
And roaring, heer it roules tall Cedars vp,
There aged Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th'affrighted Vales,
There sadly sinks, or suddain stops the way
Of som swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.
Boast you (O Bombards) that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you (Mines) that you turn vp side-down
Rampires and Towrs, and Walls the massie-most:
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost;
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.
But, th'*Hebrews* with a suddain showt and cry,
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,
And (vnresisted) entring every-where,
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.
And, as a sort of lusty Bil-men, set *Simile.*
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great;
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,
They turn an Oak-groue to a field of grain:
So th'*Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pitty, *Iericho sackt & consumed with fire, and all her inhabitants put to the sword, without respect of State, Sexe or Age.*
Through all sad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in blood, and toyl
To lay all leuell with the trampled soyl:
The Idol's Temples, and the delicat
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat:
The Fire lowd-crackling with the Clowds doth meet,
A bloody Torrent runs through euery street,

Their venge-full ſword ſpares neither great nor ſmall;
Neither the Childe that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears ſnowe on his ſhaking head,
Ice in his heart; nor the leaſt Beaſt they bred.
A deed (indeed) more worthy th'*Heſeline*,
Than th'holy *Hebrews*; had the voice Divine
Not charg'd them ſo, and choicely armed them
'Gainſt *Iericho*, with his owne * *Anathem*:
Reſeruing only for his *Sacred Place*,
The Gold and Siluer, th'Iron and the Braſs.
Yet ſacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord
Som precious Pillage: which incenſt the Lord
Againſt the Camp, ſo that he let them fly
(For this Offence) before their Enemy.
For, when three thouſand choſen *Iſraelites*
Were ſent to *Hai* t'aſſault the *Cananites*,
The Town all arm's: their Prince the forwardeſt
(No leſs-brave Souldier then proud Athëiſt)
Arms the broad Mountain of his hairy breaſt,
With horrid ſcales of *Nilus* greedy beaſt;
His brawny arms and ſhoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin*:
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghaſtly head,
Wher-on for Plume a huge Horſe-tail doth ſpread;
Not much vnlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth growe,
Waving with euery winde, and made to kiſs
Th'Earth, now on that ſide, and anon on this:
In Quyver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poyſoned Arrows; and the Bowe he bears,
Is of a mighty Tree ſtrung with a Cable,
His Shaft a Lever, whoſe keen head is able
To pearce all proof, ſtone, ſteel, and Diamant.
Thus furniſhed, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
Sirs ſhall we ſuffer this ignoble Race,
Thus ſhamefully vs from our Owne to chaſe?
Shall they be Victors yer they overcom?
Shall our Poſſeſſions and our Plenty com

Among

*Curſe.

Achan's *Sacriledge.

Hai *ſummoned, the Townes mens ſally and put the Iſraelites to flight.*

The antik armor of the King.

His inſolent and blaſphemous Oration.

Among these, Mongrels? Tush: let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women shake
At their drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
I know no Gods, aboue my glittering Sword:
This sayd, he sallies, and assaults the Foe
With furious skirmish, and doth charge them so,
As stormy billows rush against a Rock:
As boystrous windes (that haue their prison broak)
Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'ns sulph'ry Flash
Against proud Mountains surly brows doth dash.
The sacred Troops (to conquer alwayes wont)
Could not sustain his first Tempestuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and as they fly amain,
Foure less than fourty of their band were slain.
The son of NVN then (with th' *Isacian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in prostrate wise appeares;
Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes
Even great with teares, thus to the Lord he cries:
O! what alas? what haue we don, O Lord?
The People, destin'd to thy Peoples sword,
Conquers thy people; and the *Cananites*
(Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Iordans* rapid Tyde
Still stay our Hoast vpon the other side?
Sith heer, in hope, to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard, and guard vs; nay, regard thy Name:
O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God most high!)
To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tyranny!
Much les thy sacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And least of all, thy glorious Self, to scorn.
IOSVAH (sayd God) let th' Hoast be san'ctifi'd,
And let the Church-thief die, that dar'd to hide
Th'vn-lawfull Pillage of that cursed Town
(The Mayden Conqueſt, prime of thy Renown):
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI shal fall vnder thy war-like powrs.

3. *Similes.*

Iosuah *and the Princes of* Israel *humbled before the Lord in Prayer.*

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Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins
Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.
Why (Cowards) dare you com again for blowes?
Or, do you long your wretched liues to lose?
Com, we are for you; wee'l dispatch you soon,
And for the many wrongs that you haue don
Vnto our selues, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our swords shall make vs fell amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then *A stratagem.*
Flies, as affraid, and with him all his men
Disorderly retire; still fayning so,
Till (politik) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noise so neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:
So haue I seen on LAMBORN'S *pleasant Douns,* *Similo.*
When yelping Begles or som deeper Hounds
Haue start a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(*Gray-bitches both, the best that euer run*)
Held in one leash, haue leapt and strain'd, and whin'd
To be restrain'd, till (*to their masters minde*)
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (*for sport*)
Watt *might haue law, neither too-long nor short.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the ambush past,
The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troops as fast,
Sa, sa, my Hearts; turn, turn again vpon-them,
They are your own, now charge, and cheerly on-them.
His ready Souldiers at a beck obay,
And on their Foes courageous load they lay; Hai, *conquered,*
They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they kill
Th' vnhallowed Currs, that yet resisted still;
Vntill behind them a new storm arose
With horrid noise, which daunts not only those,
But with the fury of it's force doth make
The Hills and Forrests, and euen Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you do? If heer you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y'are sure to dy:

If there, on *Iosuah:* O vnfortunate!
Your help-les gods in vain you invocate.
Y'are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beset
Simile. With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:
With shrill *Sa-haw, heer-heer-ho, heer-again,*
The Warren rings; th'amazed Game amain
Runs heer and there: but, if they scape away
From Hounds, staues kill them; if from staues, the Hay.
Yield, yield, and die then, striue not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gabaon*, a mighty City neer,
That these Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel.*
No: y'are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Cananites* are destin'd long ago
To Fire, and Sword, and vtter Ouer-throwe;
From Heav'ns high Iudge the sentence doth proceed:
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
The Gabaonites *cunning policie, to make League with* Israell. Alas! my Lord (reply'd th'Embassadors)
You may perceiue we are no Borderers
Vpon these countries; For, our suits, our slops,
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops
When we set forth from home; and even that day
This Bread was baked when we came away;
But the long Iourney, we haue gon, hath wore
Our cloath to rags, and turn'd our Victuals hoar.
W'adiure you therfore in the sacred name
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet ayr of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angell that conducts your Hoast,
By deer Embraces of your deerer Wiues,
And by your Babes (even) deerer then your liues;
By each of these, and all of these together,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawen vs hither,
T'haue pitty on vs, and to swear vnto-vs,
To saue our liues, and not so to vndo-vs,
As these neer Nations. *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words

So,

So, I (good Lord) perceiuing all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam*, vnto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Fury fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepeſt Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I ſhould (alas!)
Com, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;
For, Fleſh and Blood poſſeſs not Heav'n, for ay;
And, the ſtrict Rigour of thy *Iuſtice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the leaſt of ſins endure.
Oh then! what ſhall I do? I'll ſimilize
Theſe *Gabaonites*: I will my ſelf diſguize
To gull thee, Lord (for, euen a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and fauour often-while:
I'll put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it wherby our Grandſires di'd,
And *Lucifer*, with his aſſociates, fell
From Ioys of Heav'n, into the Pains of hell):
But th'humble *Fleece* of that ſweet ſacred *Lamb*
Which (for our ſakes) vpon the *Croſs* became
So torn and tatter'd; which the moſt refuſe:
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Iewes*.
And, as a piece of Siluer, Tyn, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or droſs, more baſe)
In feruent Cruſibile of thy free Grace,
I'll gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold:
Born a new man (by Faith) I'll kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Chriſt* ſhall be mine example,
His Spirit ſhall be my ſpirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in *Chriſt*, and *Chriſt* in me,
O! wilt thou, canſt thou, driue vs far from thee?
Depriue from promis'd new-*Ieruſalem*,
Chriſt thine owne *Likenes*, and me, *like* to him?
Banniſh from Heav'n (whoſe *Bliſs* ſhall neuer vade)
Thy *Chriſt*, by whom; and me, for whom 'twas made?
But, O preſumption! O too raſh Deſigne!
Alas! to *Will* it only, is not mine:

A ſacred application of their profane example.

Simile.

And,

And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My Spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therfore thou, thou that canst all alone;
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
Into thy Self me sin-full silly worm;
That so, I may be welcom to my God,
And liue in Peace, not where the *Iewes* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maist be
Th'vniting glew between my God and me.
Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Iarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth that their Neighbours had betrayed so
Their common Country, to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th'*Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-vpon *Gabaon*: but th'*Isacian* Prince,
As iust as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
He straight bids Battail to their enemies.

The Battaile of the fiue Kings.

The Fight growes fierce; and winged *Victory*,
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and coms, and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely-fell
In the stearn visage of the Infidel:

Extraordinary Volleys of Hail-shot frõ Heauen vpon the Infidels.

The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Vpon themselues the *Pagans* whirling darts,
And in their owne breasts, their owne Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th'Hoast of God before:
And (euen) as if it enuied the Renown
Of valiant *Iosuah* (now by *Ganges* knowen)
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd
Vpon the next, the second on the third:

Simile.

Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an euening on a Carpet build,

When

When ſom Wag by, vpon his Work doth blowe;
If one Arch fail, the reſt fall all arowe
Each vpon other, and the Childe he cries
For his loſt labour, and again he tries.
If any, reſting on his knotty Spear
'Gainſt Arms and ſtorms, yet ſtand out ſtifly there,
Th'Hail, which the Winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter than Racquets in a Court re-ierk
Balls 'gainſt the Walls of the black-boorded houſe,
Beats out his eyes, batters his noſe, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, inſtantly the ſtony ſtorm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls
Plumb on their heads, and cleaues their ſculs and cauls:
And euer, as they waver to and fro,
Ouer their Hoaſt the Haily Clowd doth go:
And neuer hits one *Hebrue*, though between,
But a ſword's length (or not ſo much) be ſeen:
A buckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatned or ſick head doth whelm;
But the ſhield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th'Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.
Thoſe, that eſcape, betake them to their heels;
Ioſuah purſues: and though his ſweat diſtills
From every part, he wounds, he kills, he cleaues:
Neither the Fight imperfect ſo he leaues.
But full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O ſtrange language!) thus alowd he ſaith;
Beam of th'Eternall, daies bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-ſeeing Sun,
Stay, ſtand thou ſtill, ſtand ſtill in *Gabaon*;
And thou, O Moon i'th'vale of *Aialon*,
That th'*Ammorites* now by their hare-like flight
Scape not my hands vnder all-hiding Night.
As a Caroche, draw'n by foure luſty ſteeds,
In a ſmooth way whirling with all their ſpeeds,
Stops ſuddainly, if 't ſlip into a ſlough,
Or if it croſs ſom Log or maſsie bough;

At the command of Ioſuah the Sun ſtädeth ſtil.

Simile.

The

The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his West to run,
Stops instantly, and giues the *Hebrues* space
To rid the Pagans that they haue in chase.

Description of Nature, who offended thereat, makes her complaint to God.

Nature, amaz'd, for very anger shakes:
And to th' Almighty her complaint she makes:
Seemly she marches with a measur'd pase,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her bosom-Twins
A liuely spring of pleasant milke their spins,
Vpon her shoulders (*Atlas*-like) she beares
The frame of All, down by her side shee wears
A golden Key, where-with shee letteth-forth,
And locketh-vp the Treasures of the Earth:
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Wher-in the *Heavens*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is showen;
The Sea in *Siluer* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *azure*, with *gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Loue*, fresh *Beauty*, smiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulnes*, each for her fauour su'th:
Grace still attends ready to do her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwayes waite vpon her.
Accoutred thus, and thus accompani'd,
With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd:

Prosopopœia.

Shall it be sayd, a Man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldest Daughter? ah! shall I
Haue the bare Name, and He th' authority
To Govern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receiue the Law
At others hands? of others stand in aw?
If 't be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,
To haue it so, or so to suffer it)
(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)
I heer surender thy Lieutenancy:
Bestow 't on him, put all into his hand:
Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth command.

Why

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After his death Israel hauing loſt his guide, fals from his God.

Euen ſo (alas!) hauing their Captain loſt,
So blindely wanders IACOB's wilfull Hoaſt,
Contemns the Fountain of God's ſacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poyſoning drink to draw;
Forſakes th'olde true God, and new falſ-gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendſhip entertains.

God therefore forſakes him.

Th'Almighty ſaw it (for, what ſees he not?
And ſodainly his fury waxed hot;
And on their neck, for his ſweet yoak, he layd
The Strangers yoak that hard and heauy waigh'd.

Simile.

But, as an Infant which the Nurce lets go
To go alone, waves weakly to and fro,
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So IACOB, iuſtly made afflictions thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Of pale Deſpair, but (if he cry, and craue him)
God ſtill extends his gracious hand to ſave-him;

Vpon his Repentance God again receiues him to fauour.

Raiſing ſom *Worthy* that may break in ſunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours vnder.
So then, aſſiſted by th'immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings vnder his Command
IERVSALEM, LVS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SESAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too; whoſe bloudy Tyrant, fled,
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:

The Tyrant Adoni-Bezec taken & intreated as he had handled others.

To ſelf-taught Torture he himſelf is put,
His ſacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut.
Wherby, more inly prickt, then outly payn'd,
God's Vengeance iuſt he thus confeſs't, and playn'd;

His complaint.

O hand, late Scepter-graç't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durſt euen MARS defie,
And could'ſt haue pull'd proud IVPITER from high!
Now, where-to ſerv'ſt thou, but t'augment my moan?
Thou canſt not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Lance with brazen head,
Ah! no (alas!) thou canſt not cut my bread.

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Sangar a Plow-Swain: a famous Champion of Israel.

And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Ox-teem tills his tributary Land.
When *Philistins*, with Sword and Fierie furie,
Slaughter the *Iews*, and over-run all *Iury*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lustfull-spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,
He leaves his Plough, he calls vpon his God,
And onely armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home and till thy ground,
Go prick thy Bullocks; leave the Works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiars.
First learn thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To knowe my strength (rather th'Almightie's might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third, thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dies.
Then steps another forth, more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blowe, and with his stroak,
The *Pagan* leg short-off in sunder broak;
On th'other yet, a while he stands and fights:
But th'*Hebrew* Champion such a back-blowe smights,
That flat he layes him; then with fury born,
Forward he leaps, and in a Martiall scorn,
Vpon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and trampes, and so stamps into't,
That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruse)
Half at his mouth, half at his sides he spews:
Simile. As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* euery wound to bleed,
Each Grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin,
Into the Vate, set to receiue them in.
Thence thirty steps a chief commander prest,
And prowdly wags his feather-clouded Crest,

And cries, Com hither (Cow-heard) come thou hither,
Com let vs cope, but I and thou together;
I'll teach thee (peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,
That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed.
No, heer (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him, and he runs so fierce,
That on his staf, him six steps back he beares;
Beares down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:
As, when 'tis dark, when 't rains, and blusters rough, *Simile.*
A thund'ring tempest with a sulphury puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoak, dust, and door-falls, with storms roaring dim,
Dismay the stoutest that command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scarr'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:
But, in their shirts over the walls they run,
And so their Town, yer it be ta'en, is wun;
The suddain Storm so inly-deep dismaies them,
That fear of Taking to despair betrays them.
Amid their Hoast, then brauely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:
Who flies, or follows, he alike besteads:
On scattered heape of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This with his elbow heer he over-turns,
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;
Heer, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull, and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;
And th'hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts form a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beats down: *Comparison.*
With swords, and shields, and shafts, the Field is sowen:
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain
There ly six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almightie God, how thou to thine art good!
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd

By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before
Nothing but spades, coulters, and bills had bore:
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a time committest the Command
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
DEBORA. But prudent DEBORA: vnto whose Throne
Fly those whose heads with age are hoary growen,
And those great Rabbies that do grauely sit,
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,
And He that in the Tabernacle serues,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles obserues:
None from her presence ever coms confus'd,
And, gotten skill, giues place to skill infus'd.
O IACOB's Lanthorn, Load-star pure, which lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall vs befall?
IABIN's fell yoak our weary necks doth gall:
We are the Butts vnto all Pagan darts,
And colde Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAEL (saith shee) be of good cheer; for now
God wars vpon your Foes, and leagues with you:
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance:
Barac. This said, on BARAC she a Shield bestowes,
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-showes
His shield giuen by Debora. In curious Bos-work (that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
As an abbridgement, where to life appear
The noblest Acts of eight or nine score year.
Lo, heer an army, stooping by the side
Gedeon. Of a deep River (with their Thirst half dry'd)
Sups, licks, and laps the stream: of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out,
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same, through their drad sodain sound,
With their owne Arms themselues to inter-wound:

A helliſh rage of mutuall fury ſwels
The bloudy hearts of barbarous Infidels,
So that the friends that in one Couch did ſleep,
Each others blade in eithers breſt do ſteep:
And all the Camp with head-les dead is ſowen,
Cut-off by Cozen-ſwords, kill'd by their owne.
Lo there, another valiant Champion, Iephthe.
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;
His heed-les Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth vnkindly kill:
The frantik Mother, all vnbraç't (alas!)
With ſilver locks vnkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage, with nails, with teeth, and tongue,
Runs-in, and ruſhes through the thickeſt throng:
And, ſhe will ſaue, and ſhe will haue (ſhe ſayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold ſhe layes
Vpon the Maid, and tearing-off her Coat,
Away ſhe runs, thinking ſhe her had got.
The Prieſt diſſolues in tears, th' Offring is cheerfull;
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;
The Father leads with ſlowe and feeble paſe,
The Daughter ſeems to run to death a-pace,
As if the Chaplet that her temple ties,
Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice:
Her grace and beauties ſtill augment; (in fine)
Who ſo beholds her ſweet, loue-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brow's; freſh Lillies, Coral, Iet:
He ſees (or ſeems to ſee) a Sun to ſet.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
Haue given ſuch life to th' Iron, Braſs, and Gold,
That heer wants nothing but the Mothers ſcreech,
The Father's ſigh, and the ſweet Daughter's ſpeech.
Lo heer, another ſhakes his vnſhav'n treſſes, Samſon.
Triumphing on a Lion torn in peeces:
O match-les Champion! Pearl of men-at-arms,
That emptieſt not an Arcenal of Arms,
Nor needeſt ſhops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furniſh weapons for thy glorious Wars:

An Asse's Iaw-bone is the Club wher-with
Thy mighty arm, brains, beats, and battereth
Th'vncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;
And th'Hoast that flew in dust, now flowes in bloud.
Heer, th'Iron Gates, whose hugeness woont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou doost take
On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming iest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistins* blaspheming Princes all.
Heer, from ones head, which two huge coins do crush,
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:
Heer lies another in a deadly swoune;
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:
Another, heer pasht with a pane of wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:
Another, heer o're-taken as he fled,
Lies (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seems with his mooving to re-moue his Toomb:
Simile. Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes vnder the Earth doth roule,
Refusing light, and little ayr receives,
And hunting worms her mooving hillockes heaves.
The Leuites *wife.* Lo lower heer, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th'execrable Fact)
Into twelues Peeces her dead Body hackt;
And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelue quick tinders of intestin Wars.
The Arke *taken by the Philistines.* And lower yet behold (with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born;
But, th'Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON falls
Before the ARK, which *Heathen*'s pride appalls.
The Battaile betweene the Israelites and Assyrians with their iron Chariots. BARAC thus arm'd, th'ASORIANS sets-vpon,
That bright in bras, steel, gold, and silver shone:
But, his young Soldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe:

Nine

Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering irons dazle even their sight;
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCVS made
(As proud of it, as Vnicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adornes their Front)
Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike:
On either-side, long grapples (Sickle-like)
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t'approach these broaching Cars.
But DEBORA, her Troops incouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:
Courage (sayth she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, and strike home, lay-on with all your mights:
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubt-les, they are your owne: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt deiected spirits.
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engines glorious,
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:
Or rather, 'tis God's Thunder-throwing hand,
Which onely doth all Warr's succes command:
And, VICTORIE's his Daughter, whom he now
(For his owne sake) frankly bestowes on you.
Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolf com stealing down a Mountaun side,
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolfe*;
Now, now (sayes *Eccho*) vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolf*;
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th'hungry Thief hence without hunting flies:
So th' *Hebrues*, heartned with her brave Discourse,
Gave such a showr, that th'armed Carrs and Horse
Turn suddain back, their Drivers Art deceiue;
And, changing side, through their owne Army cleave.
Som, with the blades in every Coursers brow,
Were (as with Launces) bored through and through:
Som torn in peeces with the whirling wheels,
Som trod to death vnder the Horses heels:

Debora comforteth and incourageth the Israelites.

Simile.

Gods enemies ouerthrowen by their owne Engines.

As (in som Countries) when in Season hot,
Vnder Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)
Simile. They vse to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torn.
Som (not direct before the Horse, nor vnder)
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:
As in a Mead the Gras yet in the flowr,
Simile. Falls at the foot of the wide-straddling Mower,
That with a stooping back, and stretched arm,
Cuts-cross the swathes to winter-feed his Farm.
If there rest any resolute, and loth
To lose so soon their Arms and honors both
At first assault, but rather bravely bent
To see so fierce and bloudy Fight's event;
Both DEBORA and BARAC thither pli'd:
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE,
Debora *prayes while* Barac *fights.* And NVN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man,
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
She (in the zeale of her religious spirit)
Lifts-vp her hands to pray, and he to fight.
The Infidels vtterly ouerthrown and Sisara *their Captaine slain by* Iahel. He charges fierce, he wounds, he slaughters all
But SISARA, their Captain generall;
Who flies to IAHEL, and by her is slain
Driving a nail into his sleeping brain.
At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMVEL;
One rarely-wise, who weds his Policy,
Samuel, *Iudge.* To divine gifts of sacred Phophecie:
But, his too-greedy Sons, digressing quite
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE
Israel askes a KING. Of th' ancient RVLE of th' Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all seek a suddaine *Change* of STATE.
Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMENT,
Vp starts a Fellow of a mean Descent
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,
1. *A Declamatiõ of a* Plebeian *for* Democratie *or People-Sway.* And courage too, aspiring high to sit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:
Divine Designe! O Purpose worthy-prayse,

To

To now-*Reform* the STATE, and soundly *heal*
With holsom Lawes th'hurts of the *Common-weal*:
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed (or never);
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;
In shaking-off confused *Anarchie*,
To be intiç't t'imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fools, ador'd of Flatterers.
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedom and Defence of the base Rabble,
But to brave mindes a Yoak intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to measure
Breath, Life, and Mooving, all at One man's pleasure?
One, to keep all in aw? One at a beck
A whole great Kingdom to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly sight to see a Prince,
Void of all Vertue, full of insolence,
To Play with Noble States, as with a straw?
A Fool, to give so many Wise the Law?
A Beast, to govern Men? An Infant, Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field?
Who is't but knowes?, that such a Court as this,
Is th' open Shop of selling Offices?
Th'harbour of Riot, stews of Ribal dry,
Th' haunt of Profusion, th'Hell of Tyranny:
That no-where shines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extreme?
That not a King among ten thousand Kings,
But to his Lust his Law in bondage brings?
But (shame-les) triumphs in the shame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gilderh those that glorifie his Folly;
That sooth and smooth, and call his Hell-nes holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every-where) his meanest Subiects vexes;
As an ill-stated Body doth distill
On's feebleſt parts his cold-raw humors stil.
That Form of RVLE is a right *Comon-weal*,
Where all the *People* haue an Enter-deal:

The corruption & licentiousnes of most Princes Courts.

Simile.

Where(with-out aw or law)the Tyrants ſword
Is not made drunk with bloud,for a Miſs-word:
Where,Each(by turn)doth *Bid* and doth *Obey*;
Where,ſtill the *Commons*(hauing Soverain-*Sway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit: giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth,nor mouldy Monuments
From great-great-Grand ſires ſcutcheon'd in Deſcents:
Where,*Learned* Men,vn-ſoule-clogd(as it were)
With ſervile giues of Kings imperious Fear,
Fly euen to Heav'n; and by their Pens inſpire
Poſterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:
Where,Honour's honeſt Combat never ceaſſes,
Nor Vertue languiſhes,nor Valour leeſes
His ſprightfull nerves,through th'Enuy of a PRINCE,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or,Pride of thoſe,who (from great Elders ſprung)
Haue nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others Worth,enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*,and all *Arts* contemn:
Or baſe Deſpair,in thoſe of meaner Calling,
Who,on the ground ſtill(woorm-like)baſely crawling,
Dare not attempt(nor ſcarcely think,preciſe)
Any great Act or glorious Enterpriſe;
Becauſe Ambition,Cuſtom,and the Law,
From high Eſtate hath bounded them with aw:
Where,He that never rightly learn'd t'obay
Commandeth not,with heavy Sword of *Sway*:
Where,each i'th'Publik having equall part,
All to ſave all will hazard life and hart:
Where,*Liberty* (as deer as life and breath)
Born with vs firſt,conſorts vs to our death.

Simile. Shall ſavage Beaſts like-better Nuts and Maſt
In a free Forreſt,than our choiſe Repaſt
In iron Cages? and ſhall we(poor Sots)
Whom Nature Maſters of our ſelues allots,
And Lords of All beſides; ſhall we go draw
On our owne necks an eaſe-les Yoak of Aw?

Rather

Rather (O IACOB) chuſe we all to die,
Than to betray our Native *Libertie*,
Than to becom the ſporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld vs thrall
To ſerve or honor any other King
Than that drad LAVV which did from SINA ring.
Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honorable,
Stands-vp, and ſpeaks (maieſtically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-les (ſaid he) with waſte of Time and Soap,
Y'have labour'd long to waſh an ÆTHIOPE:
Y'have drawn vs heer a goodly form of STATE
(And well we have had proof of it of late):
Shall we again the Sword of IVSTICE put
In mad mens hands, ſoon their owne throats to cut?
What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fel?
What Chaff more light? What Sea more apt to ſwel
Than is th'vnbridled Vulgar, paſſion-toſs't;
In calms elated, in foul-weather loſt?
What boot deep Proiects, if to th'eyes of all
They muſt be publiſht in the common Hall?
Sith knowen Deſigns are dangerous to act:
And, th'vn-cloſe Chief did never noble fact.
DEMOCRACY is as a toſſed Ship,
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the deep:
A *Senate* fram'd of thouſand Kinglings ſlight;
Where, voices paſs by number, not by waight;
Where, wiſe men do propound, and Fools diſpoſe:
A Fair, where all things they to ſale expoſe:
A Sink of Filth, where ay th'infamouſeſt,
Moſt bold and buſie, are eſteemed beſt:
A Park of ſavage Beaſts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-les Monſter with a thouſand heads.
What ſhall we then do? ſhall we by and by
In Tyrants paws deiect vs ſervilely?
Nay, rather, ſhunning the extremities,
Let vs make choiſe of men vpright and wiſe;

2 *Another, of a reverend Senator for* Ariſtocracy, *or the rule of a choſen Synode of the beſt men.*

Compariſon.

Simile.

Simile.
Simile.

Simile.

Of

Of ſuch whoſe Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of ſuch whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of ſuch as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th'abiect Vulgar; and to th'hands of ſuch
(Such as for Wiſdom, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let vs commit the Reans of ISRAEL;
And ever from the ſacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, baſe, moody *Multitude.*
Take away Choice, and where is Vertue's grace?
What? ſhall not Chance vnto Deſert give place?
Simile. And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blinde be led
By thoſe whoſe eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid ſuch baulks, and blocks and Pits,
As in beſt *State*-paths the beſt *States*-man meets?
Compariſon. Who may be better truſted with the key
Of a great Cheſt of Gold and gems than they
That got the ſame? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to ſit,
Than ſuch as in the Ship moſt venture bear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear:
Such as, Content, and having Much to loſe,
Even Death itſelfe, rather than Change, would chooſe?
3. The Oration of a Noble yong Prince for Monarchy or the ſole Soveraintie of a KING. While he diſcourſt thus on a Theam ſo grave,
Vp-roſe a Gallant, noble, yong, and brave,
Fo to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t'attain a Scepters governance,
And thus he ſpeaks: Your RVLE is yet too *Free.*
Y'have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publik-Tree:*
Y'have qualifide, but not *yet* cur'd our Grief:
Y'have in our Field ſtill left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues, and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to ſway an *Emperie,*
Is for the moſt part like vntamed Bulls:
Simile. One, this way hales: another, that way pulls:
All, every-way; hurried with Paſſion's windes
Whither their Luſt-ſtorms do tranſport their mindes;
At length, the ſtrongeſt bears the weakeſt down,
And to himſelf wholly vſurps the Crown:

And so in fine) your *Aristocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.
In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
And *People-Sway*, have * *Symptomes* both a-like:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Vnion*; which of Gouernment
Is both the Life-bloud and Preservative,
Wherby a STATE, yong, strong, and long doth thrive.
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, vpon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherin (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rigd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)
A many Masters strive not who shall steer.
The world hath but One God: Heav'n but One Sun:
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-Birds but One
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At sound of whose Edicts, all ioynt-proceed:
Vnder whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:
And, that same *Maiesty*, which (as the Base
And Pedestal) supports the waight and grace,
Greatnes and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
It not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:
Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,
Be in a hundred little brooks divided;
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more waighs the same:
But soon it loses both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:

* *A passion following any sickness.*

Simile.

His

His Countrie's life, and soule, sight and fore-sight;
And even th' Almightie's sacred Picture right.
While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'll have a KING for Guide.
He shall command: He shall conduct our Hoasts,
And make vs Lords of th' IDVMEAN Coasts.
Ingrate, said SAMVEL, will you then reiect
Th' Almighties Scepter? do you more affect
New POLICY, than his olde PROVIDENCE?
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?

A KING's Prerogatiue.

Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:
But, do ye knowe what follows there-vpon?
He, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,
To serve his Pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort
Of Popiniayes and Peacocks of the Court):
He shal your choisest Sons and Daughters take
To be his Seruants (nay, his slaues to make):
You shall plant Vineyards, he the Wine shall sup:
You shall sowe Fields, and he shall reap the Crop:
You shall keep Flocks, and he shall take the Fleece:
And PHARAO's Yoak shall seem but light to his.
But, IZRAEL doth wilfull still persever,

Saul anointed King of Israell.

And SAMVEL (prest and importun'd euer)
Anointeth SAVL (the son of CIS) a Man
Whose cursed end mar'd what he well began.
You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits:
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:

A check to busie, seditious, and ambitious Malcontents in any State.

Fantastik Frantiks, that would innovate,
And every moment change your form of STATE:
That weening high to fly, fall lower still:
That though you change your bed, change not your Ill:
See, See how much th' Almighty (the most High)
Heer-in abhors your fond inconstancy.

The authority of every kinde of Government is from God.

The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,
And sacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms
Flourish a-vic, as well in Arts and Arms,

As

As prudent Laws. Therefore, you ſtout *Helvetians*,
Griſons, *Genevians*, *Raguſins*, *Venetians*,
Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your ſacred Laws rooted ſo deep with you.
On th'other ſide, we that are born and bred
Vnder KINGS Aw, vnder one *Supreame Head*,
Let vs ſtill honor their drad *Maieſties*,
Obey their Laws, and pay them Subſidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more theſe factious Teachers,
Theſe ſhame-les *Tribunes*, theſe ſeditious Preachers,
That in all places alwaies belch and bark
Aloud abroad, or whiſpers in the dark,
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lieutenant of Almighty God.
And let not vs, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-ſway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Youth-ſlips* of a KING,
I'th' *Law* ſom fault, I'th' *State* ſom blemiſhing,
Than to fill all with Blood-flouds of *Debate*;
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) ſtir a ſtone
In a great Building's olde foundation:
And, a good Leach ſeeks rather to ſupport,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle ſort,
A feeble Body (though in ſickly plight)
Than with ſtrong Med'cines to deſtroy it quight.
And therefore, Curſed, *ever* Curſed *be*
Our *Hell-*ſpurr'd* PERCIE's *fel* Conſpiracy;
And every head *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceiue *or but* Conſent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheiſts, *faining* Superſtition,
To cover Cruelty *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnat Divels, Enemies of Man,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monſters in-humane,
Diſ-natur'd NERO's, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blowe-vp *all* Eſtates;
Prince's *and* Peer's, *and* Peoples *Government*
(*For, of all Three conſiſts our* PARLIAMENT)

Therefore every People to perſiſt in the State eſtabliſhed.

* *A iuſt Execration of the Popiſh Powder-Plot on the fift of November, 1605.*

Religion,

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Whose subtle Agents, *while you* strive *for shels,*
Poyson the kernel with Erronious *Spels:*
Whose Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep,*
Sowe Tares *of* Treason, *which take root too-deep.*
Watch; watch your Fold: Feed; feed your Lambs at-home:
Muzzle *these* Sheep-clad *bloudy* Wolves *of* ROME.
Therfore, O PEOPLE, *let vs Praise and Pray*
Th' Almighty-most (whose Mercy lasts for ay)
To giue vs grace, to euer-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
*To true-*Repent *vs of our hainous* Sin
(Pride, Lust, *and* Looseness) *we haue wallowed in:*
To stand still constant *in the pure* Profession
Of true RELIGION *(with a due discretion*
To try the Spirits, *and by peculiar choice*
To knowe our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voice):*
And, euer loyall to our PRINCE, *t' expose*
Goods, Lands, and Liues, against his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *be found,*
Conuert them quickly; and the rest Confound.
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *and* PEOPLE *too,*
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long-agoe,*
His Sidrach, Misach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE-Powder'd *Zeal*
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PVBLIK-*weal.*

The End of the
THIRD DAIE
of the
SECOND WEEK.

DAVID.

The FOVRTH DAY
Of
The SECOND WEEK;
Containing

1. *THE TROPHEIS,*
2. *THE MAGNIFICENCE,*
3. *THE SCHISM,*
4. *THE DECAY.*

Translated,
&
Dedicated

To Prince HENRY *his Highness.*



Acceptam refero.

To Prince HENRY *his Highnesse.*

A SONNET.

*HAuing new-*mustred *th'* HOAST *of all this* ALL:
Your Royall Father In our Fore-ward *stands*;
Where (Adam-*like*) *Himself alone Commands*
A WORLD *of* Creatures, *ready at his Call.*
Our Middle-ward *doth not vnfitly fall*
To famous Chiefs, *whose graue-braue heads & hands*
In Counsail'd Courage so Conduct our Bands,
As (*at a brunt*) *affront the force of* Baal.
Our Rere-Ward (*Sir*) *shalbe your Princely* Charge,
Though last, not least (*sith it most Honour brings*)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For, Your Command *is of a* Camp *of* KINGS,
Som good, som bad: Your Glory *shall be, heer*
To Chuse and Vse *the good, the bad* Cassier.

A STANZA.

IEwel of NATVRE, *Ioy of* ALBION,
To whose perfection Heav'n *and* Earth *conspire:*
That, in Times fulnes, Thou mayst bless this Throne
(*Succeeding in the* Vertues *of thy Sire*)
As happily thou hast begun, goe-on;
That, as thy Youth, *we may thine* Age *admire;*
Acting *our* Hopes (*which shall revive our hearts*)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms *and* Arts.

Iosuah Sylvester.

THE TROPHEIS.

THE FIRST BOOK OF *the fourth Day of the second* Week, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Fauour, *into Gods* Disgrace.
Dauid *design'd* Successor *in his Place*;
Brauing Goliah, *and the* Philistins
He brauely foyles: He flyes his furious Prince.
Seem-Samuel *rais'd*: Saul *routed*; *Selfely slain.*
King-Dauids TROPHEIS, *and triumphant* Raign:
His heauenly Harp-*skill* (*in King* IAMES *renewd*):
His humane frailty, heauily pursewd.
Bersabé *bathing*: Nathan *bold-reprouing*:
Dauid *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *mooning*).

Saul *king of Israell, fortunate at the first, is afterward reiected, and* Dauid *elected in his steed.*

HEröike force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honor the Scepter of courageous *Saul*;
Successe confirmes it: for the power Diuine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th' euer-wicked, curst *Amalekite*:
O too-too-happy, if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heauens sacred Ordinance?
But therefore, God in's secret Counsell (iust)
Him euen alreadie from his Throne hath thrust,
Degraded of his gifts: and in his steed
(Though priuily) anointed *Iesse*'s Seed,

Th' ho-

Th' honour of *Iacob*, yea of th' Vniuerſe,
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, *Subiect* of my Verſe.
Lord, ſith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aſpire to *DAVIDS* Diadems and Thrones; *Inuocation.*
Nor lead behind my bright *Tryumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aſps adorn
With bloody *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchſafe me yet his *Verſe*, and (Lord) I craue
Let me his Harp-ſtrings, not his Bowe-ſtrings haue;
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-ſing
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can ſing *DAVID*'s worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory ſound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (with Heav'ns loue ſurpriz'd)
To praiſe thee there, thou now haſt Angeliz'd.
Giue me the Laurel, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather giue me (if thy grace ſo pleaſe)
The *Ciuik Garland* of green Oaken boughes,
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious browes,
To euer-witnes to our after-frends
How I haue reſcew'd my con-Citizens,
Whom profane *Fames-Thirſt* day and night did moue
To be beſlau'd to th' yoake of wanton *Loue*:
For, (not to me, but to thee, Lord, be praiſe)
Now, by th' example of my *Sacred* Layes,
To *Sacred Loues* our nobleſt ſpirits are bent,
And thy rich Name's their only Argument.
HEE, WHOM in priuat wals, with priuy ſigne,
The great King-maker did for *King* aſsigne,
Begins to ſhow himſelf. Afier ſo great
Could not liue flame-les long: nor would God let
So noble a ſpirits nimble edge to ruſt
In Sheapheards idle and ignoble duſt.
My Son, how certain we that ſaying proue,
That doubtful Fear ſtill wayts on tender Loue?
DAVID (ſaith *Ieſsè*) I am full of fears
For thy deer Brethren: Each Aſſault, ſalt teares

Ieſsè (*or* Iſhai) *ſendeth* Dauid *to ſee his bretherē in the Campe.*

Draws from mine eyes; mee thinks each point doth ſtab
Mine *Eliab*, *Samna*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore goe viſite them, and with this Food
Beare them my bleſsing; ſay I wiſh them good;
Beſeeching God to ſhield and them ſuſtain,
And ſend them (ſoon) victorious home again.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth ſpie
Two ſteep high Hils where the two Armies lie,
A Vale diuides them; where, in raging mood
(*Coloſſus*-like) an armed Giant ſtood:
Deſcription of Goliah. His long black locks hung ſhagged (ſlouen-like)
A-down his ſides: his buſh-beard floated thick;
His hand and arms, and boſom briſtled were
(Moſt Hedge-hog-like) with wyer inſteed of haire.
His foul blaſphemous mouth, a Caues mouth is;
His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abyſſe:
His legs two Pillars; and to ſee him go,
He ſeemd ſom ſteeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypreſſe-Tree of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wiſe waues on his Helm of gold.
Whoſe gliſtring brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Againſt the Sun, the Sun it ſelf reflect:
Simile. Much like a Comet blazing bloodie-bright
Ouer ſom City, with new threatfull light,
Preſaging down-fall, or ſom diſmal fate,
Too-neer approaching to ſom ancient State.
His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Maſt (as big)
Which yet he ſhaketh as an Oſier twig;
Whoſe harmful point is headed ſtifly-ſtraight
With burniſht Braſſe aboue an Anuils waight:
Vpon whoſe top (in ſtead of Bannaret)
A hiſsing Serpent ſeems his foes to threat:
His brazen Cuiraſſe, not a Squire can carrie;
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* ſlaies,
Where *Chus* his ſon, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth raiſe;
Where th' *Ark* of God, to th' *Heathen* captiuate,
To *Dagon's* Houſe is led with ſcorne and hate)

Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To ſaue from ſhot ſome hard-beſieged Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the ſtormefull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare ſulphury clowds aſunder.
O Fugitiues! this is the fortieth day
(Thus barkes the Dog) that I haue ſtalked aye
About your fearfull Hoaſt: that I alone
Againſt your beſt and choiſeſt Champion,
In ſingle Combat might our Cauſe conclude,
To ſhun the ſlaughter of the multitude.
Come then, who dares; and to be ſlaine by mee,
It ſhall thine honour and high Forune bee.
Why am I not leſs ſtrong? my common ſtrength
Might find ſome Braue to cope with at the length.
But, phy for ſhame, when ſhal we ceaſe this geare?
I to defie, and you to fly for feare?
If your hearts ſerue not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?
Why rather doe you (ſith you dare not fight)
Not proue my mildneſſe, than prouoke my might?
What needed Coats of braſſe and Caps of ſteele
For ſuch as (Hare-like) truſt but to their heele?
But, ſith I ſee not one of you (alas!)
Alone dares meete, nor looke me in the face,
Come tenne, come twenty, nay come all of you,
And in your ayde let your great God come too:
Let him rake Hell, and ſhake the Earth in ſunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning and with Thunder:
Come, let him come and buckle with me heer:
Your goodly God, leſſe then your ſelues, I feare.
Thus hauing ſpewd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* ſtirr'd
His monſtrous Limbes; beneath his feet he reard
A Clowd of duſt: and, whereſoe're he wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghaſtly ſteps attend.
Euen as a payr of buſie chattering Pies,
Seeing ſome hardie Tercell from the skies
To ſtoop with rav'nous ſeres, feele a chill feare,
From buſh to buſh, wag-tayling here and there;

His brauing Defiance to the Hoaſt of Iſrael.

Simile.

So that no noyſe, nor ſtone, nor ſtick can make
The timorous Birds their Couert to forſake:
So th' *Hebrew* Troopes this brauing Monſter ſhun;
And from his ſight, ſom here, ſom there, do run.
In vain the King commands, intreats, and threats;
And hardly three or foure together gets.

Saul *ſtirreth vp his Souldiers & propoſeth ample Reward to him that ſhall vndertake the Philiſtine.*

What ſhame (ſaith he) that our victorious Hoaſt,
Should all be daunted with one Pagans boaſt?
Braue *Ionathan*, how is thy courage quaild
Which, yerſt at *Boſes*, all alone aſſaild
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoaſt? O Worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerues of Valour now?
And thou thy ſelfe (O *Saul*) whoſe Conquering hand
Had yerſt with *Tropheis* filled all the Land,
As far as *Tigris*, from the *Iaphean* Sea;
Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?
Saul is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Izraelite*
Shall venge God's honor and Our ſhame acquite?
Who, ſpurrd with anger, but more ſtird with Zeale,
Shall foile this Pagan, and free *Izrael*?
O! who ſhall bring me this Wolf's howling head,
That Heav'n and Earth hath ſo vn-hallowed?
What e're he be, that (lauiſh of his ſoule)
Shall with his blood waſh-out this blot ſo foule,
I will innoble him, and all his Houſe;
He ſhall inioy my Daughter for his Spouſe:
And euer ſhall a Deed ſo memorable
Be (with the Saints) ſacred and honorable.
Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appeer:
All wiſh the Prize; but none will win 't ſo deer:
Big-looking Minions, braue in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, euen the blaſt that cools their courage ſo,
That makes my *DAVID*'s valiant rage to glowe.

Dauids *offer.*

My Lord (ſaith He) behold, this hand ſhall bring
Th' Heav'n-ſcorning head vnto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, ſweet Shepheard (anſwers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be ſmall:

High

High flie thy thoughts; but we haue need of more,
More ſtronger Toyls to take ſo wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs ſom Demi-god,
Som *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of ſlender growth, vpon whoſe tender Chin
The budding doun doth ſcarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine owne Rank, and draw not thus
Death on thy ſelf, diſ-honour vpon vs,
With ſhame and ſorrow on all *Izrael*,
Through end-les Thraldom to a Foſo fel.
The fainteſt Harts, God turns to Lions fierce, *His aſſurance.*
To Eagles Doues, Vanquiſht to Vanquiſhers:
God, by a Womans feeble hand ſubdews
Iabins Lieutenant, and a Iudge of *Iews*.
God is my ſtrength: therefore (O King) forbear,
For *Izrael*, for Thee, or Mee, to fear:
No ſelf-preſumption makes me raſhly braue;
Aſſured pledge of his prowd head I haue.
Seeſt thou theſe arms (my Lord) theſe very arms
(Steeld with the ſtrength of the great God of Arms)
Haue bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:
Theſe very arms, beſide a ſhady Wood,
Haue ſlain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fatteſt ſheep away.
My God is ſtill the ſame: this ſauage Beaſt,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feaſt,
All-ready feels his fury, and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his own ſword his curſed length I lop,
His head al-ready on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute,
To ſee a mind ſo yong, ſo reſolute:
Then ſon (ſaith he) ſith ſo confirm'd thou art,
Go, and Gods bleſſing on thy valiant hart;
God guide thy hand, and ſpeed thy weapon ſo,
That thou return triumphant of thy Fo.
Hold, take my Corſlet, and my Helm, and Launce,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes aduance.

The faithfull Champion, being furniſht thus,
Is like the Knight, which twixt *Eridanus*
And th'heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching brauely-bright
(Hauing his Club, his Caſque, and Belt bedight
With flaming ſtuds of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yer that he had half a furlong gon,
The maſsie Launce and Armour hee had on
Did load him ſo, he could not freely mooue
His legs and arms, as might him beſt behooue.
Simile. Euen ſo an *Iriſh* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the ſpur ouer the bogs they prick
In higheſt ſpeed) If on his back he feel
Too-ſad a Saddle, plated all with ſteel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behind,
Crooper and Trappings him too-cloſe to binde;
He ſeems as lame, he flings and will not go;
Or, if he ſtir, it is but ſtiff and ſlowe.
DAVID therefore lays-by his heauy load,
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakeſt can the ſtrongeſt ſtoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows ſeeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, by the Brooke that runnes amid the Vale,
Hee takes fiue Pebbles and his Sling, and ſo,
Courageouſly incounters with his Foe.
What Combats this? On the one ſide, I ſee
A mooving Rocke, whoſe looks do terrifie
Euen his owne Hoaſt; whoſe march doth ſeem to make
The Mountaine tops of *Sucoth* euen to ſhake:
On th'other ſide, a ſlender tender Boy
Where grace and beautie for the prize doo play:
Shaue but the doun that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchiſes* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would think that it were *Cupids* ſelf.
Gold on his head, skarlet in either Cheek,
Grace in each part and in each geſt, alike;

In

In all so louely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Enuy cannot but commend
His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidel,
Although his Fury fume, though vp and down
He nimblie trauerse, though he fiercely frown,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;
His Storme is Calm, and from his modest eyes
Euen gratious seems the grimmest flash that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,
To be with stones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life so soon?
O foolish boy! fantastical Baboone!
That never saw'st but sheep in all thy life;
Poore sotte, 'tis heer another kind of strife:
We wrastle not (after your Shepheards guise)
For painted Sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheese:
The Vanquisht Head must be the Victors Fees.
Where is thy sweatie dust? thy sun-burnt scars
(The glorious marks of Soldiers train'd in Warres)
That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou shalt no more be-star thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Mistress shall no more
Curl the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet smiling eyes:
Yet, no (my guirle-boy) no, I will not file
My feared hands with blood so faintly-vile:
Go seek thy match, thou shalt not dy by me,
Thine honor shall not my dishonor be:
No (silly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods,
I would not fight at so vn-knightly ods.
Come barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That hast blasphem'd the God of Gods, and vs;
The ods is mine (villain, I scorne thy Boasts)
I haue for Aide th'almighty Lord of Hoasts.

Th' *Ethnik*'s a-fier, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:
Out of his beuer like a Boare he foames:
A helliſh fury in his boſom roames:
As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull paſe,
Death and deſtruction muſter in his face;
He would a-freſh blaſpheam the Lord of Lords
With new deſpights; but in the ſteed of words
Simile. He can but gnaſh his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid twixt the hollow of ſteep Hils and Rocks,
Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged turnings,
Lowes hideouſly his ſolitary Moornings:
The Tyrant ſo from his cloſe helmet blunders
With horrid noiſe, and this harſh voyce he thunders:
Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:
I Chalenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth)
Not Thee, baſe *Pigme*. Villain (ſayes the *Iew*)
That blaſphemy thou inſtantly ſhalt rue.
Simile. If e'r you ſaw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope togither;
(How th' one ſteers quick, and th' other veers as ſlowe
Lar-boord and ſtar-boord from the poop to prowe;
This, on the winde; that, on her Owres relies;
This daunteth moſt; and that moſt damnifies)
You may conceaue this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*
Stands ſtifly ſhaking his ſteel-pointed beam:
Dauid doth trauerſe (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ſtoops, anon he ſtretches;
Then he recoyls, on eyther hand he reaches;
And ſtoutly-actiue, watching th' aduerſe blowes,
In euery poſture dooth himſelf diſpoſe.
Simile. As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doo fight,
(Briſtling their plumes, and (red with rage) do ſmite
With ſpurs and beak, bounding at euery blowe,
With freſh aſſaults freſhing their fury ſo,
That, deſperate in their vn-yeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)

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Refines him ſelf, and in his fantaſie
Graues deep the ſeal of ſacred Prophecie.
For, if our Soule be Number (ſom ſo thought)
It muſt with number be refreſhed oft;
Or, made by Number (ſo I yeeld to ſing)
We muſt the ſame with ſom ſweet Numbers bring
To ſom good Tune: euen as a voice (ſomtime)
Simile. That in its Part ſings out of tune and time,
Is by another voice (whoſe meaſur'd ſtrain
Cuſtom and Art confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVID's ſacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorciſt-like, chaç't *Natures* cruell Foe,
Who the Kings ſoule did toſs and torture ſo.
How e'r it were, He is (in euery thing)
A profitable ſeruant to the King:
Who enuious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, diſtruſts the ſame:
And, the diuine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but ſooner to his lateſt Night;
Saue that the Lord ſtill ſhields him from on hy,
And turnes to Tryumph all his Tragedy.
O bitter ſweet! I burſt (thus raues the King)
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to ſing,
Sauls *Envy to* Dauid. SAVL *he hath ſlaine a thouſand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thouſand DAVID. O faint ſcorn of men!
Lo, how, with Luſtre of his glorious parts,
He ſteals-away the giddy peoples hearts;
Makes lying Prophets ſooth him at a beck;
Thou art but King in name, He in effect:
Yet thou indur'ſt it; haſte thee, haſte thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aſpiring Plot;
Preuent his hopes, and wiſely-valiant
Off with his head that would thy foot ſupplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd ſo wel)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Izrael*.
Sith then ſo high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory cannot him ſuffice,

Sith Danger vpon Danger he purſews,
And Victorie on Victorie renewes;
Let's put him to't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So ſhall his owne Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Iunior* King:
Yea, had he *Sangars* ſtrength, and *Samſons* too,
He ſhould not ſcape the taske I'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieues,
And more and more his grace and glory thriues:
The more he doos, the more he dares aduenture,
His reſt-les Valour ſeeks ſtill new Aduenture.
For, feeling him armd with th' Almighty's Spirit,
He recks no danger (at the leaſt to fear it).
Then, what doos *Saul?* When as he ſaw no ſpeed
By ſword of Foes ſo great a Foe to rid,
He tries his owne: and one-while throwes his dart,
At vn-awares to thrill him to the heart:
Or treacherouſly he layes ſom ſubtill train,
At boord, or bed, to haue him (harm-les) ſlain:
On nothing elſe dreams the diſloyall wretch,
But *Dauids* death; how *Dauid* to diſpatch.
Which had bin don, but for his Son the Prince
(Who deerly tenders *Dauids* Innocence,
And neerly marks and harks the Kings Deſignes,
And warns the *Ieſſean* by ſuſpect-les ſignes)
But for the kinde Courageous *Ionathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Senean* Rocks diſcomfited, alone,
The *Philiſtines* victorious Gariſon.
About his eares a Shower of Shafts doth fall;
His Shield's too-narrow to receiue them all:
His ſword is duld with ſlaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead he at the liuing throwes,
Head-lined helmes, heawn from their trunks he takes,
And thoſe his vollies of ſwift ſhot he makes.
The Heathen Hoaſt dares him no more affront,
Late number-les; but eaſie now to counte.

Ionathan's *leue to* Dauid.

Dauid therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the land of *Iurie:*
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Desart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Máon*,
Hauing for roof heav'ns arches starry-seeld;
And, for repast, what wauing woods doe yeeld.
The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage vpon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' haue not seen-him,
Or if (vnweeting what's the oddes between-him
And th' angry king) if any had but hid-him,
He dies for it (if any haue but spid him):
Yea the High-Priest, that in Gods presence stands,
Escapeth not his paricidiall hands;
Nor doth he spare in his vnbounded rage,
Cattle, nor Curre, nor state, nor sexe, nor age.
Contrariwise, *Dauid* doth good for ill,
He hates the haters of his Soueraigne still.
And though he oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong
Than his owne side; forgetting all his wrong,
He shewes him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Vnto his Liege, th' Anointed of the Lord;
Respects and honors him, and mindes no more
The Kings vnkindnes that had past before.
One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside
Into a Caue, where *Dauid* wont to hide,
Dauid (vn-seen) seeing his Foe so neer
And all alone, was strook with suddain fear,
As much amaz'd and musing there-vpon;
When whispering thus his Consorts egge him on:
Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Doo'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap?
Now therefore pull this Thorne out of thy foot:
Now is the Time if euer thou wilt doo't:
Now by his death establish thine estate:
Now hugge thy Fortune, yer it be too-late:
For, he (my Lord) that will not, when he may,
Perhaps he shall not, when he would (they say).

Why

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy self and vs?
Wonne with their words, to kill him he resolues:
But, by the way thus with himself revolues.
He is a Tyrant; True: But new long since,
And still, he bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th'Ever-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)
On no pretext, did euer yet allow
That any Subiect should his hand distain
In sacred blood of his owne Souerain.
He hunts me cause-les; True: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am anointed King; but (at Gods pleasure)
Not publikely: therfore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus hauing sayd, he stalkes with noise-les foot
Behind the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-vpper clothing;
Then quick auoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *Dauid* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (vpon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) com neer, and fear not me,
Fear not thy seruant *Dauid*. Well I knowe,
Thy Flatterers, that miss-inform thee so,
With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Seruants spot-les innocence:
Those smooth-sly Aspicks, with their poisony sting
Murder mine honor, me in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Conuicted of the Highest-Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their viperous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord, (Trueth needeth no excuse)
What better witnesse can my soule produce

Anti-Bellarmin & His Disciples. Authors or Fautors of our Powder-Mine.

Of faithfull Loue, and Loyall Vaſſalage,
To thee, my Liege, than this moſt certain gage:
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well haue cut thy throat?
But rather (Soueraign) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (ſpreading deadly pains):
Benum my hand, then it ſhall lift a ſword
Againſt my Liege, th'anointed of the Lord;
Or violate, with any inſolence,
Gods ſacred Image in my Soveraign Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath purſues me ſtill;
Like ſilly-Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolues I and my Souldiers ſtarue:
But, iudge thy ſelf, if I thy wrath deſerue.
No (my Sonne *Dauid*) I haue don thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward vnto ſo gratious deed.
Ah, well I ſee it is aboue decreed
That thou ſhalt ſit vpon my Seat ſupream,
And on thy head ſhalt wear my Diadem:
Then, ô thou ſacred and moſt noble Head,
Remember Mee, and mine (when I am dead)
Be gratious to my Blood, and raze not fell
My Name and Iſſue out of *Iſrael*.
Thus ſayd the King; and tears out-went his words:
A pale deſpair his heauy hart ſtill-girds:
His feeble ſpirit præſaging his Mill-fortune,
Doth euery-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suſpicious, ſeeks how *Clotho*'s Clew doth ſwell;
And, caſt of Heav'n, wil needs conſult with Hell.

The Woman Witch of Endor.

In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in thoſe daies,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak ſex always
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magik* Tricks,
As proneſt Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, becauſe their ſoft, moiſt, ſupple brain,
Doth eaſie print of euery ſeal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames deſert,
Thoſe Wyzards ween to winn it by *Black-Art*.)

This *Stygian* ſcum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poyſons, hideous Type of Hell,
This ſad *Erinnys*, *Milcom*'s Fauourite,
Chamoſh his Ioye, and *Belzebubs* delight,
Delights alonely for her exerciſe
In ſecret Murders, ſodain Tragœdies;
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feaſt
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceaſt).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) ſhe lights debates;
And quiet Loue much more then Death ſhe hates:
Or if ſhe reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Som ſevere *Cato* in inceſtuous Lap.
Somtimes (they ſay) ſhe dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the Graues, ſhe talks with Ghoſts, ſhe ſtamps
And Cals-vp Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th'infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Arts admiration, *Izraels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'ſt each Element,
And from the Toomb deceaſed Trunks canſt raiſe,
(Th'vnfaithfull King thus flatters her with praiſe)
On ſteepeſt Mountains ſtop the ſwifteſt Currents,
From drieſt Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly haſten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or ſtay her Eb (as to thy ſelf ſeems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears moue, and the Sun ſtill to ſtand:
Enforce the Moon ſo with thy Charms ſom-times,
That for a ſtound in a deep Swoun ſhe ſeems:
O thou al-knowing Spirit! daign with thy ſpell
To raiſe-vp heer renowned *Samuel*,
To ſatisfie my doubtfull ſoule, in ſum,
The iſſue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, ſhe, that before
Reſembled one of thoſe grim Ghoſts (of yore)
Which ſhe was wont with her vn-holſom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more gaſtly, and more Ghoſt-like grim,
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.

The place about darker then Night ſhe darkes,
Shee yelles, ſhe roars, ſhe houles, ſhe brayes, ſhe barkes,
And, in vn-heard, horrid, Barbarian tearms,
She mutters ſtrange and execrable Charmes;
Of whoſe Hell-raking, Nature-ſhaking Spell,
Theſe odious words could ſcarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Dëities,
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obſequies,
Demons, diſpatch: If this dim ſtinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if heer, for paper,
I write (deteſted) on the tender skins
Of time-les Infants, and abortiue Twins
(Torn from the wombe) theſe Figures figure-les:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins treſs,
Dipt, at your Altar, in my kinſmans blood;
If well I ſmell of humane fleſh (my food):
Haſte, haſte, you Fiends: you ſubterranean Powr's:
If impiouſly (as fits theſe Rites of yours)
I haue inuok't your grizly Maieſties,
Harken (O Furies) to my Blaſphemies,
Regard my Charms and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my Sins, and ſend vp *Samuel*
From diſmall darknes of your deep Abyſſe,
To anſwer me in what my pleaſure is:
Diſpatch, I ſay, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Haue I not Art, for one, to ſend you ten?
When? ſtubborn Ghoſt! The Palfraies of the Sun
Doo fear my Spells; and, when I ſpur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants giue-ear to me,
The Forreſts ſtoop, and even the ſtrongeſt Tree,
At driery ſound of my ſad whiſperings,
Doth Prophecie, foretelling future things:
Yea (maugre *Ioue*) by mine almighty Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with imperious Arms:
And comſt not thou? O, ſo: I ſee the Sage,
I ſee th'aſcent of ſom great man: his age,
His ſacred habite, and ſweet-graue aſpect
Som God-like raies about him round reflect:

Hee's

Hee's ready now to ſpeak, and plyant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-deuout,
The fained-*Prophets* leaſt word leaues not out.
What doſt thou *Saul?* ô *Izraels* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, feard only thy diſdain:
Now th'are thy ſtay. O wretch dooſt thou not knowe
One cannot vſe th'ayde of the Powers belowe
Without ſom Pact of Counter-Seruices,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)
It hurteth all, but th'Author moſt of all?
And alſo, that the impious Atheïſt,
The Infidel, and damned Exorciſt,
Differ not much. Th'one, Godhead quight denies:
Th'other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:
Th'other, Satan (by Inchantment ſtrange)
Into an Angell of the Light doth change.
When as God would, his voice thou wouldſt not hear;
Now he forbids thee, thou conſult'ſt els-where:
Whom (liuing Propher) thou neglect'ſt, abhorr'ſt,
Him (dead) thou ſeek'ſt, and his dead Trunk ador'ſt:
And yet, not him, nor his; for th'ougly Fiend
Hath no ſuch power vpon a Saint t'extend,
Who fears no force of the blaſphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poyſons that thoſe powers contriue,
Charm-charming Faith 's a full Preſeruatiue.
In Soule and Body both, He cannot come;
For, they re-ioyne not till the day of doom:
His Soule alone cannot appeer; for why,
Soules are inviſible to mortall eye:
His Body only, neither can it be;
For (duſt to duſt) that ſoon corrupts (we ſee).
Beſides all this, if t'were true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eye-ſight ſerue as well
To ſee and knowe him, as this Sorcereſſe,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchantereſſe,

Againſt thoſe that reſort to Witches.

Againſt th'illuſion of Sathans falſe Apparitiõs *and* Walking *Spirits.*

This Divell incarnate, whose drad Spell commands
The rebell-Fury of th'Infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A Body fitting for his turn and train?
Simile. And (as the rigor of long Cold congeals
To harsh hard Woll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot he thicken thinnest parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Simile. Even as the Rain-Bowe, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:
A Body, which we see all-ready formd:
But yet perceiue not how it is performd:
A Body, perfect in apparant showe;
But in effect and substance nothing so:
A Body, hart-les, lung-les, tongue-les too,
Where Satan lurks, not to giue life ther-to,
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More couertly he may discharge more sure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts
Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts:
That, in the Sugar (euen) of sacred Writ,
He may em-pill vs with som bane-full bit:
And, that his counterfait and fained lips,
Laying before vs all our hainous slips,
And Gods drad Iudgements and iust Indignation,
May vnder-mine our surest Faiths Foundation.
But, let vs hear now what he saith. O *Saul*,
What frantick fury art thou moov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife
Of struggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By power-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'st thou what's to-come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since):
Death's at thy door: to morrow Thou and Thine
Even all shall fall before the Philistine:
And great-good *Dauid* shall possesse thy Throne,
As God hath sayd, to be gain-sayd by none.

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In happy *Inda*. Yet, yer long (discreet)
He makes th'whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to meet:
And so He rules on th'holy Mount (a mirror)
His Peoples Ioy, the Pagans only Terror.

Comparison. If ever, standing on the sandy shoar,
Y'haue thought to count the rowling waues that roar
Each after other on the *British* Coast,
When *Æolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;
Waue vpon Waue, Surge vpon Surge doth fold,
Sea swallowes Sea, so thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-les) their number so doth mount,
That it confounds th'Accompter and th'Accompt:
So *David*'s Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean swallowes me: and mazed so,
In the vast Forest where his Prayses growe,
I knowe not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie.
My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quauer-skild
(Durst she presume to take so much vpon-her)
A Temple sacred vnto *Dauids* honour.

Epitome of Dauids Vertues. Others shall sing his mindes true Constancie,
In oft long exiles try'd so thorowly:
His life compos'd after the life and likenes
Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes
**Nabal.* Towards railing *Shimei*, and the *Churlish Gull:
His louely Eyes and Face so bewtifull.
Som other shall his equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall sword
Is euer ready for the Reprobate,
To hewe them down; and help the Desolate:
How He, no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts:
How He respects not persons, but their Facts:
How braue a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he showes,
Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.
Som other shall vnto th'Empyreall Pole
The holy fervor of his Zeal extoll:

How

How for the wandring Ark he doth prouide
A certain place for euer to abide:
And how for euer euery his designe
Is ordered all by th'Oracle Diuine.
Vpon the wings of mine (els-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western Clime,
I'll only bear his *Musike* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Lo there the sacred mark wherat I aim;
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.
The *Twelue* stout *Labours* of th'*Amphitrionide* *Of his valour and victories.*
(Strongest of Men) are iustly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds and Beasts, and Monsters here and there?
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies ouerthrow'n;
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:
Where boist'rous Limbs, and Sinnews strongly knit,
Did much auaile with little ayde of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Giants, foild in single fight,
Are but th'Essayes of our redoubted Knight:
Vnder his Armes sick *Aram* deadly droops:
Vnto his power the strength of *Edom* stoops.
Stout *Amalek* euen trembles at his name:
Prowd *Ammons* scorn he doth return with shame:
Subdueth *Soba*: foyls the *Moabite*:
Wholly extrips the down-trod *Iebusite*:
And (still victorious) every month almost
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast.
So that, *Alcides* massie Club scarce raught
So many blowes, as *Dauid* Battails fought.
Th'expert Great *Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild, **Pompey.*
Wun in strange Wars; in ciuill Fights he faild:
But, *Dauid* thriues in all: and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Sauls* intestine hate,
Of *Isboseth*'s and *Absalon*'s designes,
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.

Good-

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His ſwelling Standards neuer ſtir abroad,
Till he haue Cald vpon th'Almighty God:
He neuer Conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
He yeelds the Honor where it right belongs:
And evermore th'Eternals ſacred Prayſe
(With Harp and Voice) to the bright Stars doth raiſe.
Scarce was he born, when in his Cradle preſt *His Poeſie.*
The Nightingale to build her tender neſt:
The Bee within his ſacred mouth ſeeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Hony-comb:
And th'Heav'nly *Muſe*, vnder his roof deſcending
(As in the Summer, with a train down-bending,
We ſee ſom *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair
With twinkling rayes, glide through the cryſtall Aier,
And ſoudainly, after long-ſeeming Flight,
To ſeem amid the new-ſhav'n Fields to light)
Him ſoftly in her Iuory arms ſhe folds,
His ſmiling Face ſhe ſmilingly beholds,
She kiſſes him, and with her *Nectar* kiſſes
Into his Soule ſhe breathes a Heav'n of Bliſſes:
Then layes him in her lap, and while ſhe brings
Her Babe a-ſleep, this *Lullabie* ſhe ſings. *VRANIA's Lullaby.*
Liue, liue (ſweet Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Liue euer Saint, and growe thou all Divine:
With this Celeſtiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy bleſſed Booſom, all the World ful-fill:
May thy ſweet Voice, in Peace, reſound as far
And ſpeed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor bank, thy Fames-Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples Crownd.
See (Heav'n-ſprung Spirit) ſee how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-Cry (ſhrill-ſweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready taſtes the learned, dainty pleaſures.
See, ſee (yong Father of all ſacred Meaſures)
See how, to hear thy ſweet harmonious ſound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)
Woods, but with ears: Floods, but their fury ſtopping:
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwaies hopping:

See how the Heav'ns, rapt with ſo ſweet a tongue,
To liſt to thine, leaue their owne Dance and Song.
O Idiot's ſhame, and Envy of the Learned!
O Verſe right-worthy to be ay eterned!
O richeſt Arras, artificiall wrought
With liuelieſt Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royall Garden of the rareſt Flowers
Sprung from an Aprill of ſpirituall Showers!
O Miracle! whoſe ſtar-bright beaming Head
When I behold, euen mine owne Crown I dread.

Excellency of the Pſalmes of Dauid.

Never elſ-where did plentious Eloquence,
In euery part with ſuch magnificence
Set-forth her Beauties, in ſo ſundry Faſhions
Of Robes and Iewels (ſuting ſundry Paſſions)
As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Coſt)
In ſwelling Tiſſues, rarely-rich imboſt
With Pretious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or Silk, or Chamlet puts ſhe on:
Anon, more like ſom handſom Shepheardeſſe,
In courſer Cloaths ſhe doth her cleanly dreſſe:
What-e're ſhe wear, Wool, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Courſe or Fine; ſtill like her Self ſhe ſeems;
Fair, Modeſt, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illuſtring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
Like prowd loud *Tigris* (ever ſwiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou powr'ſt a Flood of gold:
Now, like thy *Iordan*, (or *Meander*-like)
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek,
Thou runn'ſt to meet thy ſelf's pure ſtreams behind thee,
Mazing the Meads where thou doſt turn and winde-thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a ſtraighter Quill,
Thou ſtraineſt out a little Brook or Rill;
But yet, ſo ſweet, that it ſhall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Poſterity:
So cleer, that *Poëſie* (whoſe pleaſure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Myſteries)
Her chaſteſt feathers in the ſame ſhall dip,
And deaw with-all her choiceſt workmanſhip:

And

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And I my Self in my pyde* *Pleid* a-ſlope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.
Thus, full of God, th'Heav'n-*Sirene* (Prophet-wiſe)
Powres-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praiſe. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet vn-ſeen, vncenſur'd, vn-ſuſpect.
Oft in fair Flowers the bane-full Serpent ſleeps:
Somtimes (we ſee) the braueſt Courſer trips:
And ſom-times *Danid*'s Deaf vnto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th'everlaſting Lord;
His Songs ſweet feruor ſlakes his Soules pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with ſmoak of foul deſire:
His Harp is layd a-ſide, he leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbors Wife he neighs.
Fair *Berſabé*'s his Flame, euen *Berſabé*,
In whoſe Chaſte boſom (to that very day)
Honour and Loue had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:
But, her proud Bewty now, and her Eyes force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Diuorce:
Honor giues place to Loue: and by degrees
Fear from her hart, Shame from her forehead flies.
The Preſence-Chamber, the High ſtreet, the Temple,
Theſe Theaters are not ſufficient ample
To ſhew her Bewties, if but Silke them hide:
Shee muſt haue windowes each-where open wide
About her Garden-Baths, the while therin
She basks and bathes her ſmooth Snow-whiter skin;
And one-while ſet in a black Iet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair;
Another-while vnder the Cryſtall brinks,
Her Alabaſtrine well-ſhap't Limbs ſhe ſtrinks
Like to a Lilly ſunk into a glaſſe:
Like ſoft looſe *Venus* (as they paint the Laſſe)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes ſweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Tritons* ſhe at-once inflames:
Or like an Iuory Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Cryſtall Caſe):

Another

* *A kind of light mantle made of a thin checkerd Cloth, worne by the Hil-men in* Scotland: *and now much vſed with vs for Saddle clothes.*

Berſabé bathing.

Another-while, vnto the bottom diues,
And wantonly with th' vnder-Fishes striues:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,
Made of *Musaïck* work, with quaint deuice
The cunning work-man had contriued trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins seeming euen to swim.
Ishai's great son, too-idely, walking hie
Vpon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy:
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cimmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas)
Th'admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star,
Her lips two snips of crimsin Sattin are,
Her Teeth as white as burnisht siluer seem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snowes
Sweet intermixed with Vermillion Rose,
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,
Prowd, so to see their naked selues excell.
What liuing Rance, what rapting Ivory
Swims in these streams? O what new Victory
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warms,
Nay, burns my hart? If hot I (pray) whence comes
This shivering winter that my soule benums,
Freezes my Senses, and dis-selfs me so
With drousie Poppy, not my self to knowe?
O peer-les Bewty, meerly Bewtifull;
(Vnknow'n) to me th'art most vn-mercifull:
Alas! I dy, I dy, (O dismall lot)
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not:
But a-far-off, and vnder water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doo?)
Weak Kingly-State! sith that a silly Woman
Stooping my Crown, can my soul's Homage summon.

Dauid *gazing.*

But,

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That every day of his owne hand it fed,
And every night it coucht vpon his Bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And euen the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay, more my Lord. No more (replies the King,
Deeply incenst) 'Tis more then time this thing
Where seen into, and so outrageous Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curbd betimes:
What-ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Die the Death; and not alonely Die,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more then common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answerd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan,
Thou blam'st in other thine owne Fault denounç't,
And vn-awares hast gainst thy self pronounç't
Sentence of Death. O King, no King (as then)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea, Thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast iust *Uriah*'s only Lamb bereft:
And him, ô horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast Thou murther'd.
Bright Beauties Eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much ther-on:
Thy wanton Eye, gazing vpon that Eye,
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly
Vnto that Dwarf, that Divel (is it not?)
Which out of Sloath, within vs is begot:
Who entring first but Gueſt-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become:
And makes a Saint (a sweet, myld-minded Man)
That 'gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,
To plot the death of his deer faith-full Friend,
That for his Loue a thousand liues would spend.
Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?

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Thine owne Lieutenant, at a crimſin ſpout,
His guilty Soule ſhall with his Lance let-out.
And (if I fail not) O what Tempeſt fel
Beats on the Head of harm-les *Izrael*!
Alas! how many a guilt-les *Abramide*
Dies in Three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride? *The Plague of Peſtilence.*
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and ſloathful) breeds
No ſlowe Diſeaſe; both yong and old it ſpeeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It ſpreads, almoſt in turning of a hand:
To the ſo-ſick, hard ſeems the ſofteſt plumes;
Flames from his eys, from's mouth come lakes-like fumes:
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water; inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his ſpungy Lungs he waſtes,
Black Blood and Choler both at-once he caſts:
His voices paſſage is with Biles be-layd,
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd:
Thought of the Griefit's rigor oft augments:
'Twixt Hope and fear it hath no long ſuſpence:
VVith the Diſeaſe Death ioyntly traverſeth:
Th' Infections ſtroak is even the ſtroak of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguiſh, Reaſon ſtoops to rage:
Phyſicians skill, himſelf doth ill engage.
The ſtreets too ſtill: the Town all out of Town:
All Dead, or Fled: vnto the halowed ground
The howling Widdow (though ſhe lov'd him deer)
Yet dares not follow her dead husbands Beer.
Each mourns his Loſſe, each his owne Caſe complains,
Pel-mel the liuing with the dead remains.
As a good-natur'd and wel-nurtur'd Chyld, *Simile.*
Found in a fault (by's Maſter ſharply myld)
Bluſhing and bleaking, betwixt ſhame and fear,
VVith down-caſt eyes laden with many a tear,
More with ſad geſture, than with words, doth craue
An humble Pardon of his Cenſor graue:
So *Dauid*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat, *Dauids Repentance.*
He apprehends Gods Iudgements dradly-great,

And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his ſole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings and ſad Laments:
Off-goes his Gold; his glory treads he down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his pretious Crown:
He faſts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieues, he grones,
His hainous Sins he bitterly bemones:
And, in a Caue hard-by, he roareth out
A ſigh-full Song, ſo dolefully devout,
That even the Stone doth groan, and pearç't withall,
Lets it's ſalt tears with his ſad tears to fall.
Pſal. 51 Ay-gracious Lord (thus Sings he night and day)
Waſh, waſh, my Soule in thy deep Mercies ſea:
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, alowd he Cries;
(And Mercy, Mercy, ſtill the Rock replyes).
Applications to France. O God, my God, ſith for our grieuous Sin,
(Which will-full we ſo long haue weltred in)
Thou powr'ſt the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th'*azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* ſow'n:
Sith every moment thy iuſt Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)
Doo all at once make havock of this Land:
Make vs make vſe of all theſe Rods aright;
That we may quench with our Tears-water quite
Thine Ire-full Fier: our former Vices ſpurn:
And, true-reform'd, Iuſtice to Mercy turn.
The like to England, now for many yeares together grieuouſly afflicted with the Plague. *And ſo, O* Father, (*fountain of all* Good,
Ocean of Iuſtice, Mercie's *bound-les* Flood)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the reſt,*
As moſt ingrate-ful, though moſt rarely bleſt
(*After ſo long* Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *diuine:*
So-many Threatnings *of thy dread-full* Hand:
So-many Dangers *ſcap't by* Sea *and* Land:
So-many Bleſſings *in ſo good a* King:
So-many Bloſſoms *of that fruit-ful* Spring:
So-many Foes *abroad*; *and* Falſe *at home*:
So-many Reſcues *from the rage of* Rome:

So-many Shields against so many Shot:
So-many Mercies in that Powder-Plot
(So light regarded and so soon forgot).
Since, for Our Sins, so many and so great,
So little mov'd with Promise or with Threat,
Thou, now at last (as a iust ielouze God)
Strik'st vs thy Self with thine immediate Rod,
Thy Rod of PESTILENCE: whose rage-full smart.
With deadly pangs pearcing the strongest heart,
Tokens of Terror leaues vs where it lights:
And so infects vs (or at least affrights)
That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother Brother shuns;
The tendrest Mother dares not see hir Sons;
The neerest Friend his deerest Friend doth flye;
Yea, scarce the Wife dares close her Husbands eye.
For, through th' Example of our Vicious life,
As Sin breeds Sin; and Husband marr's the Wife, Simile.
Sister prowdes Sister, Brother hardens Brother,
And one Companion doth corrupt another:
So, through Contagion of this dire Disease,
It (iustly) doth thy heav'nly Iustice please,
To cause vs thus each other to infect:
Though This we fly, and That too-nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, which hang so fast vpon-vs;
So dreadfully thy Fury frowneth on-vs;
Sith still thou Strikest, and still Threat'nest more
More grieuous Wounds then we haue felt before:
O gratious Father, giue vs grace (in fine)
To make our Profit of these Rods of thine:
That, true-Converted by thy milde Correction,
We may abandon euery foule Affection:
That Humblenes may flaring Pride dis-plume:
That Temperance may Surfaiting consume:
That Chastity may chase our wanton Lust:
That Diligence may wear-off Slothfull rust:
That Loue may liue, in Wrath and Enuies place:
That Bounties hand may Auarice deface:

That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight:*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right:*
That Reverence *of thy dread* Name *may baniſh*
Blaſphemous Oathes: *and all* Profaneneſs *vaniſh.*
Since, for our Sins (aſwell in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clownes; Rich Poore; and Great and Small,
Thy fear-ful Vengeance, *hangeth ouer all;*
O Touch vs all with Horror of our Crimes:
O Teach vs all to turn to thee betimes:
O Turn vs (Lood) and we ſhall turned be:
Giue what thou bidſt, and bid what pleaſeth thee:
Giue vs REPENTANCE; *that thou mayſt* repent
Our preſent PLAGVE, *and future* Puniſhment.

FINIS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE.

THE SECOND BOOK

of the fourth Day of the second Week, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Death-summon'd DAVID, *in his sacred Throne*
Instals (*instructs*) *his yong Son* SALOMON:
His (*pleas-God*) *Choice of* WISEDOM, *wins him* Honor,
And Health *and* Wealth (*et-cætr*) *to wait vpon her*:
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide*:
Mis-Matches *taxt*, *in His with* PHARAONIDÆ:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n*-Masquers *there*.
The glorious TEMPLE, Buildedrichly-rare.
Salem's *Renown drawes* Saba *to his Court*:
King IAMES, *to His*, *brings* BARTAS, *in like sort*.

HAppy are You (ô You delicious Wits)
That stint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:
That, changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that first you light vpon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Euaporate your sweet Soule-boyling Flames.

But, my deer Honor, and my ſacred Vows,
And Heav'ns decree (made in that Higher-Houſe),
Hold me faſt fetter'd (like a Gally-ſlaue)
To this hard Task. No other care I haue,
Nought elſe I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Aim at ought elſe, or look I other-way:
Simile. But (alwayes buſie) like a Mil-ſtone ſeem
Still turned round with the ſame rapid ſtream.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollos* grace)
I humme ſo harſh; and in my Works in chaſe
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or leſſe) the whirling *Poles* inſpire:
And alſo mingle (Linſie-woolſie-wiſe)
This gold-ground Tiſſue with too-mean ſupplies.
You, all the year long, doo not ſpend your wing:
But, during only your delightfull Spring,
(Like Nightingales) from buſh to buſh you play,
From Tune to Tune, from Myrtle ſpray to ſpray:
But, I too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to reſt me, at one flight
A bound-les ground-les Sea of Times I paſſe,
With *Auſter* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleaſant, ſhort, and eath;
At each Lands-end you ſit you down and breathe
On ſom green bank; or, to refreſh you, finde
Som Roſie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But, end-les is my Courſe: for, now I glyde
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I ſlyde:
Now vp I climbe: then through the Woods I craul,
I ſtray, I ſtumble, ſomtimes down I fall.
Simile. And, as baſe Morter ſerveth to vnite
Red, white, gray Marble, Iaſper, Galactite:
So, to con-nex my queint Diſcourſe, ſomtimes
I mix looſe, limping, and ill-poliſht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine giue o're.
The Labour's great; my Courage yet is more;
My hart's not yet all voyd of ſacred heat:
Ther's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.

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The barking rage of bold Blasphemers hate:
Thy Soueraign's Manners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think, the thicknes of thy Palace Wals,
Thine iron Gates, and high gold-seeled Halls,
Can let his Eye to spie (in euery part)
The darkest Closets of thy Mazie Heart.

Valour out.

If birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philistins*,
If *Pharaoh*'s Title had befall'n to thee,
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues lustre
Thou ought'st (at least) thy Greatnes to illustre:
But, to Command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to Controule and tame,
To bear a *Iosuahs* or a *Samsons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.

Impartial in bestowing Preferments.

Before old Seruants giue not new the start
(Kings-Art consists in Action more then Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree

Simile.

In his faire Orchards midst, whose fruitfull store
Hath graç't his Table twenty yeers and more;
To plant a Graft, yer e'r he taste the same,
Saue with the teeth of a (perhaps) false Fame.

Impatient of Parasites & Flatterers.

These Parasites are euen the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, said I? Perils) in the eares of Kings:
For O, what Mischief but their Wiles can work?
Sith euen within vs (to their aid) doth lurk
A smoother Soother, euen our owne *Selfs-loue*
(A malady that nothing can remoue)
Which, with these strangers, secretly Combin'd
In League offensiue (to the firmest Minde)
Perswades the Coward, he is *Wisely*-meek:
The drunkard, *Stout*: the periure, *Politick*:
The cruell Tyrant, a *iust* Prince they call;
Sober, the Sot; the Lauish, *Liberal*:
And, quick nos'd Beagles, senting right his lore
(Trans-form'd into him) euen his Faults adore.

Fly

Fly then thoſe Monſters: and giue no acceſſe
To men infamous for their wickedneſſe:
Endure no Atheiſt, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Leaſt the contagion of their baneſull breath
Poyſon the publike fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)
The ſpring, whence Subiects good or bad will draw.

To baniſh Atheiſts and all notoriouſly wicked perſons from his preſence.

Rule thine Affects, thy fury, and thy fear:
Hee's no true King, who no ſelf's-ſway doth bear:
Not what thou could'ſt, but what thou ſhouldſt, effect:
And to thy Lawes, firſt thine owne-ſelf ſubiect.
For ay the Subiect will (fear ſet a-ſide)
Through thick and thin, hauing his King for guide.

To over-Rule his owne Paſsiõs & Affections.

Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to thoſe gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes rane,
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wiſht-for raine.

To be milde and gratious.

To fail his Word, a King doth ill beſeem:
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt's deceiv'd: Iniuſtice meets vniuſt:
Diſloyall Prince armes ſubiects with diſtruſt;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.

To be faithfull of his promiſe.

Be prodigall of Vertues iuſt reward:
Of puniſhments be ſparing (with regard).
Arm thou thy breſt with rareſt Fortitude;
Things Eminent are euer moſt purſu'd:
On higheſt Places, moſt diſgraces threat:
The rougheſt windes on wideſt gates do beat.

To bee readier to Reward then Puniſh.

Toil not the World with Wars ambitious ſpite:
But if thine Honour muſt maintain thy Right,
Then ſhew thee DAVID's Son; and wiſely-bold
Follow 't as hot, as thou beginſt it cold:
Watch, Work, Deuiſe, and with vn-weary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and ouer Chanels ſwim.

Not to be Quarellous, yet quick & courageous in a iuſt Cauſe.

Let tufted Planes for pleaſant ſhades ſuffice,
In heat; in Cold, thy Fier be exerciſe:

His exerciſe in Warre.

A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed:
Let not thy Mouth be ouer-dainty fed;
Let Labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence, for thy *Nectar* som ditch-water sup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shril Fifes and Flutes
Serue thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:
Trot vp a Hill; Run a whole Field for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat: appear
Captain and Soldier. Soldiers are on fire,
Hauing their King (before them Marching forth)
Fellow in Fortune, witnes of their Worth.

In Peace not to be over-studious: yet, to vnderstand the Principles of al Princefit Sciences.

I should inflame thy heart with Learnings loue;
Saue that I know what diuine habits moue
Thy profound Spirit: only, let th'ornament
Of Letters wayt on th'Art of *Regiment*:
And take good heed, least as excesse of humor
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,
Make thee too-pensiue, ouer-dull thy Senses,
And draw thy Minde from Publike cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged soule, the Course suruay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of th'Ocean dreadly-deep:
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this nether Ball;
But, to admire the Makers Art in all,
His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not

Simile.

Som simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing vpon euery piece
Of th'vniforme, fair, stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humoring)
Losing himself, while others finde the King.

Hold-

Hold-euen the Balance, with clean hands, clos'd eies:
Reuenge ſeuerely Publike Iniuries;
Remit thine Owne. Heare the Cries, ſee the Tears
Of all diſtreſſed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy Self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Iudge, ſhou'd be no Prince.
For, *Iuſtice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought neuer ſeuer, by the Sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither deſpiſe the Small:
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flyes are caught and kild; but great
Paſſe at their pleaſure, and pull-down the Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface:
Chuſe Magiſtrates that may adorn their Place,
Such as fear God, ſuch as will iudge vprightly:
Men by the ſeruants iudge the Maſter lightly.
Giue to the Vertuous; but thy Crown-Demain
Diminiſh not: giue ſtill to giue again:
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigality;
And to dry-vp the Springs of Liberality.
But aboue all (for Gods ſake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wylie ſnare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, ſupreamly ſage,
Auert from Mine th' effect of this Præſage)
Alas! I fear that this ſweet Poiſon wil
My Houſe here-after with all Idols fil.
But, if that neither Vertue's ſacred loue,
Nor Feare of Shame thy wanton Minde can moue
To watch in Arms againſt the Charms of Thoſe;
At leaſt, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.
Fare-wel my Son: th' Almightie cals me hence:
I paſſe, by Death, to Lifes moſt excellence:
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from World-cares free)
The Crown of *Izrael* I reſigne to thee.
O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)
Tranſport'ſt the Scepter, euen from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; Let it remaine with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in ſucceſsiue Ligne)

The principal & peculiar office of a King.

Simile.

Hic labor, hoc Opus.

Let:

Let that Al-Powerfull deer-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdom neuer shal haue end;
Whose iron Rod shall Satans Rule vn-doo:
Whom *Iacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.

Initium Regni SALOMON. *DAVID* deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With heart and voice worships the God of Might;
Enters his Kingdom by the Gate of Pietie;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in Laud of the true Deitie;
Offers in *Gabeon*; where, in Spirit he sees
His Vision. (While his Sense sleepes) the God of Maiesties,
The Lord of Hoasts; who, Crownd with radiant flames,
Offers him choise of these foure louely Dames.

Description of Glory. First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a Pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but braue Soldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head she beares,
A siluer Trumpet shril a-slope she wears,
Whose Winde is Praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world redound.
Her wide-side Robes of Titsue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloody Victories,
Tryumphs and Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.

Of Riches. Not far from her, coms *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhéa's*, *Thetis*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, stiff with beaten Gold.
With either hand from hollow steans she powrs
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulnes and Care,
And Diligence, her dayly Seruants are.

Of Health. Then cheerfull *Health*: whose brow no wrinkle bears,
Whose cheek no paleneſſe, in whose eye no tears;
But like a Childe shee's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, and iump:
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine:
Th' *Arabian* Birds rare plumage (platted fine)
Serues her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.

Last,

Last, *Wisdom* coms, with sober countenance: *Wisedom.*
To th' euer-Bowrs her oft a-loft t'aduance,
The light Mamuques wing-les wings she has:
Her gesture cool, as comly-graue her pase:
Where e'r she go, she neuer goes with-out
Compasse and Rule, Measure and Waights about:
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self she wears.
Hauing beheld their Bewties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt all-ready euen to Heauen from hence;
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine:
And, 'mid so many Benefits Diuine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length he thus begun:
O Lord (saith he) what hath thy Seruant don,
That so great blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?
Thou doost preuent my Merit: or (deer Father)
Delight'st to Conquer euen my Malice rather.
Fair *Victorie*'s a noble Gift: and nought
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,
Than euen to queuch our Furie's thirst with blood,
In iust Reuenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *Insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the myldest Conquerors
To Tigers, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars.
Happy seems He, whose count-les Herds for Pasture
Dis-robe (alone) Mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Countrey, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both Wine and Corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoils, the Gems
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* Odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
But yet we see, where Plenty chiefly sways,
There Pride increases, Industry decays:
Rich-men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,

He

He must be Poor (at least-wise like the Poor).
Riches and Fear are fellows euer-more.
I would liue long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progeny:
But the long Cares I fear, and Cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany Long-Life.
Who well liues, long liues: for, this age of ours
Should not be numbred by yeers, dayes, and howrs:
But by our braue Exploits: and this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But, in respect of Lady *Wisdomes* grace,
(Euen at their best) the rest are all but base.
Salomons choise. *Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistering *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, Drosse; *Pearls*, Dust, how-euer bright and big.
Shee's Gods owne Mirror, shee's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
Shee's mildest Heav'ns most sacred influence:
Neuer decays her Bewties excellence;
Aye like her-Self: and she doth alwayes trace
Not only the same path, but the same pase.
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would proue
Three Poisons to me. *Wisedom* (from aboue)
Is th'only *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her only (Lord) I craue,
Her Company for-euer let me haue:
Let me for-euer from her sacred lip,
Th' *Ambrosial* Nard, and rosial *Nectar* sip:
In euery Cause, let me consult with her:
And, when I Iudge, be Shee my Counsailer.
Let, with her Staffe, my yet-Youth gouern wel
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Izrael*,
A compt-les Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepherd sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, giue her me: alas! I pine, I die;
* Pyraust. Or if I liue, I liue her* *Flame-bred-Flie:*

And

And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant ſhine,
Too-bold, I burne theſe tender wings of mine.
Hold, take her to thee, ſaid the Lord: and ſith
No Bewty elſe thy ſoule enamoreth;
For ready hand-maids to attend vpon her,
I'll giue thee alſo *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honor*;
(For 't is not meet, ſo High-deſcended Queen,
So great a Lady, ſhould alone be ſeen)
The rather, that my Bounty may inuite
Thee, ſeruing Her, to ſerue Me day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this diuine ſtrange *Viſion* neuer grew
From the ſweet Temper of his ſound Complexion;
But that it was ſome Peece of more Perfection,
Some ſacred Picture admirably draw'n
With Heav'nly pencil, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) He had (with out Art) the Arts,
And Learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more then humane Knowledge bewtifies
His princely actions: vp to Heav'n he flies,
He dyues to Hell, he ſounds the Deepe, he enters
To th' inmoſt Cels of the Worlds loweſt Centers.
The ſecret Riddles of the ſacred Writ
Are plain to him: and his deep-pearcing Wit,
Vpon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted ſtile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
He (learned) ſees the Sun's Eclipſe, ſans terror:
He knowes the Planets neuer erring Error;
And, whether Nature, or ſome Angel moue
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance aboue:
Whether the Sun ſelf-ſhine; his Siſter, not:
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor
Kindles the Comet and the long-taild Taper:
What boyſtrous Lungs the roaring Whirlers blow'n:
What burning Wings the Lightning rides vpon:
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What power Night's Princeſſe powrs vpon the Deep:

His excellent Wiſedom and vnderſtanding in all things.

Whether the Heav'ns ſweet-ſweating Kiſſe appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oyſter's pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and ſtormy, brings the pale.
Whether, from Sea thë Amber-greece be ſent,
Or be ſome Fiſhes pleaſant excrement.
He knowes, why th'Earth 's immoueable and round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
He knowes her meaſure. And he knowes beſide,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
With-in the darknes of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
Can ſo diſcreetly the *White humor* take;
Rheubarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driuing 't out.
In brief, from th'Hyſop to the Cedar-Tree,
He knowes the Vertues of all Plants that be.
He knowes the Reaſon why the Woolfs fell tooth,
Giues a Horſe ſwiftnes; and his footing, ſloth:
Why thy Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena*'s eye
Puts curſteſt Curres to ſilence ſuddenly:
Why th'irefull Elephant becometh tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th'eye-bold Eagle neuer fears the flaſh
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-claſh:
Why the wilde Fen-Gooſe (which keeps warm her egs
With her broad feet vnder her heatfull legs,
And, tongue-les, cries) as wing-lym'd, cannot flie,
Except ſhe (glad) Seas brynie glaſſe deſcrie.
He knoweth alſo, whether that our Stone
Be baked Earth, or Exhalation:
Whether the Metalls (that we dayly ſee)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercurie;
Or, of ſome Liquor by long Cold condens't,
And by the Heat well purified and clean'd;
Or, of a certaine ſharp and cindrous humor:
Or, whether He that made the Wauing Tumor:

The motly Earth; and th' Heav'nly Sphears refin'd,
All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.
He comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That spotted *Iasper*-stones can staunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to resist
The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethist*:
And also, why the cleerest *Diamant*
(*Ielous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' he knos;
And (fild with *Nectar*-Deaws, which Heav'n drips)
The Bees haue made Honie within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earnestly
The gain-full Practice, than cold Theorie:
Nor reaks he so of a Sophistick pride
Of prattling Knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to gouern well
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Especially Hee's a good *Iusticer*,
And to the Lawes dooth Life and strength confer.
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils *Simile.*
Ay bears his head vp-right, and neuer yeelds
To either side, scorns Winde and Raine and Snowe,
Abides all weathers, with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storme and brauely tramples vnder
His steddy Knees, the prowd, lowd, rowling Thunder:
So, Hee's a Iudge inflexibly-vpright.
No Loue, nor Hatred, of the Guilty wight
(What e'r he wear for Calling, small or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
He spurneth Fauors, and he scorneth Fears,
And vnder foot he treadeth priuate Tears:
Gold's radiant Lustre neuer blears his Eye:
Nor is he led through Ignorance a-wry.
His voice is held an Oracle of all:
The soule of Lawes he wisely can exhale:

In doubtfull Caſes he can ſubtilize,
And wylieſt pleaders harts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (ſince his Birth)
With her gilt Treſſes glorifi'd the Earth;
When he decides by happy Wiſedoms means,
The famous Quarrel of Two crafty Queans.

The Controuerſie between the 2. Harlots for the liue Child.

Is't poſſible, O Earth, (thus cries the firſt)
But that (alas) thou ſhould'ſt for anger burſt,
And ſwallow quick this execrable Quean!
Is't poſſible (O gracious Soueraign)
That comming new from dooing ſuch a deed
So horrible, ſhe ſhame-les dares proceed
T'approach thy ſight, thy ſacred Throne t'abuſe,
Not begging pardon, but euen bent t'accuſe?
Laſt night, with ſurfet and with ſleep ſur-cloyd,
This care-les ſtep-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
And ſoftly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by me, and takes mine in the ſtead.
Here, old, bold ſtrumpet, take thy baſtard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and reſtore me that,
Reſtore me mine, my louely liuing Boy,
My hope, my hap, my Loue, my life, my Ioy.
O cruell Chance! O ſacrilegious!
Shall thy foul lips my little Angell buſſe?
At thy fond prattling, ſhall he pret'ly ſmile?
And tug, and touze thy greaſie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy ſoule with glee?
And, grow'n a man, ſuſtaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I, haue only for my ſhare,
His Births hard Trauail, and my burthen's Care,
His reſt-les rocking, wyping, waſhing, wringing;
And to appeaſe his wayward Cries with ſinging?
O moſt vnhappy of all Woman-kinde!
O Childe-les mother! O! why is my Minde
More paſſion-ſtirred, than my hand is ſtrong?
But, rather, than I'll pocket vp this wrong;
To be reueng'd, I'll venter two for one,
I'll haue thy Life, although it coſt mine owne.

O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th' other tho)
O! who would think, that Wine could mad one so?
O impudent! though God thou fear'st not, fear
The Kings cleer iudgement, who Gods place doth bear.
Art not content t' haue call'd (or rather cry'd)
Me Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:
But thou wilt also haue my Child, my deer
(Whom with so strong a knot Loue links so neer)
My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:
Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.
Iust *Dauids* iust Son; for thy Father's sake,
For his deer loue, for all that he did make
Of thee a Childe, when he (re-childing) sought
With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,
Thy tender tongue som easie tearm to speak:
Or, when (all bloody, breath-les, hot) he came
Laden with spoils of Kings he ouercame,
He ran t' imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,
And when thou Cry'dst, vpon his shoulder large
Did set thee vp, while thou his beard didst tug,
Play'dst with his nose, about his neck didst hug,
Gap't'st on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see
Another SALOMOM there smile on thee:
And vnderneath his dancing Plume didst play
Like Bird in bush; sporting from spray to spray;
I doe adiure thee to attend my Plea:
By the sweet name of thy deer *Bersabe*,
Who in the night, shiuering for cold, so oft
Hath bow'd her self ouer thy Cradle soft;
Who both the Bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath spent vpon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liv'd more than in her Owne:
I doo adiure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World we sacred count or call,
To doo me Right: and if, too-mylde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe

Of iuſt reuenge for my receiued wrong;
Yet, reaue me not what doth to me belong,
What liberall Nature hath beſtow'd on me,
What I am ſeis'd-of (without thank to thee);
For pitty doo not my heart blood depriue,
Make me not Childe-les, hauing Childe a-liue..
While both, at once, thus to the King they Crie,
'Tis mine, 'Tis mine: thou ly'ſt; and thou dooſt lie:
The partial People diuers Verdict ſpend;
Some fauour th' one, others the other friend:
Simile. As, when two Gameſters hazard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Caſtles, on the Chance of Dice,
The ſtanders-by, diuerſly ſtird with-in,
Wiſh, ſome that This, and ſome that That maie win;
Wauer twixt Hope and Fear: and euery-one's
Moou'd, with the moouing of the guile-ful Bones.
Only, the King demurres: his prudent ears
Finde like, both reaſons, both complaints, both tears:
The Infants face could not diſcipher whether
Of both ſhould be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Iudges doubt, nor any proof appear.
Then, thus He waighs (but as in dreaming wiſe);
Th'induſtrious Iudge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Vnto Coniectures, drawn (the probableſt;
Out of the book of Nature's learned breſt;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers loue (thinks he)
Is Natures owne vnchangeable Decree:
And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe ſuſtains.
The Doubt admirably decided. Then (as awake) Come, come, no more a-doo,
Diſpatch (ſaith he) Cleaue the quick Child in two,
Look that the Sword be ſharp; in ſuch a caſe:
Needs muſt our Pittie giue our Iuſtice place:
Iuſtice (yee ſee) can iudge him whole to neither:
Diuide him therefore, and giue halfe to either.
O difficult! but thus the King deſcries
Their harts deep ſecrets: all diſcouered lyes,

The vizor's off; their Tongues, sincerely prest
With true instinct, their very Thoughts expreſt:
Bee't (said the stepdam) so, sith 't must be so:
Diuide him iustly from the top to toe.
No (said the other) rather, I renounce
My Right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enioy him all; I'll rather haue him Thine
A-liue, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.
Thine (quoth the King) hee's Thine by Birth (I see)
Thine by thy Loue, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as with Gold growes in the self-same Mine *Simile.*
Much *Chrysocolle*, and also Siluer fine:
So, supream *Honor*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none) *The wonderfull Prosperity of Salomon and his People.*
Second the *Wisdom* of great SALOMON:
He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns doo homage vnto His:
His neereſt Bounds *Nile*'s Sea and *Sidon* seem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyſt horns to him:
Peru, they say (suppoſing *Ophir* so)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fisk* dooth flowe:
In *Sion* Gold 's as common as the Sand,
As Pebbles, Pearls: Through-out all *Iury*-Land,
There seems an Ocean of all happineſſe
To ouer-flowe; and all doo all poſſeſſe:
Each vnder his owne Vine and his owne Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus he abounds in Bliſſe; not so to change-ill
Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel,
To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath giuen
Euen here a Taste of the delights of Heauen.
This great, wise, wealthy, and wel-spoken King
His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate desires him:
Pharao for Son: th' Alien no leſſe admires-him
Than his owne Subiect: and his eyes sweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, see'ſt thou not (O miſt-hap!) *Miſſe-Matches iuſtly taxed.*
This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?

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There *Auſter* neuer roars, nor Hail diſ-leaues
Th'immortall Groue, nor any Branch bereaues.
There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm
To kiſſe his Spouſe, his loyall Female Palm:
There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the year
The Broad-leav'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his Pheer,
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine
About the Elme her ſlender arms doth twine:
Th'Iuie about the Oak: there all doth proue,
That there, all ſprings, all growes, all liues in *Loue*.
Opinion's Porter, and the Gate ſhe bars
Gainſt *Couetize*, cold *Age*, and ſullen *Cares*,
Except they leaue-off and lay-down before
Their troublous load of *Reaſon* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Baſhful-Boldnes,
Dumb-ſpeaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Coldnes,
Smooth ſoothing Vows, deep Sorrows ſoon appeas'd,
Tears ſudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles, Wyly-Guiles, queint wittie-prettie Toyes,
Soft *Idlenes*, and ground-les, bound-les Ioyes,
Sweet *Pleaſure* plunged ouer head and eares
In ſugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,
Hoarſe Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly cruell,
Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire*'s immortall fuell)
Licentious Looſneſs, Prodigall Expence
Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These ſrollike *Louelings* fraighted Neſts do make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Bewty layes, *Fancie* ſits, th'inflamed heat
Of *Loue* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Som are but kindled yet, ſom quick appear,
Som on their backs carry their Cradles deer.
Som downy-clad, ſom (fledger) take a twig
To pearch-vpon ſom hop, from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiuer, while ſoft-pantingly
'T exhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bowe and Giant-ſtooping Arrow:

Another ſly ſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail) Cock and Hen):
See, ſee how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parrat rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a phaiſant: this doth make
The Ring-Doue turn: that brings the Culuer back:
See how a number of this wanton Fry,
Doo fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-Fly,
Some with their flowerie Hat, ſome with their hands,
Some with ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom with Myrtle wands:
But, th'horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loues a-whiles.
Leaue, Wags (Cryes *Venus*) leaue this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſteed of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Child of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine haue Horns and all alike.
This ſaid: eftſoons two twins whoſe gold-head darts
Are neuer ſteeped but in Royal hearts;
Come, Brother deer (ſaid either) come let's to 't,
Let's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th' effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
Their long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-died
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th' one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th' other to *Nilus* ſhoar.

PHARONIDA. *Pharo*'s faire daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her Beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſsing of her Treſſ-full head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpred:
And, in a rich gold-ſeeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat.
One with a peece of double dented Box,
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th' other with bodkin or with fingers nice,

Frizles

Frizles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Waue to and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:
When, armd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtill his Bowe,
Into her boſom ſhot (I woat not how)
O, my ſide! oh! my hart (the Royal Maid Cries out) *Loues firſt Feaver.*
O! I am ſlaine: but, ſearching all about,
When ſhee preceiu'd no blood, nor bruiſe; alas,
It is no wound; but ſleeping in the graſſe,
Some Snake (ſaith ſhe) hath crept into me quick,
It gnawes my hart: ah, help me, I am ſick,
Haue me to bed: eigh me, a freezing-Frying,
A burning-cold torments me liuing-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gal
Thy baenfull ſhaft mingles thy Mel withall!
The Royal Maide, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, skip, and dance on Fields in ammeld front,
Loues ſoleneſſe, ſadnes and Self-priuacie;
Sighes, ſobs, and throbs, and yet ſhe knowes not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſsie *Piramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towers of *Iebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtall ſhe doth *Iordan* ſee;
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and vn-warily
Her hand (vnbidden) in her Sampler ſets
The King of *Inda*'s Name and Counterfets:
Who, mediting the Sacred TEMPLE's Plot,
By th' other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound 's within his veines:
Sleep cannot bring a-ſleep his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA 's his hart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:
With-in his ſoule a ciuill War he feeds:
Th' all-ſeeing Sun, now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then Setteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Loue ſtands at the hot high Noon.

He Rides not his braue Courſers (as he wont),
Nor Reads, nor Wrights, nor in his Throne doth mount,
To hear the Widdow's Cauſe: neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Loue rules him in ſuch ſort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may ſpare the Cariage:
For, wittie Loue hath with his louely ſhaft
In eithers hart grav'n others liuely Draught:
Each Liues in other, and they haue (O ſtrange!)
Made of their burning harts a happy Change.
Better abroad, then home, their hearts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoaſts t'vnite.
Which ſoon enſues: the Virgin's ſhortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-ſad:
And th'aged Father, weeping as he ſpake,
Bids thus adieu when ſhe her leaue doth take;
Sweet Daughter deer, *Oſiris* be thy guide,
And louing *Iſis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride,
With golden Fruit; and daily with-out ceaſe
Your mutual Loues may as your yeers increaſe.
Wiues, Maids, and Children, yong & old, each-where,
With looks and vowes from Turrets follow her:
Calme *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships haue merrie windes, the Seas haue none:
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh:
Her ſight re-flowres th'*Arabian* Wildernes:
Iurie reioyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes, and Timbrels play:
The Flower-crownd People, ſwarming on the Green,
Cry ſtill, *God ſaue, God ſaue, God ſaue* the *Queen*:
May ſhe be like a ſcion, pale and ſick
Through th'ouer ſhading of a Sire two thick:
Which being Tranſplanted, free, ſweet ayre doth ſup,
To th'ſweating Clouds her grouie top ſends vp,
And proſpers ſo in the ſtrange ſoil, that tild,
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No ſtreets are ſeen in rich IERVSALEM,
For vnder-foot fine Skarlet paueth them,

Silks

Silks hang the sides, and ouer-head they hold
Archt Canapeis of glistering Cloth of gold:
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The ioyfull Ladies from their windows shed
Sweet showres of flowres vpon her radiant head;
Yet ielous least (dy'd in their natiue grain)
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natures Roses stain.
But lo, at last, th' honor of Maiestie,
Glory of Kinges, King SALOMON drawes nigh:
Lo now both Louers, enter-glauncing sweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like yong, like beautifull, like braue,
Both graç't a-like; so like, that whoso haue
Not neer observ'd their heads vnlikenesses,
Think them two *Adons* or two *Venusses*.
These nouice Louers at their first arriue
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely striue:
The soules sweet Fier his ruby flames doth flush
Into their Faces in a modest blush:
Their tongues are tyed, their star-bright eyes seem vail'd
With shame-faç't Cipres; all their senses faild.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) vnder th' happie Vault
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth *In harnest*,
At *Thetis* Nuptials eat, and drank, and daunc't?
Heer, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Ioue* treads vnder
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder?
A-while he laies his Maiestie a-side,
To Court, and sport, and reuel with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soueraign, Suter comes;
And seems but equal with his Chamber-Groomes:
But yet, what e'r he doo, or can deuise,
Disguised Glorie shineth in his eyes.
Heer, many a *Phœbus*, and heer many a *Muse*
On heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doo vse

Salomons *Nuptialls.*

Their

Their golden bowes, that with the rapting ſound
Th' Arches and Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Heer, many a *Iuno*, many a *Pallas* heer,
Heer many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer,
Catch many a gallânt Lord, according as
Wealth, Bewtie, Honour, their affection drawes.
Heer, many an *Hebé* faire, heer more then one
Quick-ſeruing *Chiron* neatly waits vpon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The boules of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' ouer-burthned Tables bend with waight
Of their *Ambroſial* ouer-filled fraight.
Heer, many a *Mars* vn-bloody Combats fights,
Heer, many a *Hermes* finds out new delights,
Heer, many a horned *Satyre*, many a *Pan*,
Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs* many a *Faerie Faune*
With luſtie friſks and liuely bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Moriſko*, and the *Mattachine*:
For euen Gods Seruants (God knowes how) haue ſupt
The ſugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.
But, with ſo many liuely Types, at will
His rich rare Arras ſhall ſom other fill:
Of all the Sports, I'll only chuſe one *Meaſure*,
One ſtately *Maſk* compos'd of ſage-ſweet pleaſure;
A *Dance* ſo chaſte, ſo ſacred, and ſo graue
(And yet ſo gracefull, and ſo lofty-braue)
As may beſeem (except I me abuſe)
Great SALOMON, and my celeſtiall *Muſe*.
The Tables voided of their various Cates,
They riſe at once; and ſuiting their Eſtates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a ſtately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and light-ſom that it (right they call
The Vniuerſall, or *The Worlds great Hall*.
O what delight, to ſee ſo rich a Showe
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a rowe
All in a Round, reaching ſo far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it ſide by ſide!

Their

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Mars. The third leads quicker on the ſelfe ſame Arch
His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a ſtar-like March:
His face is fierie: Many an Amethiſt,
And many a Iaſpire of the perfecteſt
Doth brightly gliſter in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommel and the pretious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:
His boiſtrous body ſhines in burniſht Steel:
His Shield flames bright with gold, imboſſed high
With Wolues and Horſe ſeem-running ſwiftly by,
And freng'd about with ſprigs of Scammonie,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.
But O fair Faerie, who art thou, whoſe eyes
Venus. Inflames the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth and Skies?
Tell vs, what art thou, O thou faireſt fair,
That trimm'ſt the Trammels of thy golden hair,
With Myrtle, Thyme, and Roſes; and thy Breſt
* *A Spouſe-belt.* Gird'ſt with a rich and odoriferous * *Ceſt*,
Where all the wanton brood of ſweeteſt Loues
Doo neſtle cloſe; on whom the Turtle-Doues,
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing, wherſo'er thou wend:
Whoſe Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranet boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rowes:
Whoſe capering foot, about the ſtarrie floor,
The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaſte-ſweet flame
Didſt both our Brides harts into one hart frame?
And, was not He, that with ſo curious ſteps,
Mercurie Next after thee, ſo nimblie turnes and leaps,
Say, was not He the wittie Meſſenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How ſtrange a ſuit! His medly Mantle ſeems
Scarlet, Waue-laced with Quick-ſiluer ſtreams,
And th'end of euery Lace, for tuft hath on
A pretious Porphyre, or an Agate ſtone:
A Cry of Hownds haue heer a Deer in Chaſe,
There a falſe Foxe, heer a ſwift Kid they trace:

There

There Larks, and Linots, and ſweet Nightingals
(Fain'd vpon fayned Trees) with wings and tails
Looſe hanging, ſeem to ſwell their little throats,
And with their warblings, ſhame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitorie, Parſly, Burnets blade
And winding leaf his criſpie Locks beſhade,
Hee's light and liuely, all in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, he many ſmall doth mix:
His giddy courſe ſeems wandring in diſorder,
And yet there's found in this diſorder, order.
Auoid baſe Vulgar, back Profane, ſtand by;
Theſe ſacred Reuels are not for your eye:
Come, gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits draw neer,
Preace through the Preace, come take your places heer,
To ſee at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,
A louely paire, exactly bewtifi'd
With rare perfections, paſſing all the reſt,
Sole-happy Cauſes of this ſumptuous Feaſt.
Lo where they come: O what a ſplendor bright!
Mine eyes do dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Raies keen point rebate,
Thy dread-ſpread Fire a little temperate:
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouſe a-ſpace
Thine eyes pure light, the luſtre of thy Face:
For I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to aſhes: ô I faint, I dye.
But (bleſſed Couple) ſith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both vnmasked, nor I can-not;
Yet in theſe Verſes let me tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Aray.
The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels *Luna.*
In her fair hair (whence ſtill ſweet deaw diſtils)
Halfe hanging down; the reſt in rings and curls,
Platted with ſtrings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Siluer-ground,
With Siluer Seas all deeply-frenged round;
With Gourds and Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flouriſht with beaſts that only eat the Aier.

But why (my *Muse*) with Pencil so precise
Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Bewties, Graces, Honors, Richesse
Where-with rich Heav'n these Maskers all inriches,
Shee's even the Mother: and then, as a Glasse,
On the Beholders their effects she casts.

Sol. A Garland braided with the Flowry folds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds,
Beset with Bal'nites, Rubies, Chrysolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and euery set
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n vpon)
Of Laurel, Cedar, Balm, and Cinamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white
Seems to his honour som new Song t'indight,
The Phœnix there builds both her nest and toomb,
The Crocodile out of the waues doth come,
Th' amazed Reaper down his Sickle flings
And sodain Fear grafts to his Ankles wings:
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eyes,
His mouth and nosthrils fiery-Flames let-flies,
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet,
And, wrath-full ramping, ready euen to set
Vpon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:
When lo, the Cock (that light his rage reguards)
A purple Plume tymbers his stately Crest,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) shines,
A frenge of raveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of bases. Beard as red as blood;
A short Beak bending like the Eagles brood:
Green-yellow eyes, where Terrors Tent is pight:
A Martiall gaite, and spurred as a Knight:
Into two arches his prowd Train diuides,
With painted wings he claps his cheerfull sides.
Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight
The Lions courage to haue danted quight.

These happy Louers, with a practiz'd pase
For-ward and back-ward and a-side do trace;
They seem to dance the *Spanish Pauane* right:
And yet their Dance, so quick and liuely-light,
Doth neuer pass the Baldricks bounds (at all)
Which grav'n with Star-Beasts ouer-thwarts the Hall.
When the brave Bride-groom towards Mount *Silo* traces,
A thousand Flowers spring in his spright-full pases:
When towards Mount *Oliuet* he slides, there growes
Vnder his feet a thousand Frosty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures euer;
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weauer.
This louely Couple, now kisse, now recoil,
Now with a lowring eye, now with a smile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side,
With Course vn-equall: and the tender Bride
Receiues strange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Louers diuers-seeming glance.
If vnawares som Enuious come between
Her and her Loue, then is she sad be-seen,
She shuts her eye, she seems euen to depart:
Such force hath true Loue in a noble hart.
But all that's nothing to their musick choice:
Tuning the warbles of their Angel-Voice
To Foot and Viole, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty they do thus dispute;

The Epithalamy.

" O bright-ey'd Virgin! ô how fair thou art!
" O how I loue thee, My Snowe-winged Doue!
" O how I loue thee! Thou hast rapt my hart:
" For thee I Die: For thee I liue, my Loue.

" How fair art thou my Deer! How dear to me!
" Deer Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoun,
" At thy deer Sight: and when I sleep; for Thee,
" Within my brest still wakes my sharp-sweet Wound.

" My Loue, what Odours thy ſweet Treſſe it yields!
" What Amber-greece, what Incenſe breath'ſt thou out
" From purple fillets! and what Myrrhe diſtils
" Still from thy Fingers, ringd with Gold about!

" Sweet-Hart, how ſweet is th'Odour of thy Prayſe!
" O what ſweet aiers doth thy ſweet air deliuer
" Vnto my burning Soule! What hony Layes
" Flowe from thy throat! thy throat a golden Riuer.

" Among the Flowers, my Flower's a Roſe, a Lilly:
" A Roſe, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
" This fragrant Flower firſt of all gather wil-I,
" Smell to it, kiſſe it, wear it as mine owne.

" Among the Trees, my Loue's an Apple-Tree,
" Thy fruit-full Stem bears Flower and fruit together:
" I'll ſmell thy Flower, thy fruit ſhall nouriſh me,
" And in thy Shadow will I reſt for ever.

While *Heſperus*, in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers ouer all the Vault,
Theſe gorgeous Reuels to ſweet Reſt giue place,
And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
Theſe Spouſals paſt: the King doth nothing minde
But *the Lords Houſe*; there is his care confin'd:
His Checker's open, he no Coſt reſpects;
But ſets a-work the wittieſt Architects.
The building of the TEMPLE. Millions of hands be buſie labouring;
Through all the Woods, wedges and beetles ring:
The tufted tops of ſacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the ſtream are gon:
Foreſts are ſaw'd in Tranſomes, Beams, and Somers:
Great Rocks made little, what with Sawes and Hammers:
The ſturdy Quar-man with ſteel-headed Cones
And maſſie Sledges ſlenteth out the Stones,
Digs through the bowels of th'earth baked ſtiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff.

Of

Of ruddy Porphire, or white Alabaſter,
And maſters Marble, which no Time can Maſter.
One melts the White-ſtone with the force of Fire:
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep vnder ground (for the Foundation ioines
Wel-poliſht Marble, in long maſſie Coines;
Such both for ſtuff, and for rare artifice,
As mought beſeem ſom royall Frontiſpice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame;
This Carues a Cornich; that prepares a Iambe;
This formes a Plynth; that fits an Architraue;
This planes a Plank; and that the ſame doth graue,
Giues life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to moue, to ſigh and ſpeak wel-nigh:
And others, rearing high the ſacred Wal,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it ſelf appall:
Cheerly they work, and ply it in ſuch ſort
As if they thought long Summer-days too-ſhort.
As in Grape-Harueſt, with vnweary pains, *Simile.*
A willing Troup of merry-ſinging Swains,
With crooked hooks the ſtrouting Cluſters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burthens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat,
Vp to the Waſte; and dauncing in the Muſt
To th'vnder-Tub a flowry Shower do thruſt:
They work a-vie, to th' eye their Work doth growe,
Who ſaw't i'th'Morning, ſcarce at Night can knowe
It for the ſame: and God himſelf doth ſeem
T'haue ta'en to Taske this Work, and work for them,
While in the Night ſweet Sleep reſtores with reſt
The weary limbs of Work-men ouer-preſt.
Great King, whence came this Courage (*Titan*-like)
So many Hils to heap vpon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what maſſie Cars
Could bring ſo far ſo many monſtrous Quars?
And, what huge ſtrength of hanging Vaults embow'd
Bears ſuch a waight aboue the winged Clowd?

If on the out-side I doo cast mine eye,
The Stones are ioyn'd so artificially,
That if the Maçon had not checkerd fine,
* *Syrian.* **Syre's* Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no less fair than firm;
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out:
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floore, Sides, and Seeling couerd triple-fold,
Stone lyn'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I ouer-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments:
Th' Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th'vse.
O I perfect Artist, thou for Mould didst chuse
The Worlds *Idëa*: For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fold diuers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other.
And playd the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,
Gaue precious Stones so many-coloured lustre,
Enameld Flowers, made Metals beam and glister:
The Caruer, when he cut in leaues and stems
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when he cast so many Forms
Of winged Fouls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms:
Thou doost diuide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th'HOLY OF HOLIES, wher-in none may be
But God, the Cherubims, and (once a yeer)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection deer,
Of Gods eternall Son (Sins sin-les check)
The ever-lasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair *mid*-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Lemter*, who on *Izrael* shone

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell:
And th'vtter PORCH, the Peoples residence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phydias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th'hast fram'd by it,
Th'eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Prouerbs* richly-graue,
Vnto the PORCH may rich relation haue:
For that it giues vs Oeconomike Lawes,
Rules politike, and Priuate civill Sawes;
And for (the most) those lessons generall
At Humane matters aim the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid*-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what euer Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good, or great;
Drawes vs from earth, and vs in Heav'n doth seat;
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTVM-SANCTORVM, is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou marriest *Iacob* to Heav'ns glorious King:
Where, thou (deuoted) doost diuinely sing
CHRIST's and his CHVRCHES *Epithalamie*:
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faith-full Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voice, her self doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-pearcing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)
Enioyes her Ioy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Loue of Loues) her Blisse.
When he had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so bewtifull:
O God (sayd *Salomon*) great *Only Trine!*
Which of this *Mystike* sacred House of Thine
Hast made me Builder; build me in the same
A liuing Stone. For thy deer DAIDS name,

Dedication of the Temple.

On DAVIDS branches DAVIDS bliſſe reuiue;
That on his Throne his Iſſue ſtill may thriue.
O All-compriſing, None-compriſed Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Iuſtice, each-where by thy Powers,
Dwell heer (deer Father) by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Caſe, one needs muſt ſwear,
Looſe thou the Knot, and puniſh thou ſeuere
Th'audacious Periure; that hence-forth none chance
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our diſ-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blaſted Corn,
Preſage vs Famine; If with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;
And, towards this Houſe we humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.
If Captiues we in a ſtrange Land bewayl,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fayl;
And, towards this Houſe we humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.
If Strangers, moov'd with rumor of thy Miracles,
Com heer to Offer, to conſult thine Oracles,
And in this Houſe to kneel religiouſly,
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and cry:
Hear them from Heav'n; and by thy Fauors preſt,
Draw to Thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, and Weſt.
The paſſe-Man *Wiſedom* of th'*Iſacian* Prince,
A Light ſo bright, ſet in ſuch eminence
(Vn-hideable by enuious Arrogance,
Vnder the Buſhell of black Ignorance)
Shines euery where, illuſtres euery place;
Among the reſt it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princeſſe, that with prudent hand
The ſoft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queen of Saba. The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinamon, Incenſe, and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where priuate men do Prince-like Treaſures hold,
Where Pots be Siluer, Bedſteds beaten Gold,

Where

Where Wals are rough-caſt with the richeſt Stones
Caſt in Deuiſes, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet, leauing all this Greatneſſe of her owne,
She comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wiſedom, and to ſee his Citty,
Refuge of Vertues, School of of Faith and Pitty.
You, that doo ſhut your eyes againſt the rayes
Of glorious Light, which ſhineth in our dayes;
Whoſe ſpirits ſelf-obſtin'd in old muſty Error,
Repulſe the *Truth* (*Th' Almighties ſacred Mirror*)
Which day and night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whoſe ſtubbornneſſe will not at all vn-lock
The ſacred *Bible*, nor ſo much as look,
To talke with God, into his holy Book:
O, fear you not that this great Princeſſe ſhall
Of thank-les Sloath, one day condemn you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Eaſe, Pleaſures, Treaſures, doth deſpiſe and ſcorn;
To paſſe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Iourneys full of diffidence:
And nobly trauels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man?
Her Time's not loſt: there (rapt) ſhe doth contemple
The ſumptuous bewties of a ſtately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towers of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a peer-les Throne,
Wals rich with-out; furniſht in richer ſort:
Number of Seruants doth adorn the Court,
But more their Order; there, no noiſe is heard,
Each his owne Office only doth reguard:
And, (in one inſtant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb, moues all the divers ſtrings
Of a ſweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Cauſeth a Trebble ſound, a Mean, a Baſe:
So SALOMON, diſcreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troop direct:
Each of his Seruants hath his proper Leſſon,
And (after his Degree) each hath his faſhion.

A iuſt reproofe of all obſtinate Recuſants.

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Setting before vs th'Only Sacrifice,
Which in CHRIST's Blood shall wash-out all our vice.
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs-Offerer:
Come, come, thou thrice-Great Refuge of our State,
Come, thou our Rançome Iudge, and Aduocate:
Milde Lamb, Salue-Serpent, Lion generous,
Vn-challeng'd Vmpire betwixt Heav'n and Vs,
Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End
Of all our Offrings, (whither all do tend):
Come ô MESSIAS, and doo now begin
To Raign in *Sion*, to triumph of Sinne;
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
Vpon the Earth the Golden Age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The deer First-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,
That, stript of *Adam's* sinfull sute, in fine
With sacred Angels we in Heav'n may shine.
The Queen, nigh sunk in an Amazefull Swoun,
Bespake him thus: My Lord, prattling renown
Is wont in flying to increase so far,
That she proclaims things greater then they are:
Simile. And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,
Wherof the rarest seem more exquisite,
Far-off, then neer: but, so far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy vertues passe the same:
Thy peer-les Prayse stoops to thy Learned tongue,
And enuious bruit hath done thy Wisedom wrong.
Application to the Kings Maiestie. So may I say, euen so (ô SCOTTISH King)
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th'edge of *Spain* hath made me ventrously
To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain's* end to see:
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for som special Plot)
Worlds Miracle, ô Oracle of Princes?
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
A gray-beards Wisedom in an amber-bush,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,

A ſettled Iudgement with a ſupple Wit,
A quick Diſcourſe, profound and pleaſing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one ſpirit infus'd,
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Perſiſt, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame ſurmount,
So let thy future paſſe thy former more,
And go-before thoſe that haue gone-before:
Excell thy ſelf: and braue, graue, godly Prince,
Confirme my Songs eternall Euidence.

FINIS.

THE SCHISME.

THE III. BOOK OF THE IIII. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Reiecting Olde, Young-Counsail drash ROBOAM
Loseth Ten Tribes; *which fall to* IEROBOAM.
He, Godding Calves, *makes* Izrael *to Sin:*
His Scepter therfore shortly fails his Kin.
BAAZ', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB *(worst of all)*
With IEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Baal;
Commands the Clouds; rapt-vp *to Heav'n, alive.*
Elisha's Works: his bones *the dead reuiue.*
SAMARIA'S *tragik* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Ionas *sake: repentant* NINIVE.

The misery of a State distracted by factions into Ciuil Wars.

HEer sing I ISAAC's ciuill Brauls and Broils;
Iacobs Reuolt; their Cities sack, their Spoils:
Their cursed Wrack, their *Godded Calues:* the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Isheans* Regiment.
Ah! see we not, som seek the like in *France?*
With rage-full swords of ciuill Variance,
To share the sacred *Gaulian* Diadem?

Application.

To strip the *Lillies* from their natiue stem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whose Law did aw Imperiall *Rhine* (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and vnder whom
Even siluer *Iordan's* captiue floods did foam.

Deprecation.

But, let not vs, good Lord, O let not vs
Serue seruilely a hundred Kinglings thus,

In

In stead of one great Monarch: neuer let
The lawfull Heir from his own Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new possest;
Nor euery Town to be a Tyrants nest:
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Raign,
Restore the Sword to *Iustice* hand again;
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Prayse (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

THE GENERAL *States* of *Israel*, gathered all,
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem's* Wall;
All iointly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (strictly-stout) his Powr thus limiting:

A Parliament, or Assembly of the Estates of Israel.

Command (say they) and Rule in *Abram's* Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as a Shepheard should:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,
Those heauy Impost: of thy Father (fierce):
Repress the rapin of thine Officers:
So, we will serue thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wise; thy Seruice we renounce.

The People capitulate with their new King.

Heer-with amaz'd, thee moody Prince, in post
Sends for those Ancients which had swayed most
His Fathers Counsails: and he *seems* to craue
Their sage Aduises, in a case so graue.

God hath not made, say they (iumping together)
Subiects for Kings, but Kings for Subiects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in distress)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy Self much less.
What boots a Head, with-out the hand and foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subiects to't?
The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the people poor:
A Princes Wealth in Subiects Wealth is set;
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince coms neuer but at need:
For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolik bounds
Frisking and skipping vp and down the Douns.

The Counsaile of the ancient Nobles.

Among

Among the Beaſts fulleſt of furious gall,
The Vulgar's fierceſt, wildeſt, worſt of all;
Hydra with thouſand heads, and thouſand ſtings,
Yet ſoon agreed to war againſt their Kings.
If then you wiſh, their barking rage to ceaſe,
Caſt them a bone; by an Abatement, ceaſe
Their wringing Yoak, thy pity let them proue:
And ground thy Greatnes on thy Peoples loue.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their ice,
Yet vſe no threats, nor giue them flat Denies:
But, to eſtabliſh thy yet-new eſtate,
Giue them ſom hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wiſely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* ſage,
That *A ſoft anſwer* (ſoon) *appeaſeth rage.*

Roboam, leauing their ſound aduice leaneth rather to the young fury of his Minions & Flatteries.

ROBOAM, ſcorning theſe old Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and perſwade their Lord,
Not ſillily to be by ſuch diſturb'd,
Nor let him-ſelfe ſo ſimply to be curb'd;
But, to repreſs, preſs, and oppreſs the more
Theſe Mal-contents, but too-well vs'd before:
With iron teeth to bruiſe their idle bones,
To ſuck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Furie in the ſtockes of Fear,
And to ſhake-off (on th'other ſide) and ſhun
Thoſe Gray-beards old and cold direction,
Their ſawcie cenſures, ſnibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Vſurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiſer then them-ſelues his part:
To knowe that he's a King; and that he took
Even in the womb, as th'outward limbs and look,
So th'inward graces, the Diſcretion
And deep Fore-ſight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the ſhop of Nature, learn'd (long ſince)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.

Wiſdom

Wisedom (fond King) her sacred Seat erects
In hoarie brains: and Day the Day directs:
Th'old-man-fore-sees a-far; by *past* events
He (prudent) ponders *future* accidents:
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a passenger;
And, more with courage then with Counsail's guide,
Barely beholds things on the outer side.
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fel,
Checkst thus the Son's of noble *Israel:*
Ah! rébel Slaues! you, you will Rule your King:
You'll be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You'll hold the sacred helm, controule the Crown:
You'll rate his State, and turn all vp-side-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father's loigns: he did but rub you light,
I'll flay your backs; he bow'd, I'll break yee quight;
He threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will haue your carrion shoulders goar'd
With scourges tangd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.
As rapid streams, incountring in their way
With close-driv'n piles of som new bank or bay,
Or steady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which last-past Sommer neuer saw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now growen desperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expostulate:
Why? what haue we to do (what part? what place?)
With *Boözian Ishay*'s avaricious race?
Go, Raign (proud *Iuda*) where thou wilt; for we
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny:
Go vse else-where thy cruell threats and braues;
We are thy Brethren, we, and not thy Slaues.
Thus cry the People, and th'ill-counsal'd *King*
Vn-kingly yeelds to their rude Mutining:

The Kings rashnes threatning rigour.

Simile.

The Reuolt of the 10. Tribes.

And flies eft-ſoons with ſome few *Beniamites*,
The zealous *Leuites*, and the *Iudaites*:
The reſt revolt, and chuſe for Soveraign
A ſhame-les, faith-les, bold and buſie-brain,
Ieroboam. An *Ephraimite*, who (double-falſe) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall.
For, he fore-ſees that if th'*Iſacians* ſtill
(As Law inioyn'd) ſhould mount on *Sion* Hill,
To ſacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Princes ſight, the Doctrine and Example
Of ſacred *Leuites*, they would ſoon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forſaken.
To rent the Church therefore he doth deuiſe,
And God's true Spouſe doth Harlot-like diſguiſe:
Will haue them hence-forth Worſhip God the Lord
Vnder the Form of Hay-fed *Calues* (abhorr'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings-vp Service new;
Profane, vſurping ſacred *Aaron*'s Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'ſt thou God, in this?
He, of a Servant, made thee King of His:
Thou, of a God, mak'ſt him a horned Steer;
Sett'ſt Altar againſt Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'ſt all *Iſrael* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death,
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, vn-eath
Could th'operation of ſo many Miracles,
In their hard hearts re-print the *Sacred Oracles*.
One-day, the while this Prieſt-King ſacrifiz'd
To's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (ſelf-deviz'd)
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutiſh rage doth blame:
O odious Houſe, ô execrable Cell,
O Satans Forge, ô impious Shop of Hell;
Accurſed Altar, that ſo braves and boaſts
Againſt the Altar of the Lord of Hoaſts!
Behold, from *Dauid* ſhall a King return
That on thy ſtones thine owne Prieſts bones ſhall burn,

Thus

Thus ſaith the Lord: and this ſhall be the Sign
(Prodigiouſly to ſeal his Word, in mine)
Thou now in th'inſtant ſhalt in ſunder ſhatter,
And in the Air ſhall thy vile cinders ſcatter.
Take, take the Sot, ſaid then th'vngodly Prince,
And (as he ſpake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, inſtantly the ſame
So ſtrangely withered and ſo num became,
And God ſo ruſtied every ioynt, that there
(But as the Body ſtird) it could not ſtir:
Th'vnſacred Altar ſodain ſlent in twain;
And th'aſhes, flying through th'vn-hallowed Fane,
Blinde the blinde Prieſts; as in the Sommer (oft)
The light, white Duſt (driv'n by the Winde aloft) *Simile.*
Whirling about, offends the tendreſt eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cauſe) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Deer man of God, reſtore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obſtinate in ill)
In His Calf-ſervice He perſevers ſtill,
Still runs his Race, ſtill every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.
The King of *Iuda* little better proves,
His Fathers by-paths ſo *Abiam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Princes guiſe,
Forget their God, and his drad Law deſpiſe.
God, notwithſtanding (of his ſpeciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the ſacred race
Of his deer *Dauid*: and he bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows:
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave
Som form of Church in *Sion* he will haue.
Aza, *Abiam*'s Son; *Iehoſaphat*
The ſon of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with ſucceſs,
Dung *Iſaak*'s Fields with forrain carcaſes.
In *Aza*'s ayd fights th'arm armi-potent *Aza.*
(Which ſhakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, & Rocks doth rent)

Againſt black *Zerab*'s over-daring boaſt,
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoaſt
O'r-flow'd all *Iuda*; and, all ſacking (fell)
Tranſported *Afrik* into *Iſrael*:
He fights for His; who, ſeeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumæan*, and proud *Moabite*,
In Battail ray, caus'd all his Hoaſt to ſing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:
Sa, ſa, (my hearts) let's cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence, and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heertofore, in foming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a ſigh (or with a whiſtle, rather)
Can call the North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged Bands:
Who, with a breath, brings (in an inſtant) vnder
The proudeſt Powrs: whoſe arrows are the Thunder.

Deſcription of Diſcord.

While yet they ſang, fell *Diſcord* reaching-far,
Hies to the *Heathen* that encamped are:
Clean through her mantle (tatterd all in flakes)
Appears her breſt all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her skin is ſcarr'd, her teeth (for rage) do gnaſh,
The Baſilisk with-in her eyes doth flaſh;
And, one by one, ſhe plucks-off (in deſpight)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hiſſing Serpents right)
And, one by one, ſhe ſeverally beſtowes-'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captains boſom,
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirſt of blood:
And, with the ſame blade that ſhe died once
In valiant *Gedeon*'s (Brother-ſlaughtered) Sons,
She ſets the Brother to aſſail the Brother,
The Son the Sier, and deereſt Friends each-other.

Miraculous ſlaughter of the Heathen by their mutuall ſwords, diuided among themſelues.

The ſwords, new draw'n againſt their Enemies,
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* ſo mads them in their mutuall Iar,
That ſtrange, turns civill; civill, houſhold War:

Proud

Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and th' *Ammonite*;
Amon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab assaults *Amon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars first with th'other two,
Then with themselues: then *Amon Amon* thrills,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kills.
From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each,
Disports her selfe; those that are one in speech,
Vnder one Colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each others throat.
Rage-full confusion every-where commands,
Against his Captain the Lieutenant stands,
The Corporal vpon his Seriant flies,
And baseſt Boyes against their Masters rise.
Nay, drad *Bellona* passeth fiercely further,
Th'owne Vncle doth his owne deer Nephew murther,
The Nephew th'Vncle with the like repayes,
Cosen thrils Cosen, Kinſ-man Kinſ-man slayes:
Yea, even the Father kills his Son most cruell,
And from one Belly springs a bloudy Duell;
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth other,
And drawes the life-blood of his half-self Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, strength at length (not stomach) fails in either;
And, as together born, they die together.
The faithfull Hoast drawes neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-les Foes.
Men, Camels, Horse (som saddled, som with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lie mingled all about:
The bloudy Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:
Heer seems an Arm, a Giant late did owe,
As if it would to a Dwarf's shoulder growe:
A Princes hand there (knowen by pretious signes)
Vnto the arm of a base Porter ioyns;
An olde-Man's head heer to a Stripling's neck;
And there, lean buttocks to a brawny back:

The Confusion of such a Camp so together by the eares.

Heer, of a Body iustly cloven in two,
The bloudy tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, fiue red fingers of a Hand cut-off
Gripe still the truncheon of a steeled staff;
And, there (at-once, all broached on one Lance)
Lie three braue Horse-men in a deadly Trance.
Chariots, vnfurnisht and vnharnest, stood,
Over the spoaks, vp to the naves in blood:
Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion streams,
And (now no marvell) *Iarvel* warmly steams,
Stopt with dead bodies; so, that never-more
It should haue seen the Ocean (as before)
Nor payd the Tribute that his Duty craves,
Saue that the crimsin holp the crystall waves.
Praysed be God (said *Iuda*) praysed be
The Lord of Hoasts, the King of Maiesty,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his own protect,
That holds so deer the blood of his Elect:
That fights for vs, and teacheth vs to fight,
Conquer, and triumph of the *Pagan*'s might:
And (finally) doth punish Tyrants sel,
With their owne swords, to saue his *Israel*.
But, notwithstanding *Ieroboam*'s Plot,
Wicked generation of the wicked His third Successor yet succeeds him not;
A barbarous Fury raigneth in his Race,
His bloody Scepter shifteth hands apace:
Nadab his son, and all his seed beside,
Feels cursed *Baasha*'s cruell Paricide;
And *Baasha*'s issue is by *Zimri* slain,
Zimri by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* raign;
Omri, accursed for his owne transgression,
But more accursed for the foule succession
Of such a Son as *Achab* (sold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds vnto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worst,
Weds *Iezabel*, adds Drunkennes to Thirst.
2. Similes. Blind Superstition's like a drop of Oyl
Still spreading, till it all a Garment spoyl:

Or,

Or, like a spark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which soon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fires the whole House; the House, the Town about;
Consuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs, and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their owne ashes lye:
When one begins (how little be't) to stray
From the diuine Law's little-beaten way,
We cursed fall into the black Abysse
Of all foul Errors: every Sin that is
Donns sacred Mask; and, monsters most abhord,
Killing the Saints we think to please the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquisht with the spel,
Speach, grace, and face of painted *Iezabel*,
Presumes to lay his sacrilegious hand
On th'oyled Priests that in Gods presence stand,
Of honest Men his Towns depopulates,
Lessens the Number of his Nobie States,
T'augment his Lands; and, with the bloud of His,
Writes th'Instruments of his new Purchases.
But slain (at last) by th'Hoast of *Benhadad*,
His Son * succeeds him (and almost as bad) * *Ahaziah*.
He breaks his neck, and leaues his fatall place,
To's brother *Ioram*, last of *Achab*'s race;
An odious race, th'alliance of whose blood
Corrupts the Heirs of *Iosaphat* the good,
Causing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia*'s wile)
In's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,
And *Ahaziah*'s giddy brain t'infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But, though these Kings did openly oppugn
And stubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'ms* issue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;
Though over all, a *Chaos* of confusion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Delusion,
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd these Kingdoms (as another Flood);

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Weary of trauail in so hote a time,
Rests all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.
Hills lately hid with snowe, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular:*
Zephyre is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectik *Auster's*, which doth all things swelt,
And (panting-short) puffs every-where vpon
The withered Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,
Th'vnsauory breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians* pest-full and vn-blest-full shoar.
Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began; *The miserable effects thereof.*
Mirtles and Bayes for want of moyst grew wan:
With open mouth the Earth the ayd doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kishon's* rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Sorek, for shame, now hides him vnder ground:
Mokmur, whose murmur troubled with the noise
The sleeping Shepheards, hath nor stream, nor voice:
Cedron's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,
And *Iordan's* Current is as dry, as dead.
The beam-brow'd Stag, and strong-neckt Bull do ly
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also dry)
But, neither, sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,
Ouer the which so often swom they have:
The lusty Courser that late scorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would sweat for faintnes, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-backt Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,
And on his bunch could have transported yerst
Neer a whole Houshold, now is able scant
To bear him self, he is so feebly-faint.
Both yong and olde, both of the base and best,
Feele a fell *Ætna* in their thirstie brest:

To

To temper which, they breath, but to their woe:
For, for pure air, they sup into them, so,
A putride, thick; and pestilentiall fume,
Which stuffs their Lights and doth their lives consume.
Ther's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)
But dry they draw't, Sea-Water's dainty Drink:
And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the Kings owne mouth.
For, though the Lord th'whole Land of *Syria* smites,
Th'heat of his Anger on *Samaria* lights
With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies,
The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.
Therefore, he fearing *Achab*'s ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith*'s hollow banks he gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters, tho
From the foure windes the winged people go.

The Widow of Sarepta.

Thence to *Sarepta*; where he craves the ayd
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildly said,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store
Is but of bread for one meal (and no more):
Yet, give me (saith he) giue me som (I pray);
Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth ay:
Sure a good turn shall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
T's a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.

The fruits of Charity.

While thus he said, and staid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread she had:
She lost not by't: for, all the *Famin*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyl
Decreased not, yet had she plenty still,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fel Death to take-away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Ioy:
Shee prayes her Gueſt, and he implores his God,
And stretching him vpon the breath-les Lad,
Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe me, Lord, this boon,
Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon

Thou

Thou hast bereft: ô I let it not be said,
That heer for nought I haue so ought been fed:
Let not my presence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a small seedling of that fruitful Worm,
Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin brest,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)
Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a pretious Toomb:
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death ith bosom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the Booty of the Beer,
At sacred words begins his eye to rear;
Swimming in Death, his powrs do re-assemble,
His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artirs tremble;
He fetcht a sigh, then lively rising too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as he was wont to doo.
Fain would the Mother haue besought the Seer
T'have past the rest of his colde Olde-age heer:
But th'holy spirit him sodain hence doth bring
Vnto *Samaria* to th'incensed King;
Who rates him thus: ô Basilisk! ô Bane!
Art not thou He that sow'st th' *Isaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, hast not thou
Profan'd the Laws of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th'holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did heer first begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin
Vpon vs all; and *Baal*, blasphem'd by thee,
Hath since that season never left vs free
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell we feel;
Our Heav'n is Brass, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, ô King (if I the Truth shall tell)
Thou, thou art hee that troublest *Israel*.
Thou (give me leave) thou and thy Grand-sires, mad
After strange Gods in every Grove to gad,

Simile.

The like Imputation, in our dayes, the blind Popelings and profane Worldlings haue layd vpon the Gospell and the Preachers thereof.

Haue

Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such shall you proue him, if you dare oppone
All your *Baal*-Prophets against me, but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*: then to *Carmel*'s top
The Schismik Priests were quickly called vp:
Vnto their *Baal* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear:
Both have their Beasts; and by their prayer must prove
Whose God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n aboue.
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent
Vpon these Maruails, to obserue th'euent
(Marvails, which might well cleer the difference
That had so long depended in suspence
'Twixt *Israel* and *Iuda*; and direct
Th'Earth how to serue Heav'ns sacred Architect)
Simile. As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell,
Met front to front, their forked arms do mell,
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze
Twixt hope and fear, vnfeeding, stand at gaze,
To see the Fight, and censure which doe proue
The valiantest, that he may be their Loue.
Baal's baalling Priests call and cry out for life,
Baals *Priests.* They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife,
They cruell make their blood to spin about
(As Claret wine from a pearç't Peece doth spout)
And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and armis,
They howling chant these *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, help, ô *Baal*, ô *Baal* attend our cryes,
Baal, hear vs *Baal*, ô *Baal*, bow downe thine eyes:
O *Stratian*, *Clarian*, *Eleutherian* Powrs,
Panomphæan God, approve vs thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,
Phyxian, *Feretrian*, O *Exacestirian*,
Xenian, *Messapian*, O *Lebradean* BAAL,
O *Assabine*, BAAL-SAMEN, hear our Call.
Elijah, that their bloody Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the seruice of the Lord,

T'ap-

T'appease his wrath he doth not scarre his skin;
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win,
Nor makes himselfe vnfitting for his function,
By selfly stripes (as causing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantik-wise,
And in a furie seems to prophetize:
But offers God his heart, in steed of blood;
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.
Cry loud, quoth he: your God is yet perchance *Irenia.*
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms advance
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel!*
Alas! why yoakst thou God with *Baal* (or *Bel*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnel and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Baal* be God indeed,
Then boldly serue him, seek him sole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th'all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the least Works of th'Almighty hand
Of *Iacob's* God: If Heav'n, Aire, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:
If he haue cast those cursed Nations out,
Which yerst defil'd this fair, fat Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone doost thou not ay imbrace,
And serue him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?
The cord vn-twisted weakens: and who serues
Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserues.
Baal dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,
Much less can grant them their Desires at all:
But, *Iacob's* God, IEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that trust in him.
Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above
With Sacred Fire (thy Soverain powr to prove)

Consume

Consume this Bullock, and shewe by the same
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Churches* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy chosen *Izrael*.

Simile. As falls a Meteor in a Sommer Even,
A sodain Flash coms flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks dry the Dikes, and instantly, at-once,
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,
And th'Offered Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous fury on the Priests of *Baal*;
And, by *Elijah*'s prayer, soone obtaine
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot do?
If he be hungry, Fouls, and Angels too,
Becom his Stewards. Fears he th'armed Bands
Of a fel Tyrant? from their bloody hands
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would he pass a Brook that brooks no Bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water giues him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive he hies,
And (sauing *Henoch*) onely He not-dies.

Elijah *taken vp alive into Heaven.* This Man of God, discoursing with his heir
Of th'vpper Kingdom, and of Gods Affair,
A sodain whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him vp intire,
Burns not, but fines; and doth (in fashion strange)
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd squib, a flaming ridge, for rut
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath cut.
This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Elisha* too;
Who, taking vp his Tutors Mantle, tho,
Follows as far as well he could with ey
The fire-snort Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;
Crying, My father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horse of *Izrael*.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,

As

As Mists and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, heav'nly Soules.
Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his flesh transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted aboue the Arches *Crystalline*:
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
There (after death) shall all his Chosen bee.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Empyreal Pole*;
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE vnite.
But how, or why should He this vantage haue
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the Grave)?
O happy passage! ô sweet, sacred Flight!
O blessed Rape! thou rapt'st so my spright
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
So many wayes to cast-about for it,
That (I confess) the more I do contend,
I more admire, and less I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then biding heer belowe
With his Successor, I proceed to showe,
How, soon as he took-vp his Cloak (to beare it)
Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah*'s Spirit; Elizeus or Elisha.
By powr whereof, immediatly he cleaves
An vn-couth way through *Iordan*'s rapid waves:
Past hope he gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
A Son; and soone restores him dead to life:
With sodain blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyl
Fills all the Vessels in a Town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:
Naaman's cleans'd; and, for foul *Simonie*,
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie:

Mends:

Mends bitter Broath, he maketh Iron swim
As porie Cork, vpon the Water's brim.
Rich *Iericho*'s (sometimes) *sal*-peetry soil,
Through brinie springs that did about it boil,
Brought forth no fruit, and her vn-holsome Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer;
Thou seest our Citie's situation heer
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worse: we pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers, make them pleasanter,
Our Hills more green, our Plains more fertiler.
The Prophet calls but for a Cruse of Salt
(O strangest cure!) to cure the brynie fault
Of all their Floods; and, casting that in one
Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon:
Not, for an houre, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hills before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All-circling Sun,
For fruitfull beauty, sees no Paragon.
There (labour-less) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) growes the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can vn-olde a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, giue your fattest Plains
Five or six earths; spare neither cost nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and stones,
With Muck and Marle batten and baste their bones;
Vnless God bless your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and sowe vpon the sand.
This, *Iurie* knowes; a Soil somtimes (at least)
Sole Paradise of all the proudest East:
But now the brutest and most barren place,
The curse of God, and all the Worlds disgrace:
And also *Greece*, on whom Heav'ns (yerst so good)
Rain nothing now but their drad Furie's Flood.

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He is importun'd heer and there, about:
Aboue the rest, a Woman skrieketh out
In mournfull manner, with disheueled hair;
Her face despight, her fashion showes despaire.
O! stay my Liege, hear, hear a grieuous thing;
Mothers eat their own Children. Iustice, great *Ioram*, Iustice, gentle King.
O, no, not Iustice: (did I Iustice craue?)
Fondling, in Iustice, thou canst nothing haue
But a iust death; nay, but a Torture fell;
Nay, but a Torment, like the pains of Hell.
Yet, euen this Plea is worse then death to me:
Then grant me Iustice; Iustice let it be.
For (O!) what horror can restrain desire
Of iust Reuenge, when it is once a fire?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to bind the Pact)
By solemn Oath I sealed the Contract;
Contract, indeed cruell; yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without Cruelties.
(Tell it O Tongue: why stay'st thou so vpon-it?
Dar'st thou not say-it, hauing dar'd and don-it?
Not hauing fear'd Heav'ns King, how canst thou fear
An earthly King?) Then, thus (my Liege) while-yet
I, and my Neighbour desperately agreed,
Iointly to eate, successiuely, our seed;
Our own deer Children: and (O luck-les Lot!)
Mine first of all, is destin'd to the Pot:
Forth-with I catch him, and I snatch him to-me
Vp in mine arms: he straight begins to woo-me,
Stroaks, colls, and huggs me, with his arms and thighes:
And, smiling sweet, Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cryes,
Then kisses me; and, with a thousand toyes,
Thinks to delight me with his wonted ioyes.
I looke away, and with my hand addrest,
Bury my knife within his tender brest:
And, as a Tigresse, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dres him, and on our Table
I set him: ôh! ('t is now no time to fable)

I

I taste him first, I first the feast begin,
His blood (my blood) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;
And of my Flesh my Flesh is shamefull Tomb:
Soon cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat,
And vp again that little striues to get.
But she, she layes it in, she greedy plyes-it,
And all night long she sits to gourmandize-it:
Not for her fill so much, of such (think I)
As to prolong the more my misery:
O God, said she (and smiles in eating it)
What a sweet morsell! what a dainty bit!
Blest be the brest that nurç't such meat for me;
But more the Womb that bare it, so to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers
Alive and lusty in her arms she bears.
Why should her Pittie, rather her despite,
Do both her Faith, Me, and my Son, vn-right?
Ah! for her belly, rather then her Boy,
She playd this prank (and robd me of my Ioy).
She did it not, of tender hart to saue him;
But, greedy-gut, that she alone might haue him.
Therfore, O King, do Iustice in this case:
Nor craue I pardon of thy princely grace
For mine Offence; (such an Offence, I knowe,
As yet grim *Minos* never iudg'd belowe)
For if I should, how should I do, for meat;
Not hauing now another Childe to eat?
No: this is all I craue before I die,
That I may taste but of Her sonnes sweet thigh:
Or, that (at least) mine eye, more iust then cruell,
May see him slain by her, my Horrors Fuell.
But, if you waigh not mine vnfained tears
(Indeed vn-worthy): yet vouchsafe your ears
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;
Who, with strange murmurs rumbling vp and down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highnes, thus to make his moan;

Sir, will you suffer, without all reuenge,
Mens cursed malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Iustice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?
Ah! shall I then descend alone belowe?
Dy vn-reueng'd? foster my cruell Foe?
And then, cast-forth in foulest Excrement,
Infect the Aier, offend the Element;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horse
About the Hall shall ride, and prance, and course;
And imitate mens actions (as an Ape),
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, sit in Lap?
No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:
Full-fill the Pact; that so our wretched Mothers
Their Guilt and Grief, may eyther's match with others.
The King, less mov'd with pitty than with horror,
Thunders these words, raging in threat-full terror;
Vengeance and mischief on mine owne head light,
If curst *Elisha* keep his head this night:
And, as he spake, forth in a rage he flings,
To execute his bloody Threatenings.
Sir, said the Prophet, you haue seen the scathe
Deuouring Famin heer performed hath:
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath said)
Samaria's Gates shall euen abound with Bread.
Tush (said a Minion of the Court, hard by,
Of surly speech, proud gait, and lofty ey)
Though God should open all Heav'ns windows wide,
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Self (in sum)
Shalt see it then: but shalt not taste a Crum,
Thus said *Elisha*, and th'Almightie Powr
Perform'd his Sayings in the very howr.
Her scarlet Robe *Aurora* hath not donn'd,
Nor had she yet limn'd the *Euphratean* strond
With trembling shine, neyther was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drouzie Fit,

When

When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoast, *Description and effects of Fear.*
Wilde-staring Hag, shiv'ring, and wavering most;
She, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft:
She that in Counsails striues to lift aloft
Irresolution, to be President
(Canker of Honor, curse of Gouernment):
She that euen trembles in her surest Arms,
Starts at a leaf swouns at report of harms:
Beleeues all, sees all; and so swayeth all,
That, if she say, the Firmament doth fall:
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain sinks:
Paul's *Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks:*
It is beleeu'd, 'tis seen: and, seis'd by Her,
The other Senses are as apt to err.
Clashing of Arms, Ratrling of iron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Soldiars)
Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums
With dreadfull sound from the next Vale ther coms.
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiuing that the Troups
Of *Nabathits*, *Hethits*, and *Ethyops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Isaacians* came from euery side,
To raise their Siege, and to repell their pride;
Fly for their liues, disordered and disperst
(Amid the Mountains) so well-ordered yerst.
One, in his Cap-case leaues-behinde his Treasure:
To bridle's horse another hath not leasure;
Another, hungry on the gras hath set
His Break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gon:
Another weens him in plain ground, anon
He breaks his neck into a Pit: another
Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
He wretched dies of th' only wound of FEAR.
As, after tedious and continuall rain, *Simile.*
The honey-Flies haste from their Hiues again,
Suck heer and there, and bear into their bowr
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant flowr:

So from besieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Vnto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies;
Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croud that issueth,
Treads th' vnbeleeuing Courtier down to death;
So that (at once) euen both effects agree
Iust with *Elisha*'s holy prophecie.

From this School comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Niniuite*.

The Ship-wrack of IONAS.

Ionas, be gon: hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty)
To *Ninive*, that great and wanton Citie:
Cry day and night, cry out vnto them all;
Yet forty dayes, and Niniue *shall fall.*
But, 'gainst th' Eternall, *Ionas* shuts his eare,
And ships himself to sail another-where:
Wherfore, the Lord (incensed) stretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in suddain fearfull Storm.

A liuely Description of a storm at Sea.

Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waues
All topsie-turned by th' *Æolian* slaues,
Do mount and roule: Heav'ns War against the Waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters:
A sable ayr so muffles-vp the Sky,
That the sad Saylers can no light descry:
Or, if som beam break through their pitchy night,
Tis but drad flashing of the Lightning's light.
Strike, strike our saile (the Master cries) amain,
Vaile misne and sprit-sail: but he cries in vain;
For in his face the blasts so bluster ay,
That his Sea-gibberish is straight born away.
Confused Cries of men dismay'd in minde,
Seas angry noise, lowd bellowing of the winde,
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling
(As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.
The Eastern winde driues on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and she doth send
(In counter-change) a rain with salty-blend.

Hea-

Heav'ns (headlong) seem in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All
Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground,
From waue to waue (like *Balloons* windy bound)
While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to see Hells pit profound;
And, then, cast down vnto the sandy shole,
Seems from lowe Hell to see the loftie Pole:
And, feeling foes within and eek without,
As many waues, so many deaths doth doubt.
The Billows, beating round about the ship,
Vncauk her keel, and all her seams vnrip;
Whereby the waters, entring vncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flowe apace in hold:
For euery Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in; the Master mastered
With dread and danger (threatning euery-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doo, or say,
Which waue to meet, or which salt surge to flie;
So yeelds his charge in Sea to liue or die.
As, many Cannons, 'gainst a Castle bent, *Shulle.*
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And shake the wall, but yet the lateſt shock
Of fire-wingd bullets batters down the Rock:
So, many mounts that muster 'gainst this Sail,
With roaring rage do this poor ship assail;
But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,
With boistrous blasts of angry tempests boln)
Springs the main-mast: the mast with boystrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and sore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-cross:
One moans himself: one mourns his childrens loss:
One, more than Death, this form of Death affrights:
Another calls on Heav'ns vn-viewed Lights:
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:
Another, thus his deadly fear vnfolds:
Curst thirst of gold! O how thou causest care!
My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare:

 Rather

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The Prophet so (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fish to finde an issue out,
This mighty Fish, of Whale-like hugincss,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body lcss.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell doost thou correct my faults?
Strange punishment! my body thou bereau'st,
Of mother earth, which to the dead thou leau'st:
Whither thy wrath driues me, I do no knowe.
I am depriu'd of air, yet breathe and blowe:
My sight is good, yet can I see no skie:
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I:
Resting I run; for mouing is my Caue:
And, quick, I couch within a liuing Graue.
While thus he plain'd; the third day, on the sand
The friendly Fish did cast him safe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refresht, and rested at an Inn,
He seems to flie; and com'n to *Ninive*,
Your sins haue reached vp to Heav'n (quoth he):
Wo and alas, wo, wo vnto you all:
Yet fortie dayes and Niniue *shall fall.*
Thus *Ionas* preacht: But, soon the Citizens,
Sincerely toucht with sense of their foul sins,
Dispatch (in haste) to Heauen, *Repentance* sad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Fasting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble brow dares scant behold the skies:
Her sobbing brest is beaten blew and black:
Her tender flesh is rent with rugged sack:
Her head (all hoar'd with harty sorrows past)
With dust and ashes is all ouer-cast.
Prayer's head, and sides, and feet are set about
With gawdy wings (like *Ioues Arcadian* Scout):
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incense*, *Mummy*, and all rich Perfumes.
Fasting (though faint) her face with ioy she cheers,
Strong in her weakness, yong in aged yeers;

Quick

Quick health's preseruer, curbing *Cupid's* fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors and refining-wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand Vsher of th' Empyreal Court)
Vshers these Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Presence*, and them face to face
Before th' All-Monarch's glorious Throne doth place;
Where (zealous) prostrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* speaks in name of all the Three:
God, slowe to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, sheath again thy vengeance sword a space.
If at thy beam of Iustice thou wilt waigh
The works of men that wander euery day:
If thou their metall by that touch-stone try,
Which fearfull-sounding from thy mouth doth flie:
If thou shalt summ their Sins (which pass the sand)
Before thee (Lord) who shall indure to stand?
Not *Ninive* alone shall perish then;
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean:
And even this day shall thy iust wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy last Dooms event.
This world to *Chaos* shall again return;
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.
O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites*,
Forgiue their Sins; and, in their humbled sprights,
From this time forth thy sacred Laws ingraue:
Destroy them not; but daign them Lord to saue:
Look not (alas!) what they haue been before;
But vs regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, vnfolds his frowns,
Dis-arms his arm of Thunder brusing-Crowns,
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,
And mildely grants (in th' instant) their request.

FINIS.

THE DECAY.

THE IIII. BOOK OF THE IIII. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Ambition's bitter fruit, fell Achab's *Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by IEHV, IEHV's *ligne likewise*
Shallum *supplants. King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-rowe, with Wrack of ISRAEL.
Time-suiting Batts: Athaliah *Tigres's fel.*
IOASH *well-nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde: he kills his Tutor's Son.
ZENACHERIB: *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH:
NABVCHADNEZAR: *Captiue* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HVff-pufft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam's* murderer,
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,
Earth's Enemie, and the Heav'ns Malediction,
O! how much Bloud hath thy respect-les age
Shed in the World! showred on euery Age!
O! Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiat Thirst,
How-many Treasons hast thou hatched yerst!
For, O! what is it that he dares not do,
Who th'helm of Empire doth aspire vnto?
He (to beguile the simple) makes no bone
To swear by God (for he beleeues ther's none);
His Sword's his Title; and who scapes the same,
Shall haue a Pistol, or a Poysonie dram:

He,

Hee, fear'd of all, fears all: he breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations:
Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe
The good Old-man trauails to Heav'n, so slowe:
His owne deer Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haste but too fast; are at his heels, he doubts:
He palleth to his promis'd Happiness,
Vpon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne, by stayrs
Built of the Sculs of his own Country's heirs.
Yet, thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings,
Coueref'st such Tyrants (euen the shame of Kings).
But, not for nothing doo'st thou them forbear;
Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,
Thy Hands are iron, though thy Feet be woll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro:
The blood gain'd Scepter lasts not long (we knowe):
Nayl drieth Nail: by tragik death device,
Ambitious hearts do play at* *leuel sice*;
Prov'd but too plain, in both the Houses Royall
Of Iacobs issue, but too-too dis-loyall:
As, if thou further with thy grace diuine
My Verse and Vows, shall heer appear (in time).

* *A kinde of Christmas play: wherein each hunteth other from his Seat. The name seemes deriued from the French leuez sus, in English, arise vp.*

God Now vvno longer could support th' excess
Of *Achab's* House, whose cursed wickedness
Was now top-full: and, Doggs already flood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd blood.
Heav'ns haste their Work. Now, in tumultuous wise,
'Gainst *Achab's* Son do his own Soldiers rise;
Iehu. *Iehu's* their Captain: who fore-sees, a far,
How-much, dispatch aduantageth in War;
And, politik, doubles his Armie's speed,
To get before, yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Ioram, surpris'd in feeble Bull-warks then
(Vnfurnished of Victualls and of Men)
And, chiefly, wanting royall fortitude,
Vn-kingly yeelds vnto the Multitude.

Bold

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(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro
The Boughs are wayed with the windes that blowe.
Her Pride. The vpper garment of the ſtately Queen,
Is rich gold Tiſſu, on a ground of green;
Where th' art-full ſhuttle rarely did encheck
* *Changeable.* The *cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:
'Tis figur'd o're with ſundry Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beaſts, and Inſects, creeping Worms, and Neuts,
Of Gold-Smith's Work: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare-ſet-out,
Borders her Robe: and euery part deſcries
Cunning and Coſt, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, ſtartups of green Veluet bee,
Flouriſht with ſiluer, and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented; but'ned down the ſide
Her Painting. With *Orient* Pearls, as big as Filberd's pride.
But, beſides all her ſumptuous equipage
(Much fitter for her State, then for her age)
Cloſe in her Cloſet, with her beſt Complexions,
She mends her Face's wrinkle-full defections,
Her Cheek ſhe cherries, and her Ey ſhe cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;
Whether ſhe thought to ſnare the Dukes affection:
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers, with a Glaſs,
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):
Or, were it, that in death ſhee would be ſeen
(As 'twere) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
A iuſt Inuectiue againſt thoſe 2. (Predominant) Court Qualities. Chaſt Lady-Mayds, heer muſt I ſpeak to you,
That with vile *Paynting* ſpoyl your natiue hue
(Not to inflame yonglings with wanton thirſt;
But to keep faſhion with theſe Times accurſt)
When one new taen, in your ſeem-Beauties ſnare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his Prayer,
At length eſpies (as who is it but ſpyes?)
Your painted breſts, your painted cheeks, and eyes,
His Cake is dough; God dild you, he wil none;
He leaues his Sute, and thus he ſaith anon:

What

What should I do with such a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would cruciate my life
With Ieloux pangs? sith euery-way she sets
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckows; with loose, light Attires,
Opens the door vnto all lewd Desires;
And, with vile Druggs, adultering her Face,
Closely allures th' Adulterer's Imbrace.
But, Iudge the best: suppose (saith he) I finde
My Lady Chaste, in body and in minde:
(As sure I think): yet, will she Me respect,
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect?
That (in her pride) presumes his Worke to tax
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul durt berayd?
Shall I take her, that will spend all I haue,
And all her time, in pranking proudly braue?
How did I doat! the Gold vpon her head,
The Lillies of her brests, the Rosie red
In eyther Cheek, and all her other Riches,
Where-with she bleareth sight, and sense bewitches;
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:
My glorious Idol I did so adore,
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht ore
With spauling Rheums, hot fumes, and Ceruses:
Fo, phy; such Poysons one would loath to kis:
I wed (at least, I ween I wed) a Las
Yong, fresh, and fair: but, in a year (alas!)
Or two, at most; my louely liuely Bride
Is turn'd a Hagg, a Fury by my side;
With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps),
With stinking breath, swart cheeks, and hanging chaps;
With wrinkled neck; and stooping as she goes,
With driueling mouth, and with a sniueling nose.
The Queen, thus pranked, proudly gets her vp
(But sadly though) to her gilt Palace top;

And,

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Ses, ſes, heer Doggs, heer Bitches, doo not ſpare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her ſubiects bones ſo bare;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb:
This Whore of *Baal*, tear her ſo ſmall, that well
No man may ſay, Heer lyeth *Iezabel*.
Iehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flowe;
Curſt *Achab*'s iſſue he doth wholly mowe:
He ſlayes (more-ouer) two and forty men
Of *Ahaziah*'s hap-les Bretheren:
Baal's idoll Clergy he doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:
Good proofs of zeal. But yet, a Diadem,
Deſire of Raign, keeps from *Ieruſalem*
His ſeruice due; content (at home) by halves
To worſhip God, vnder the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews, track too-neer his trace;
And therefore *Shallum* doth vn-horſe his race:
The murderer *Shallum* (after one Months Raign)
By *Manahem*, as murdrouſly is ſlain:
The traytor *Manahem*'s wicked-walking Son,
By trayterous *Pekah* vnto death is don:
And ſo on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah*'s death,
Hoſheah's treaſon, treaſon, quittanceth;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious troublous King,
That to Confuſion did *Samaria* bring.
Their Towns tranſ-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, tranſported
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)
Soiourn in forein ſoyl, were *Chobar*'s ſtreams
Serve them for *Iordan*; *Baſan*, *Chiſon* ſeems:
While *Aſſur*'s ſcorn, and ſcum of *Euphrates*
Dance vp and down th' *Iſaacian* Palaces,
Drink their beſt *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their ſtrongeſt Forts.
But, changing air, theſe change not minde (in *Iewry*).
For, though fierce Lions homicidial fury
Make them retire vnder th' Almightie's wing,
Their Country Gods with the true God they ming:

They mix his Service, plough with Asse and Ox;
Disguise his Church in suites of Flax and Flocks,
Cast (in one wedge) Iron and Gold together:
Ie.r-Gentles, both at-once: but, both is neither.

Tale of the Batt.

There is a Tale, that once the Hoast of Birds,
And all the Legions of Groue-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiously did striue,
And counter-plead, for the Prerogatiue:
Now, while the Iudge was giving audience,
And either side in their seem-Rights defence
Was hot and earnest at the noyse-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* stood fluttering still afar:
But she no sooner hears the Sentence past
On the Beasts side, but shuffling her in haste
Into their Troop, she them accompanieth,
Showes her large forhead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cause was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature's* Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flyes the shame-les Bat
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
See seems to sing; and proud of wings, she playes
With nimble turns, and flyes a thousand wayes.
Hence, beak-les Bird, hence, winged-Beast (they cryed)
Hence, plume-les wings (thus scorn her, either side)
Hence, harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;
Be still Day's Prisoner in thy shamefull hole:
May never Sun (vile Monster) shine on thee:
But th' hate of all, for ever, may'st thou be.

Application.

Such is this People: for, in plentious showrs
When God his blessings vpon *Isaak* powrs,
Then are they *Isaak's* Sons: but, if with thunder
He wrath-full tear the *Hebrue* Tree in sunder,
These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the Fruit;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Iews* they persecute.
And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde
Takes euery Seal, and sails with euery Winde;
Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall motion,
Of Fear, or Fauour, Profit, or Promotion:

Those

Thoſe that to eaſe their Purſe, or pleaſe their Prince,
Pern *their Profeſſion, their Religion mince;*
Prince-Proteſtants, *Prince*-Catholiks; Preciſe,
With Such *a Prince; with other, otherwiſe:*
Yea, oldeſt Gangræns *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* Kings Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And thoſe Scœne-ſervers *that ſo loud haue cri'd*
Gainſt Prelats *ſweeping in their ſilken* Pride,
Their wilfull Dumbneſs, *forcing others dumb*
(*To* Sion's *grieuous Loſs and Gain of* Rome)
Their Courting, Sporting, *and* Non-reſidence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloath, *and* Negligence:
Till ſom fat Morſels in their mouths do fall;
And then, as choakt, *and ſodain* chang'd *with-all,*
Them-ſelues exceed *in all of theſe, much more*
Than the Right Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And thoſe Chamæleons *that con-ſort their* Crew;
In Turky, *Turks; among the* Iews, *a Iew:*
In Spain, *as Spain: as* Luther, *on the* Rhine:
With Calvin *beer: and there, with* Bellarmine:
Looſe, with the Lewd: *among the gracious, graue:*
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaues, a Knaue.
But all ſuch Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warme *Lovers will the* Bride-groome *ſpue*
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath ſpoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy caſe:
This Sea of Miſchiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and ſo domineres;
It drowns my ſoule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:
My heart's through-thrilled with your miſeries
Already paſt; your Fathers Tragedies.
But (O!) I die; when in the ſacred ſtem
Of royall IVDA, in *Ieruſalem,*
I ſee fell Diſcord, from her loathſom Cage,
To blowe her poyſon with ambitious rage:
Sion to ſwim in bloud; and *Achab*'s Daughter
Make *Dauid*'s Houſe the Shambles of her Slaughter.

Athaliah. Curſed *Athâliah* (ſhe was called ſo)
Knowing her Son, by *Nimſhi*'s Son, his ſo
(For *Ioram*'s ſake) to be diſpatcht; diſloyal,
On th' holy Mount vſurps the Sceptre Royall:
And, fearing, leaſt the Princes of the Bloud
Would one-day rank her where of right ſhe ſhould,
She cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, deſtroyes them all,
Not ſparing any, either great or ſmall;
Not, not the infant in the Cradle, lying
Help-les (alas!) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs vn-knowen);
No (O extreame!) ſhe ſpareth not her owne.

Simile. Like as a Lion, that hath tatterd heer
A goodly Heifer, there a luſty Steer,
There a ſtrong Bull (too-weak for him by half)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;
Strouts in his rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory ſuruay;
The graſs all goary, and the Heard-groom vp
Shivering for fear vpon a-Pine-Trees top:
So ſwelleth ſhe: ſo growes her proud Deſpight;
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith ſhe reaks, nor right.
Her Cities are ſo many Groues of Thieves:
Her Court a Stews, where not a chaſte-one lives:
Her greateſt Lords (given all, to all exceſs)
In ſtead of Prophets, in their Palaces
Haue Lectures read of Luſt, and Surfaiting,
Of Murder, Magik, and Impoyſoning.
While thus ſhe builds her tottering Throne vpon
Her childrens bones, *Ieboſheba* ſaves one
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioaſh*, from the pile

Simile. (As when a Fier hath fiercely rag'd awhile
In ſome fair Houſe, the avaricious Dame
Saues ſom choiſe Caſquet from the furious flame)

Iehoiada *preſerueth* Ioaſh. Hides him, prouides him: and, when as the Sun
Six times about his larger Ring hath run,
Iehoiada (her husband) brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;

Saying:

Saying: Behould, O Chiefs of *Iuda*, see
See heer your Prince, great *Dauids* Progeny,
Your rightfull King: if me you credit light,
Beleeue this Face, his Father's Picture right;
Beleeue these Priests, which saw him from the first,
Brought to my House, there bred, and fed, and nurç't.
In so iust Quarrel, holy Men-at-armes,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall bud:
Venge *Obed*'s bloud on Strangers guilty bloud:
Shake-off, with showts, with Fier, and Sword together,
This Womans Yoak, this Furie's Bondage, rather.
Then showt the People, with a common cry,
Long liue King Ioash; *long, and happily*: Ioash.
God saue the King: *God saue the noble seed*
Of our true King; *and ay may They succeed.*
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving sort,
Towards the Troop; and spying there anon
The sweet yong *Prince*, set on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band;
Ah! Treason, Treason, then she cries aloud:
False *Ioyada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,
Thou shalt abie it: O thou House profane!
I'll lay thee levell with the ground again:
And thou, yong Princox Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part
Vpon so rich a stage: but, quickly stript,
With wyery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt;
And so, go see thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that badst not them farwell.
But, sodainly the Guard layes hold on her
And drags her forth, as 'twere a furious Cur,
Out of the sacred Temple; and with scorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.
Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth seal

Th'obedient People to their bountious Prince;
And both, to God; by ioint Obedience.
Simile. Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek, and tame
By witty vſage; but, if once it hap
He get ſom Grove, or thorny Mountains top,
Then playes he *Rex*; teares, kills, and all conſumes,
And ſoon again his ſavage kinde aſſumes:
So *Ioaſh*, while good *Ioyada* ſurvives,
For Piety, with holy *Dauid* ſtrives;
But he once dead, walking his Father's wayes,
**Zachariah.* (Ingrately-falſe) his Tutor's *ſon he ſlayes.
Him therefore ſhortly his owne ſervants ſlay:
His Son, ſoon after, doth them like re-pay:
His People, him againe: then, *Amaziah*
Vzziah follows, *Ioatham Vzziah.*
Simile. As one ſame ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell ſeed;
**Artemiſia.* Baen-baening *Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;
The fragrant Roſe and the ſtrong-ſenting Rue:
So, from the Nobleſt Howſes oft ther ſprings
Som monſtrous Princes, and ſom vertuous Kings;
And all-fore-ſeeing God, in the ſame Ligne
Doth oft the god-les with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to diſgrace
Tyrants the more, by their owne proper Race.
Ahaz, betwixt his Son and *Ioathan*
(He bad, they good) ſeems a ſwart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezekiah*, plaç't
Between his Father and his Son, is graç't
(He good, they bad) as twixt two Thorns, a Roſe;
Ezekiah. Wher-by, his Vertue the more vertuous ſhowes.
For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, iuſt, valiant, ſeems again to ſhine.
And, as we ſee from out the ſeverall Seat
Simile. Of th'ASIAN Princes, ſelf-ſurnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Ruſſian*,
And if leſs *Great*, more glorious *Perſian*)

Araxis

Araxis, Cheſel, Volga, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, aud Floods, do flowe,
Falling at once into the *Caſpian* Lake,
With all their ſtreames his ſtreames ſo proud to make:
So, all the Vertues of the moſt and beſt
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes breſt:
Pure in Religion, Wiſe in Counſailing,
Stout in Exployting, Iuſt in Governing;
Vn-puft in Sun-ſhine, vn-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore brauely he repels the rage
Of proudeſt Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay vn-daunted) in his God's behalf
Hazards at once his Scepter and himſelf.

The true pattern of an excellent Prince.

For, though (for Neighbours) round about him raign
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain):
Though Godlings, heer of wood, and there of ſtone,
A Brazen heer, and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every ſide would draw his minde aſtray:
Though *Aſſur*'s Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Iſrael*
Quencht the ſmall Faith that was; and vtterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that even the talleſt Cedar-Tree
In *Libanon* they never ſince could ſee:
Yet, EZECHIAH ſerues not Time; nor Feare
The Tyrants fury: nether roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolues, nor ever turns away:
But, godly-wiſe, well-knowing, that Delay
Giues leave to Ill; and Danger ſtill doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of ſuch waight;
He firſt of all ſets-vp th' Almightie's Throne,
And vnder that, then he erects his owne.
Th' eſtabliſhing of Gods pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Raign:
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down he paſhes,
Fells th' hallowed Groves, burns th' Iol-Gods to aſhes.

His Conſtancy in the ſeruice of God, and Zealous Reformation of all Abuſes in the ſame.

Which his owne Father serv'd; and Zeal-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold-blinde Fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controules the Word, and (in a word) is bent
In his owne fashion to serue God, or not)
Though the Prescript of *Ancient vse* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill:
Much less permits he (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one signe to stand
Of *Idolism*, or idle superstition
Blindely brought-in, without the *Word's Commission*.
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough *Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not Recompense:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,
Who honours them that truly honour him,
TO EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, and his Confederate:
His Quarrel's His, He hates whom him do hate,
His Fame He bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortality:
To *Gath* He guideth his victorious Troup,
He makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* he razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drownd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Adds to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.

Yea

Yea, furthermore, 'tis He that him withdraws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end;
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made All to quake (even at his name) for fear.
Already were the *Cœlo-Syrian* Towrs
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Powrs:
And, of all Cities where th' *Isacians* raign'd,
Only the great *Ierusalem* remain'd;
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,
Thus braues the *Hebrues* and vpbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full Threats to snib)
Thus saith th' almighy, great *Zenacherib*:
O *Salem*'s Kingling, wherefore art thou shut
In these weake walls? is thine affiance put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt 's a staff of Reed, which broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans ther-on.
Perhaps thou trusteſt in the Lord thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robd on every side
Of his High Places, hallowed Groves, and all
(Where erst thy Fathers wont on him to call):
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keepst him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark:
Will He (can He) take *Sion*'s part and Thine;
And with his Foes will He vnmustly ioyn?
No (wretched) knowe, I haue His Warrant too
(Expres Commission) what I haue to doo:
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand
Against the powr of my victorious hand:
I execute the counsails of the Lord:
I prosecute his Vengeance on th' abhorr'd

Rayling Rabsakeh, *in the name of his Master* Zenacherib braving and blaspheming against God and good king *Ezekiah.*

Profaners

Profaners of his Temples: and, if He
Have any Powr, 'tis all conferr'd to me.
Yield therefore, *Ezechia*, yield; and waigh
Who I am; who Thou art: and by delay
Blowe not the Fier which shall consume thee quite,
And vtterly counfound the *Israelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you vp
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, against my Powr could stand,
Or save their Citties from my mightier hand?
Where's *Hamath*'s God? Where's *Arpad*'s God becom?
Where *Sephervaim*'s God? and where (in summ
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Ivah* too?
Haue I not Conquer'd all? So will I doo
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I'll haue your *Mannà*, and your *Aron*'s *Rod*,
I'll haue the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God shall in the Roule be read
A mong the Gods that I haue Conquered:
I'll haue it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to vs.
Scarce had he don, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.

Prayer, The Refuge of the Godly.

O King of All, but Ours, especially;
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Perceth to Hell, and even from Heaven beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in our heartes in-most folds;
If thou perçeiv'st not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hearst the Barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against vs so much his Threats are meant,
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent

Againſt Thy Greatnes; whom he(proudly-rude)
Yoaks with the Godlings which he hath ſubdew'd.
Tis true indeed, hee is a mighty Prince,
Whoſe numbrous Arms, with furious inſolence,
Haue ouer-born as many as with-ſtood,
Made many a Prouince euen to ſwim in blood,
Burnt many a Temple; and (inſatiate ſtill)
Of neighbour Gods haue wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are thoſe? Gods void of Beeing
(Saue, by their hands that ſerue them) Gods vn-ſeeing,
New, vp-ſtart Gods, of yerſter-dayes deviſe;
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, Gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Ruſt, Fier, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th'invincible alone,
Th' All-ſeeing GOD, the Everlaſting ONE:
And, whoſo dares him gainſt thy Powr oppoſe,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blowes,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his maſſie Root:
Who but miſ-ſpeaks of thee, he ſpets at Heav'n,
And his owne ſpettle in his face is driven.
Lord, ſhew thee ſuch: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence:
Cleer thine owne name, of blame: let him not thus
Tryumph of Thee, in tryumphing of vs:
But, let ther (Lord) vnto thy Church appear
Iuſt Cauſe of Ioy, and to thy Foes of fear.

Miraculous ſlaughter of the Aſſyrians.

God hears his Cry, and (from th' Empyreal Round)
He wrathfull ſends a winged Champion down;
Who, richly arm'd in more than humane Arms,
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms
Thrice-three-ſcore thouſand, and five thouſand more,
Feld round about; beſide, behinde, before.

Simile.

Heer, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much vnlike vnto a fier in ſtubble,
Which, ſodain ſpreading, ſtill the flame doth double,

And

And with quick ſuccour of ſom Southren blaſts
Crick-crackling quickly all the Country waſtes.
Heer the ſtiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,
Thouſands of Souldiers each on other throwes:
Simile Even as a Winde, a Rock, a ſodain Flood
Bears down the Trees in a ſide-hanging Wood;
Th' Yew overturns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Aſh ore-whelm;
And from the top, down to the Vale belowe,
The Mount's diſ-mantled and even ſhamed, ſo.
Heer, with a Sword (ſuch as that ſacred blade
For the bright Guard of *Eden*'s entry made)
He hacks, he hews; and ſomtimes with one blowe
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe:
Simile. And, as a Cannon's thundrie roaring Ball,
Battering one Turret, ſhakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kils oldeſt Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing Flaſhes of this Sword ſo quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not ſtrike.
Heer, with his hands he ſtrangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings diſ-throans!
O Army-ſhaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-toſſing Tempeſt! All-conſuming Brands!
O let ſom other (with more ſacred fier,
Than I, inflam'd) into my Muſe inſpire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrowe,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little knowe:
I but admire it in confuſed ſort;
Conceiue I cannot; and, much leſs, report.
Come-on *Zenacherib*: where's now thine Hoaſt?
Where are thy Champions? Thou didſt lately boaſt,
Th' hadſt in thy Camp as many Soldiers,
As Sea hath Fiſhes, or the Heav'ns haue Stars:
Now th' art alone: and yet, not all alone;
Fear and Deſpair, and Fury wait vpon
Thy ſhame-full Flight: but, bloody Butcher, ſtay:
Stay, noyſom Plague, fly not ſo faſt away,

Fear

Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin; that foul breſt of thine
Shall not be honor'd with ſuch wounds divine:
Nor ſhalt thou yet in timely bed deceaſe;
No: Tyrants vſe not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirſted, they are drown'd in blood;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
For (O iuſt Iudgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long)
At *Niſroch*'s Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their owne Father, ſheath their either ſword
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine owne bloud among thy Sacrifices.

Zenacherib *ſlain by his owne ſonnes.*

This Miracle is ſhortly ſeconded
By one as famous and as ſtrange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavy hand to ſmight
King *Ezechiah*; who in dolefull plight
Vpon his bed lies vexed grieuouſly,
Sick of an Vlcer paſt all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and iſſue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers ſadly wailes a-part
His loſſe and Lord: Death, in a mourn-ful ſort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court:
And, in the City, ſeems in every Hall
T'haue light a Taper for his Funerall.

Ezekiah's *ſickneſſe.*

Then *Amos* * Son, his bed approaching, pours
From plentious lips theſe ſweet and golden ſhowrs;
But that I knowe, you knowe the Lawes Diuine,
But that your Faith ſo every-where doth ſhine
But that your Courage ſo confirm'd I ſee;
I ſhould, my Liege, I ſhould not ſpeake ſo free:
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You muſt prepare to make your Teſtament:
That your Diſeaſe ſhall haue the vpper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth ſtand.

* *The Prophet* Iſaiah.

A comfortable Viſitation of the ſicke.

What? fears my Lord? Knowe you not heer beneath
We alwayes ſayl towards the Port of Death;
Where, who firſt anch'reth, firſt is glorified?
That't is Decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,

That

That (of neceſſity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of vs muſt (in our turn) drink vp?
That Death's no pain but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, a'nd Ladder to aſcend?
That Death's the death of all our ſtorms and ſtrife,
And ſweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thouſands death's we ſlay:
Thear-by, we riſe from body-Toomb of Clay.
Thear-by, our Soules feaſt with celeſtiall food,
Thear-by, we com to th' heav'nly Brother-hood,
Thear-by, w'are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behould Gods beuties bright.

The Prophet ceaſt: and ſoon th' *Iſaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and ſenſe,
Vnto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:
And, ſorow-torn, thus (to himſelf) he cries:

A Prayer for a ſick perſon, mutatis mutandis

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy iuſt *Juſtice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy ſtrength deſtroy a ſilly-one,
Weakned and waſted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with ſincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?
O! ſhall the Good thy ſervant had begun
For *Sion*, reſt now by his death vndon?
O! ſhall a Pagan After-king reſtore
The Groues and Idols I haue raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childe-les? Shall thine Heritage
In vain exſpect that glorious golden Age
Vnder thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Som ſpace of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death reioyce.

The Kings praier heard, and his life prolonged 15 years.

Then ſaid the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy ſighes and tears and prayers ſo beſiege
The throne of Pitty, that, as pierç't with-all,
Thy ſmiling Health God yieldeth to re-call,
Wills, to his Temple (three dayes hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,

Makes

Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial*'s ſhadow ſhal heer back-ward go.
His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull Effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct *The Sunn goes backe.*
(Life's-guider, Daye's-divider, Sun's-Conſorter,
Shadow's dull ſhifter, and Time's dumb Reporter)
Puts-vp-again his paſſed Houres (perforce)
And back-ward goes againſt his wonted courſe.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple Morn
Seems that long day to brandiſh and adorn:
Sol goes, and coms; and, yer that in the Deep
Of *Atlas* ſhade he lay him down to ſleep,
His bright, Light-winged, Gold-ſhod wheels do cut
Three times together in the ſelf-ſame rut.
Lord! what are we! or, what is our deſeruing!
That, to confirm our Faith (ſo prone to ſwarving)
Thou daign'ſt to ſhake Heav'ns ſolid Orbs ſo bright;
Th' Order of Nature to diſ-order quight?
To make the Sun'r Teem with a ſwift-ſlowe paſe,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to diſpell the Night ſo blindely-black,
Which ſiels our Soules, thou mak'ſt the ſhade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as Self-vn-ſtable,
Seem'ſt to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine owne Dooms (toſt in vn-ſteddy ſtorm)
And, to reforme vs, thine owne ſpeech reform;
To giue thy Self the Ly: and (in a Word)
As Self-blam'd, ſoftly to put-vp thy Sword?
Thrice-glorious God! thrice-great! thrice-gratious!
Heer-in (O Lord) thou ſeem'ſt to deal with vs, *Simile.*
As a wiſe Father, who with tender hand
Severely ſhaking the correcting Wand,
With voice and geſture ſeems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed he doth not mean to beat;
But, by this curb of fained Rigor, aims
To aw his Son: and ſo him oft recliams.
This Prince no ſooner home to Heav'n returns,
But *Iſraël* back to his vomit turns;

Him

Him re-bemires: and like a head-ſtrong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a ſtrange Revolt.
And, though *Ioſias*, Heav'n-deer Prince (who yong
Coms wiſely-olde, to liue the older long)
Had re-aduanç't the ſacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion's* Wall (all ready to decline)
With his owne back; and, in his happy Raign,
The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again:
Yet *Iacob's* Heirs ſtriue to reſemble ſtill
Simile. A ſtiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way ſom ſtub, for rub, that ſtops
The ſpeed a ſpace; but inſtantly it hops,
It ouer-iumps; and ſtayes not, though it ſtumble,
Till to the bottom vp-ſide-down it tumble.

Nabuchadnezzar *beſiegeth Ieruſalem.*

With puiſſant Hoaſt proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Iuda* with the worſt of War:
His Camp coms marching to *Ieruſalem*,
And her olde Walls in a new Wall doth hem.
The buſie Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th' other Trowels hold,
Nor ſelder ſtrike with blades than hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged's ſhock to bear,
Who ſeem a ſwarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among their Foes, and humming round about
To ſpet their ſpight againſt their Enemies,
With poyſonie Darts, in noſes, brows and eyes.
Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Iuda* twice
With brittle plates of cryſtal-cruſted Ice,
Twice glaſed *Iordan*; and the Sappy-blood
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwigd the Wood,
Since the firſt Siege: What? ſayd the yonger ſort,
Shall we growe old, about a feeble Fort?
Shall we (not Martial, but more Maçon-skild)
Shall we not batter Towrs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrue* in his ſumptuous Chamber
Diſports himſelf, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall We, ſwelting for Heat, ſhivering for Cold,
Heer, far from home, lie in a ſtinking Hold?

Shall

Shall time deſtroy vs? ſhall our proper ſloath
Annoy vs more than th'*Hebrues* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,
Through length of Siege; but let vs to th'Aſſault.
Let's win't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impoſſible to *Chaldean* courages.
Contented, ſaid the King: braue Bloods away,
Goe ſeek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their breaſts, braue *Honor*'s Thirſt began:
Me thinks, I ſee ſtout *Nabuzaradan* *Nabuzaradan.*
Already trooping the moſt reſolute
Of every Band, this plot to proſecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way vpon his back:
But, the braue Prince cleaues quicker then the reſt
His ſlender Firr-poles, as more prowes-full preſt.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together; *A Scalade.*
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
This Ladder, ſlippery plaç't, doth ſlide from vnder:
That, over-ſloap, ſnaps in the midſt aſunder;
And ſoldiers, falling, one another kill
(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill, *Simile.*
Torn with ſome Torrent, or Tempeſtuous windes,
Shivers it ſelf on ſtones it vnder-grindes):
Som, raſhly climb'd (not wont to climb ſo high)
With giddy brains, ſwim headlong down the Sky:
Som, over-whelmd vnder a Mill-ſtone-ſtorm,
Loſe, with their life, their living bodies form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his ſpacious Targe
Bears-off a Mountain and a Foreſt large
Of Stones and Darts, that fly about his ears;
His teeth do gnaſh, he threats, he ſweats, and ſwears:
As ſteady thear, as on the ground, he goes;
And thear, though weary, he affronts his Foes,
Alone, and half ly-hanging in the ayr,
Againſt whole Squadrons ſtanding firmly fair:
Vpright he rears him, and his Helmet braue
(Whear, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)

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Let's fly, cries *Pashur*: fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no waight can fell.
What force can front, or who incounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* speeds his Victory too-fast,
His hooks dis-pointed disappoint his haste;
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) he did his owne surmize.
He swears end tears: (what should? what could he more)?
He cannot vp, nor will he down, therefore.
Vnfortunate! and vainly-valiant!
He's fain to stand like the *Funambulant* *Simile.*
Who seems to tread the air, and fall he must,
Save his Self's waight him counter-poyseth iust;
And saue the Lead, that in each hand he bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to see him; weening nothing stranger
Than Art to master Nature, lucre danger.
At last, though loath (full of despight and rage)
He slideth down into a horrid hedge,
Gursing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the disgrace, than for the hurt he had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right
The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight) Mines & Cou-termines.
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Samgarnebo seeks vnder grougd his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Desygnes,
With-in the Town against him counter-mines
Courageously, and still proceedeth on,
Till (resolute) he bring both Works to one;
Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Becom the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.
As the self-swelling Badgerd, at the bay *Simile.*
With boldest Hounds (inured to that Fray)
First at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes,
The angry Beast to his best chamber flies,

And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning:
So fare these Miners; whom I pitty must,
That their bright Valour should so darkly iouſt.
While hotly thus they skirmish in the Vault,
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely hither brought
A Dry-Fat sheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with Feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)
Save at one end, where nothing out should pass;
Which (having first his *Iewish* Troops retir'd)
Iust in the mouth of th'enter-Mine he fir'd:
The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:
Simile. As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).
Now *Rabshaketh* (as busie) other-where
A rowling Towr against the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or highest stage) of it
A flying Bridge, to reach the Courtin fit,
With pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On every story, for his Men's defence.
On th'other side, the Towns-men are not slowe
With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe:
Now, at the wooden side, then at the front,
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,
* *Instruments of Warr wherein wild fire is put.* With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalariks* they play,
To fier their Fortress and their Men to slay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stifly stretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.
While thus they deale; *Sephtiah*, desperat,
Him secretly out of the Citty gat,
Simile. And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiously he doth (himself bestir)
That with the same the walking Fort he fiers:
The cruel flame so to the top aspires,
That (maugre Blood, shed from aboue in slaughter,
And, from belowe, continuall spouting Water)

It parts the Fray: ſtage after ſtage it catches,
And th' half-broyld Soldiers headlong down it fetches.
The King (ſtill conſtant againſt all extreames)
To preſs them neerer yet, with mighty beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,
And couers it, with three-fold ſhelter, all;
The Timber (firſt) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Woll-ſacks (which all Shot derides).
As th' Aier exhaled by the fiery breath *Simile.*
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the treſſes of a tufted Plain,
Pours-down at-once both Fier and Hail and Rain:
So all at-once the *Iſaacian* Soldiers threw
Floods, Flames, and Mountains on theſe Engines new;
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels,
The Mounts the Wooll; the drowning Floods, the Fels.
Thear-vnder (ſafe) the Ram with iron horn,
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The boiſterous Trepane, and ſteel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Heer, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs, ready ev'n to fall:
There, a vaſt-Engine thundereth vp-ſide-down
The feeble Courtin of the ſacred Town.
If you haue been, where you haue ſeen ſom-whiles, *Simile.*
How with the Ram they driue-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-caſt Current of the raging Sea;
Swift-ebbing ſtreams bear to the Sea the ſownd,
Eccho aſsiſteth, and with ſhrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coaſt about trembles for fear and wonder;
Then haue you heard and ſeen the Engins beating
On *Sion's* Walls, and her foundations threatning.
In fine, the *Chaldeis* take *Ieruſalem*,
And reave for ever *Iuries* Diadem.
The ſmoaky burning of her Turrets ſteep
Seems even to make the Sunn's bright ey to weep:

And wretched *Salem*, buried (as it were)
Vnder a heap of her owne Children dear,
For lack of Friends to keep her Obsequies,
Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies.
Her massie Ruins and her Cinders showe
Her Wealth and Greatnes, yer her overthrowe.
A sodain horror seizeth every eye
That views the same: and every Passer-by
(Yea, were he *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Must needs for pitty of so sad a Sight,
Bestowe som tears, som swelling sighs, or grones
Vpon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-les Oules doo screech:
The sacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of Wonders, now a heap of stone:
The House of God (*the Holiest-Holy-Place*)
Is now the House of Vermin vile and base:
The Vessels, destin'd vnto sacred vse,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse:
None scapeth wounds, if any scape with life:
The Father's reft of Son, the Man of Wife:
Iacob's exil'd, *Iuda*'s no more in *Iury*,
But (wretched) sighes vnder the *Chaldean* fury.

Hoshea. Their King in chains, with shame and sorrow thrill'd,
Before his face sees all the faire'st pill'd;
Yea, his owne Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Oliues of his lawfull Race)
Whose loue and beauty did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Soldiers, rauisht in his sight.
O, Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
(About his neck still hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they vs?
O, must we serue their base and beastly Lusts?
Shall they dissolue our Virgin-zones? Shall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Mayden-May*,
Our spot-les Flowr, so carefully preserv'd
For som great Prince, that mought haue vs deserv'd?

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Com, Parrats, com, y'haue prated, now enough
(The Pagans cry in their inſulting ruff)
On *Chaldè* ſhoars you ſhal go ſigh your fill,
You muſt with vs to *Babel:* there at will
You may bewail: there, this ſhal be your plight,
Our Mayds by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And, as they ſpake, the ſhame-les luſt-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th'arms of the woe-full King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of moſt deſpight,
Ev'n in their Father's and their Husbands ſight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vaine accuſe,
In vain he raves, in vain he roars and rews:
Even as a Lion, priſoned in his grate,
Whoſe ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideouſly; but his fell Fury-ſtorm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* doo yet farther paſs:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They maſſacre his miſerable ſeed.
O! ſaid the Prince, can you leſs pitious be
To theſe Self-yeelders (proſtrate at your knee)
Than ſternly-valiant to the ſtubborn-ſtout
That 'gainſt our rage courageouſly ſtood-out?
Alas! what haue they don? what could they doo
To vrge reuenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poor ſilly Babes vnder the Nources wing,
Haue they conſpir'd againſt the *Chaldean* King?
Haue theſe ſweet Infants that yet cannot ſpeak,
Broak faith with you? Haue theſe, ſo yong and weak,
Yet in their Cradle, in their Clouts, bewayling
Their Woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, vnfayling)
Diſ-ray'd your Ranks? Haue theſe that yet doo craul
Vpon all fowre, and cannot ſtand, at all,
With-ſtood your Fury, and repulſt your Powrs,
Fruſtred your Rams, fiered your flying Towrs?

And,

And, bravely ſallying in your face (almoſt)
Hew'n-out their paſſage thorough all your Hoaſt?
O! no, *Chaldeans*, only I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:
I foyld your Troups: I filld your ſacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your blood.
Turn therfore, turn your bloody Blades on-me;
O! let theſe harm-leſs Little-ones goe free;
And ſtain not with the blood of Innocents
Th'immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Vnder your feet: ſo ever may you make
South, Eaſt, and Weſt your owne: on every Coaſt
So, ay victorions march your glorious Hoaſt:
So, to your Wiues be you thrice welcom home,
And ſo God bleſs your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your ſubſtance with increaſe,
Your ſelues (at home) with hoary haires in Peace.
But, as a Rock, gainſt which the Heav'ns do thunder, *Simile.*
Th' Air roars about, the Ocean rageth vnder,
Yields not a iot: no more this ſavage Crew;
But rather, muſe to find-out Tortures new.
Heer, in (his ſight) theſe cruell *Leſtrigons*
Between them take the eldeſt of his Sons,
With keeneſt ſwords his trembling fleſh they heaw,
One gobbet heer, another thear they ſtreaw.
And from the veins of dead-lyve limbs (alas!)
The ſpirit-full blood ſpins in his Fathers's face.
Thear, by the heels his ſecond Son they take,
And daſh his head againſt a Chimnies back:
The ſcull is paſht in peeces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, againſt a ſtony Rock:
The ſcatterd batterd Brains, about beſmeard,
Som hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.
Laſt, on himſelf their ſavage fury flyes,
And with ſharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun he loſes, and an end-les night
Beclowds for euer his twin-balled ſight:

He

He ſees no more, but feels the woes he bears;
And now for cryſtall, weeps he crimſin tears.
For, ſo God would (and iuſtly too, no doubt)
That he which had in *Iuda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, ſhould loſe his ſight;
And that his body ſhould be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (ſaid he) ſatiat your Thirſt,
Swill, ſwill your fill of Blood, vntill you burſt:
O! broach it not with bodkin, but with knife;
O! reaue me not my bodie's light, but life:
Give me the ſight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barbarous deed diſpatch,
Yer I had ſeen me an vnſceptred Wretch,
My Citties ſackt, my wealthy ſubiects pild,
My Daughters rauiſht, and my Sonns all kild?
Or elſe, why ſtayd you not till I had ſeen
Your (Beaſt-like) Maſter grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conſpiring to ſupplant your Throne:
And *Babel's* glory vtter ouerthrowne?
Then had my ſoule with Fellow-Falls bin eas'd,
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monſters, ſee,
See heer my Caſe; and ſee your ſelues in me.
Beware Contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aſpiring Towrs;
But mildely pardon, and permit ſecure
Poor Cottages that lie belowe obſcure:
Who Pride abhor; who lift vs vp ſo high,
To let vs fall with greater infamy.
Th' Almighty ſports him with our Crowns and vs;
Our glorie ſtands ſo fickle-founded thus
On ſlippery wheels, alreadie rowling down:
He gives vs not, but only ſhewes the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleaſure, and our Honor too
(Whereat the Vulgar make ſo much a-doo)

Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be ſpoken,
Seems as a glaſs, bright-ſhining, but ſoon broken.
Thrice-happy He, whom with his ſacred arm,
Th' Eternall props againſt all Haps of Harm:
Who hangs vpon his prouidence alone,
And more preferrs GOD's Kingdom than his owne.
So happy be great BRITANNE Kings (I pray)
Our Soueraigne IAMES, *and all his Seed, for ay;*
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundred mo*
Good, faithfull STVARTS (*in ſucceſſiue rowe*)
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wiſe,
Sincere to Vertue, *and ſeuere to* Vice;
That not alone These dayes *of Ours may ſhine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRVTH divine,
And We (illightned with her ſacred rayes)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Seruice to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practice of all Chriſtian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till
Time be no more) may be conducted *ſtill*
By the ſame Cloud *by day, and* Fier *by night*
(*Through this vaſt* Deſart *of the World's deſpight*)
Towards their Home, *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for vs yer the World began:*
That they with vs, and we (complete) *with them,*
May meet triumphant *in* IERVSALEM;
With-in whoſe Pearly Gates and Iaſper Walls
(*Whear, th' Holy* LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptialls,
Whear needs no ſhining of the Sun, or Moon;
For, God's owne face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Whear ſhall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;
For, God ſhall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)
Shall enter nothing filthy or vnclean;
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomit obſcœne,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No Wicked-liuer, neither wilfull Lyer:
These are without, *in* Tophet's *end-les Fier.*

Yet,

Yet, such as these (or som of these, at least)
We all haue been: in som-what all haue miſt
(*And, had we broken but* one Precept *ſole,*
The Law *reputes vs guilty of the whole*):
But, we are waſhed, *in the* Sacred-Flood;
But, we are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Blood;
But, by the Spirit, *we now are* ſanctify'd;
And through the Faith *in* IESVS, iuſtify'd.
Therefore no more let vs our ſelues defile,
No more return vnto our Vomit vile,
No more profane vs with Concupiſcence,
Nor ſpot the garment of our Innocence:
But, conſtant in our Hope, *feruent in* Love
(*As even al-ready* conuerſant Aboue)
Proceed we cheerely in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Hæritage,
Towards That Citty *of heart-bound-les* Bliſs
Which CHRIST *hath purchaſt with his Blood, for His:*
To whom, with FATHER, *and the* SPIRIT, *therefore*
Be Glory, Praiſe, and Thanks, for-evermore.

Amen Amen

Amen.

FINIS.

PIERAC. *Quad. 5.*

Say not, my hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:
Say rather thus; This, GOD by me hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doo.

D.O.M.S.

GVLIELMO SALVSTIO
POETARVM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIVM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTVTIS DVLCI
DOCTOQ.
CVIVS MONVMENTA DOCVMENTA
POSTERIS FVTVRA SVNT:
QVI MVSAS EREPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBVS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBVS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBVS
IMBVIT,
VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BVS EXVVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI,
A. MM. PP.

His, fateor, nemo exuuijs inscribere honorem,
Aut pacer Aonij debuit ipse chori:
Gratia sed quoniam tacitis propè nulla doloris,
Ne videar mœstas non maduisse genas;
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.
Et titulus saltem esto, BONA SVPER AETHERA FAMA
NOTVS, EGET NVLLO QVI IACET HIC, TITVLO.

Iac. Lectius.

TO MY EVER-MOST honoured Mistresse, Mris *Essex*, wife to the right worthy *William Essex* of *Lamborn*, Esquier; and eldest Daughter of the right valiant, *and Nobly-descended*, *Sir* Walter Hare-court *of* Stanton-Hare-court *Knight*, *Baron of* Ellen-Hall.

WIt's, Beautie's, Vertu's *perfect Quintessence*
(*Yet grac't in* soule *with more Diuine* perfection)
Grace, with a glance of your mild Eye's reflection,
This humble Pledge of Zeal *and* Reuerence:
Which (*as the* Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where she hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)
My thankfull Muse (*who you like* Duty *oweth*)
Heer consecrates *to your deer excellence.*
Deer Essex *heer* (*to make your* Faith *apparant*
Vnto the Faithfull, and confirm the same)
Embrace (*I pray*) *the* Faith of Abraham
Offering his Isaac (*on th' Almighties warrant*):
So shall th' Imputer *of his* Righteousnes
Impute you yours; and your young Isaacs *bless.*

Your Vertue's

euer-vowed Seruant,

Iosvah Silvester.

TO VERTVES PATterne, and Beauties Paragon, Mris *Jone Eſſex*: now wife to the right worthy *William Anderſon Eſquier* (ſecond Son of the *late Lord* Anderſon) *and only Siſter of the Honorably-deſcended* William Eſſex *of* Lamborn, Eſquire.

VRANIA (*nobleſt of the learned* NINE)
Coming from Heav'n, to call my Muſe from Earth,
From Loves looſe Sonnets, and laſciuious Mirth;
In ſacred WREKS *to ſing the Works diuine:*
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Ligne,
For ſweet Companion picks you only forth
(*As beſt reſembling her ſelf's grace and worth*)
Deer Beauties beſt, Wits wonder, Vertue's ſhrine.
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane ſoule
(*Whoſe louely ſmiles ſet coldeſt hearts a-fire;*
But, inſtantly, with modeſt brows controule
Th' aſpiring hope of any bold deſire)
Dain t'entertain in your milde gracefull manner
This Heav'nly Mayd, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Your Vertue's
humble Votary,

IOSVAH SILVESTER.

VRANIA.

OR

The Heauenly Muſe.

1

SCarce had I th' *April* of mine Age begun,
When brave deſire t'immortalize my Name,
Did make me (oft) Reſt and repaſt to ſhun,
In curious proiect of ſom learned *Frame*.

2

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Vpon a croſſe-way, ſtops in ſodain doubt;
And, 'mid the ſundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his feet doth ſcout:

3

Among the many flowrie paths that lead
Vp to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I ſtood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4

One while I ſought, the *Greekiſh-Scæne* to dreſs
In *French* Diſguiſe: in loftier *Stile* anon
T'imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Geſts,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycæna*, and proud *Ilion*.

5

Anon, I ſacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countries Story; and, condemning much
The common error, rather tooke in hand
To make the *Mein*, *French*, than the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

6

Anon, I meant with fawning pen to praiſe
Vn-worthy Prince; and ſo, with gold and glory,
T'inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raiſe,
Baſely to make my *Muſe* a Mercenarie.

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14

I am VRANIA, (then a-loud said she)
Who humane-kinde aboue the *Poles* transport;
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see
All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15

I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Passing himselfe) in a Divine Discourse
To draw the deafest, by the ears vnto it,
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16

I grant, my learned Sisters warble fine,
And ravish millions with their *Madrigalls*:
Yet all, no less inferiour vnto mine,
Than Pies to Syrens, Geese to Nightingalls.

17

Then take Me (BARTAS) to conduct thy Pen,
Soar-vp to Heav'n; Sing-me th' Almightie's prayse,
And tuning now the *Iessean* Harp again,
Gayn thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

18

I cannot (grief-less) see my Sisters wrongs
Made Bawds to *Lovers*, in deceitfull faynings,
In forged sighes, false tears, and filthy Songs,
Lascivious shewes and counterfait complaynings.

19

Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behould
Our holy Songs sould and profaned thus
To grace the grace-less; praising (too-too bold)
Caligula, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20

But, most I mourn to see rare *Verse* apply'd
Against the Author of sweet *Composition*:
I cannot brook to see Heav'ns King defy'd
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

Man's

21

Man's eyes are ſield-vp with *Cimmerian* miſt:
And, if ought pretious in his Life he reach,
Through ſundry hands, by the Heav'ns bounty is't:
But God, himſelf, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meer *Heavenly gift*; and none can taſte
The Deaws we drop from *Pindus* plentiouſly,
If *ſacred Fire* have not his breſt imbraç't.

23

Thence is't, that many great *Philoſophers*,
Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Proſe* moſt eloquent)
Labour in vain to make a grace full *Verſe*,
Which many a Novice frames moſt excellent.

24

Thence is't, that yerſt, the poor *Meonian* Bard,
Though Maſter, means, and his owne eyes he miſſes,
Of Olde and New is for his Verſe preferd,
In 's ſtout *Achilles*, and his wiſe *Ulyſſes*.

25

Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot ſpeak in *Proſe*:
Thence is't, that *Dauid* (Sheapherd, turned *Poet*)
So ſoon dooth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compoſe
After our *Art*, before (indeed) they knowe-it.

26

Dive day and night in the *Caſtalian* Fount,
Dwell vpon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muſe*,
Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,
Where the *Pierian* learned *Maydens* vſe:

27

Read while thou wilt, read ouer every Book
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous Citie
That her great name, of *Alexander* took;
Still ply thy Pen, practice thy language (wittie):

28

Take time inough, chooſe ſeat and ſeaſon fit,
To make good *Verſe* at beſt aduantage place thee:
Yet worthy fruit thou ſhalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, vnleſs *Minerua* grace thee.

29

For, out of Man, Man muſt him all advance,
That time-proof *Poëms* ever hopes to vtter;
And, extaſed (as in a *holy Trance*)
Into our hands his *Senſius part* muſt put-her.

30

For, as a humane Fury makes a man
Leſs than a man: ſo *Diuine-Fury* makes-him
More then himſelf; and ſacred *Phrenzie* than
Above the heav'n's bright-flaming Arches takes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is that divine *Poets* bring
So ſweet, ſo learned, and ſo laſting *Numbers*,
Where Heave'ns and Nature's ſecret works they ſing,
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall ſlumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Inſtruments,
Which full, do ſound; emptie, their noiſe ſucceaſes.
For, with their *Fury* laſts their Excellence;
Their *Muſe* is ſilent, when their *Fury* ceaſes.

33

Sith therefore *Verſes* haue from Heav'n their ſpring,
O rareſt ſpirits! how dare you (damned ſcorners)
Profanely wreſt, againſt Heaven's glorious King,
Theſe ſacred gifts given from your lives adorners?

34

Shall your ingratefull Penns be alwayes waiting,
As Seruants to the *Fleſh*, and ſlaues to *Sin*?
Wil you your *Volumes* evermore befraighting
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

35

Still will you fill the World with *Loue-sick* groans?
Still will you fawn on Fools, and flatter Euill?
Still will you parbreak loathsom passions?
Still will you make an Angell of a Diuell?

36

Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weaue idle Webs of folly?
O! shall we neuer hear you sing the glory
Of God, the great, the good, the iust, the holy?

37

Is't not enough, that in Your soules, yee feel
Your *Paphian Fire*? but every Brothel-Lover,
T'inchaunt the wanton with his wanton stile,
Must (Strumpet-like) his lustfull flame discover?

38

Is't not enough, that you your selues do wallow
In foul delights? but that you must inrice
Your heed-les *Readers* your loose Race to follow;
And so, for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39

Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers* (whence we do transfer
Th'harmonious powr that makes our *Verse* so pleasing)
The sterneſt *Catoes* are of force to stir,
Mans noblest spirits with gentle *Fury* seazing.

40

And, as a Seal printeth in wax (almost)
Another Seal; A learned *Poet* graveth
So deep his passions in his Readers ghost,
That oft the Reader, th'Authors form receiveth.

41

For, *Verse*'s vertue, slyding secretly
(By secret pipes) through th'*intellectuall Notions*;
Of all that's pourtraid artificially
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions

42

Therfore did *Plato*, from his *None-Such* baniſh
Baſe *Poëtaſters*, that with vicious verſe
Corrupted manners, making vertue vaniſh;
The wicked, worſe; and even the good perverſe.

43

Not thoſe, that car'd to match their gracefull Phrazes
To grave-ſweet matters: ſinging now the praiſe
Of iuſteſt *Ioue*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th'vn-ſteady, calling-back the ſtrayes.

44

O profane Wrighters! your laſcivious Rime
Makes our beſt *Poets* to be baſely deemed,
As Iugglers, Ieſters, and the ſcum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar leſs than theſe eſteemed.

45

You make chaſte *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon*, a Stews: your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (ſtrict in their opnion)
To bar their Children reading *Poëtry*:

46

But, if you would (yet at the laſt) inure-yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the duſt to trample,
And rouze the *Genius* of your *ſacred-Furie*,
To ſhewe the World ſom holy *Works* example;

47

All would admire your Rimes, and doo you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;
And *Maieſty* would make you waite vpon-her,
To manage Cauſes of the moſt import.

48

The chain of *Verſe* was at the firſt inuented
To handle onely ſacred myſteries
With more reſpect: and nothing elſe was chanted
For long time after in ſuch *Poëſies*.

So

49

So did my *Dauid* on the trembling strings
Of his diuine *Harp* onely sound his *God*:
So milde-soul'd *Moses*, to *Iehouah* sings
Iacobs deliverance from th' *Egyptian's* Rod.

50

So *Debora* and *Iudith*, in the Camp;
So *Iob* and *Ieremy*, in cares oppressed;
In tune-ful *Verses* of a various stamp,
Their ioys and sighs divinely-sweet expressed.

51

And therfore *Satan* (who transforms him slily
T'an Angel of the Light, the more t'abuse)
In's Oracles and Idols speaking wily,
Not common Prose, but curious *Verse* did vse.

52

So the fond *Made-Priests* of *Apollo* sung
His *Oracles* in sweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hap-less-hopefull, conquered-Conquerers:

53

So th' ancient voice in *Dodon* worshipped:
So *Æsculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* spake and prophecied
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his prayer.

54

So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Hesiodus*
(Whereof the first charm'd stocks and stones, they say)
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit vs)
Their divine secrets of deep skill conuaigh.

55

O I you that long so, for the *Laurel Crown*,
Where's possible a richer Theam to take,
Than his high praise, who makes the Heav'ns go round,
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hel to quake?

56

This *subiect*, is a deep, broad, bound-les Ocean,
Th' aboundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* diſcourſe;
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;
Of diuine Eloquence th' immortall ſource.

57

Baſe Argument, a baſe ſtile euer yields:
But (of it ſelf) a lofty *ſubiect* raiſes
Graue ſtately words, and (of it ſelf) it gilds
It ſelf; and crowns the Author's Pen with praiſes.

58

If then you would ſuruiue your ſelues ſo gladly,
Follow not him, who burnt (to purchaſe fame)
DIANA's Temple: neither him that madly
To get renoun, a *Braſen Buell* did frame.

59

Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your ſpirit
On *Cytherea* and her winged Son.
How better neuer to be named were-it,
Then named (blamed) for a miſchief don?

60

We, *Thrice three Siſters of Parnaſſus Hill*,
Be *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* ſelf is ſo,
So is that ſacred *Tree-turn'd Ladie* ſtill,
From whoſe pure Locks your ſtil-green *Laurels* growe.

61

Then, conſecrate-me (rather) your Wits miracles,
To ſacred Stories: ſpend your Eloquence
In ſinging loud thoſe holy heav'nly *Oracles*,
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-eſſence.

62

Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mount*,
Whereon to *Muſe*, and, for the winged hoove
Of *Pegaſus*, to dig th' Immortall Fount,
Take th' *Holy-Ghoſt*, typ't in a *Siluer Doue*.

Excelling

63

Excelling Works, preſerue the Memorie
Of thoſe that make them: The *Mauſolean* Toomb
Makes *Artemiſia*, *Scopas*, *Timothy*,
Liue to this day, and ſtill in time to com.

64

Name-les had *Hiram* been, but for his ayd
Towards God's *Temple*, built in *Iſrael*:
And, but for God's *Ark*, in dark ſilence layd
Long ſince had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65

Then, ſith theſe great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers, *after death abide*;
Although themſelues have *Vaniſhed* long ſince,
By Age, and Rage, Fier, Arms and Storms deſtroy'd:

66

O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glorie
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality,
In ſacred ſtrains ſhall ſing th' *Almightie's Storie*,
Sith from immortall things ſprings Immortalitie.

67

I knowe, you'l anſwer, that the *Ancient Fictions*
Are (even) your *Song's* ſoule: and that every *Fable*
Aye breeding other, makes by their commixtions,
(To Vulgar ears) your *Verſe* more admirable.

68

But, what may be more admirable found,
Then *Faith's Effects*? or what doth more controule
Witt's curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reaſon of a humane ſoule?

69

I'ld rather ſing *the Towr of Babylon*,
Than thoſe *three Mountaines*, that in frantik mood
The *Giants* pyl'd to pull *Iove* from his throne:
And *Noah's* rather than *Deucalion's* Flood.

I'ld

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84

With these sweet accents (grac't in vtterance)
VRANIA holding in her Maiden-hand
A glorious Crown, rapt-vp (in *sacred Trance*)
My prostrate soule, prest to her high Command.

85

Since when, alone *that Loue* my heart hath fired;
Since when, alone that Winde my sayls hath spread:
O happy! might I touch that *Crown* (desired)
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86

Now out of zeal *to your deer* Name *and* You
(*Deer* noble Name, *that I must aye affect*:
And whose Disasters *I must euer rue*)
This MONVMENT of Honour *I erect*
To you (*sweet* ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due*,
For an eternall token *of Respect*:
Where, your great worth, *and my* good-will *shall stand*
In rowld for ever, with VRANIA'S *hand*.

FINIS.

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The Triumph of Faith.



THE TRIVMPH OF FAITH.

Canto I.

1

NEer th'hour that *Erycin' Aurora* calls,
And ſhe the Sun, ſad *Morpheus* entring in
Through's hornie gate, to ſhew me did begin
A ſacred Virgin's ſtately TRIVMPHALS.

2

Then *Faith* (for ſo ſhe hight) bids with celerity,
Of Pen and Paper that I make proviſion
To wright the ſumm of this celeſtiall Viſion,
To be recorded vnto all Poſterity.

3

I knowe my taske to be impoſſible:
I knowe, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blind,
His eares quite deaf: cleane voide of ſenſe his minde:
But, hardeſt things *Faith* makes moſt poſsible.

4

Eternall Sun, O ſcatter with thy Light
All miſtie clouds, that make mee not to ſee
Thy health-full face; and giue true *Faith* to mee,
Since Faith (ſans *Faith*) cannot be knowen aright.

5

FAITH ſits triumphant on a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubals* making, where blew Saphires ſhine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought els the World more coſtly hold.

6

Her glorious Charret's rowling wheels are like
The holy wheels the great *Ezekiel* ſaw;
For, one ſelf ſpirit, ſelf winde, and will doth draw
Their reſtleſs courſes, equall, both a-like.

The

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:
The Bird, that fixtly can oppose his eyes
Against the greatest light in all the skies;
High through the ayr, drawes this rich Coach about.

8

Faith flaunts it not in silver, silk, nor gold,
Nor pretious scarlet of the *Tyrian* Die,
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;
But, as she is, she doth her self vnfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth disgrace)
Like *Iuno*'s Bird, is full of watchfull eyes
Whose holy glances pearce the lofty skies,
Pearce Air, and Heav'n, and see God face to face.

10

Sh'hath many sweet and flowing tongues to prayse
The Lord of Hoasts: sh'hath strong and mighty wings
(Passing the swiftnes of all earthly things
That in a moment vp to Heav'n her rayse.

11

Her glorious head is compast with a Crown,
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Lawrell bough,
Nor Parsly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow
Th'*Olympian* games, for signals of renown:

12

But, of fresh Roses pluckt from Honours Tree,
That never shrink for Winters chilling frost,
Nor wither not, when *Titan* parcheth most:
For, by the Lord they ever watred be.

13

Now, stain-les *Truth* for Standards doth display
Two Testaments: next, *Courage* marshals right
Th'vndaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight
Vnder her Colours, into battail-ray.

14

Then *Constancy* bears a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield,
Whose brightnes hath inforç't more Monsters yield,
Then that which of grim *Gorgon*'s head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindely doth prefer
Her neighbours good before her owne vtility:
Repentance, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,
Doo flank the wings of *Faith*'s triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,
Nor fire want heat: so (if we mark-aright)
Faith cannot want these Hand-mayds in her train.

17

Before this Coach, there is a Beldam gon,
That seems (at first) fairer then *Helen* was:
But, neerer view'd, she is more foul (alas!)
Then fell *Megera*, *Alecto*, 't *Tesiphon*,

18

She never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;
But seeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloke on cloke, to keep the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul disgrace.

19

Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which she boldly chats,
Blaspheming Heav'n with filthy vanities;
Sh'hath eyes, like *Faith*: but yet (alas!) those eyes
See clear by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20

Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which she soars on hie,
Like *Icarus*, she proudly mounts aloft;
Forgetting that her feathers are so soft,
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings do frie.

21

She (whom, *sans* reason, men haue *Reason* hight)
Since first, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth dispos'd;
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight;

22

Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,
That nothing less beseems their Royall State,
Than vnder *Faith* their Scepters to abate:
Than to indure her gentle-ruling reans.

23

Another-while, she puffs with poysony pride
(Whom their Disciples onely Doctors deem)
Such as (I grant) haue spent much oyl, and time,
To draw mens soules from the true way, too-wide.

24

Yet still, the Lord (who still vpholds the iust)
Hath still the cause of holy Faith maintain'd:
Hath still so well her holy side sustayn'd,
That still her foes lie groveling in the dust.

25

A thousand Princes, bound in fetters fast,
Before her march, that her milde Yoak disdeign'd:
That all the Earth with blood of Saints disteyn'd,
And Christ his Church with Fire and Sword did waste.

26

He that (the first) in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloudy crew: *Cain.*
Then th'hardned Tyrant that did dare pursue
Through the Red-Sea Gods chosen Heritage. *Pharaoh.*

27

Then saw I him, that *Zachary* did stone, *Ioash.*
Athalia, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*,
Occazias, *Amon*, *Ahas*, and *Ioram*:
Then all that sate on the *Samarian* Throne.

28

Nebuchadnezzar I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace
Was turn'd to grass, proud *Hammon*, and with-all
Braue *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Baltsazar. Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

29

Antiochus illustris. *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and he that set
His hatefull idoll in the holy Place,
Which five *Iew*-brethren bravely did deface:
These all, too-late, in sad repentance fret.

30

Herod. The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth)
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:
And that vile Iudge, whose seared conscience
Pilat. Condemn'd the guilt-les Iudge of all the earth.

31

Nero That viperous Monster (of Man-kinde the shame)
Who, Mother, Wives, Bretheren, and Sisters slue,
Then from a lofty Towr did laugh to view
Rome's glittering Spires all on a burning flame,

32

With *Seuenth Seuerus* came accompanied:
Iule, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That (God-les) would like God be honoured.

33

Then saw I him, that served *Sapores*
Valerian. For foot-stoole base: I saw *Valerian*,
Decius, *Lycinus*, and *Hostilian*;
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34

I saw great *Traian*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocletian*: all which three
Among wise *Cæsars* might well praysed be,
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

35 *Iustin*

35

Iustin, Theodorus, Constantinus Sonne,
Heraclius, Valence, Constance, Manuel,
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did mis-tell
A four-fold Essence in the only ONE. *Anastasius.* *Eumenes.*

36

Then (*Goaths* and *Vandals* (*Gens'ric, Trasimond*)
Honorius, Theodorus, Totilas,
Alaricus, and *Rhotoris* (alas!)
Who *Rome*, and *Afrik* with *Saints* blood have drown'd.

37

But who is this that laden so with chains,
By thousand hang-men racked with despight,
By thousand Furies tortur'd day and night,
For God-les deeds receiues so righteous pains?

38

Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Manors* Art,
Than's *Alcaron* (Bird of a Friers nest)
Hath all subdu'd the wealthy golden East,
And won with-all the triple world's best part.

Sergius a Nestorian *Monk help* Mahomet *to make his Alcoran.*

39

I see Prince *Saladine*, of match-les force,
But th' *Alcaron* too-deeply favouring:
Haly the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edes's* Altars force.

40

With wrath and woe, old *Ottoman* oppresst,
Too-late repentance in his face presents;
And *Mahomet*, the second, much laments
That he the *Greekish* Emperie suppresst.

41

So the proud scorn of (scourge-Turk) *Tamberlaine*, *Baiazeth.*
That in an iron Cage was cooped straight;
And he that first presum'd to passe the Streight,
Which *Europ's* boundes divides from th' *Asian*.

42

Then he that quittance did with *Scythia* cry
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;
Mahomet 3 And *Amurath*, that did repell amain
Vincenslaus, that first had made him fly.

43

Orcan (the *Phrygian*'s fear) and *Calipine*,
Who foil'd *Sigismond*'s hoast, his Father fear'd;
And *Baiazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd
By *Germain Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44

Selim 1 He that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kill'd; his Son, that quail'd
Solyman. Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes*, and *Bud* assail'd,
With trembling fear now quakes like Aspen leaf.

45

And neer this *Solyman* ther doth remain
Selim. An empty room for him that yet survives,
Who (by our Kings strange iars) so richly thrives,
That (proud) he threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46

O wretched Christians! while your civill rage
Gainst your owne hearts doth arme your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,
And safely spoyl the Lords choise heritage?

47

The discord growen 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th' Eastern *Cæsar*, even the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to pass,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48

The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost,
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred frayes
(Deiecting quite Christs name, and all his prayse)
Bring Turks to land in farthest Western coast.

For

49

Forget then (Christians) your vn-christian iarrs
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)
Ioyn harts & hands, and all ioynt weapons draw
In *Faith's* defence to fight *Iehoua's* warrs.

50

In *Asia* and *Egypt* make your Forces knowen:
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sidon*, *Ioppa*, and King *Dauids* Throne,
And *Famagosta* lost a yeer agon.

Canto II.

1

THough bloody Tyrants had in every age,
Busiris Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,
Gemonia Ladders, making Land and Seas,
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

2

Yet could they neuer wound the Church so much,
As haue the Writings of the worldly Wise,
Which on mens soules doo felly tyrannize;
The tortures, onely did the bodies touch:

4

These *Sages* puft with self-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th' Almighties match-less work,
Where mystik Secrets from our senses lurk,
The search wherof the Lord hath vs deni'd.

3

And, though the spred of our too-feeble wings,
Scant rayse vs from the ground, they mount aloft
Even vp to Heav'n, where they do measre oft
(By their Wits compass.) God's eternall things.

5

Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,
They lose the truth in seeking it too much:
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables
Of God's liue Word; not in our wanton brain,
Which dayly coyning som strange Error vain,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7

Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate:
But, now I see they doo detest too late,
Their former errors and their former life.

8

1 *The ancient Sages of the world*

In formost rank, march all *Gymno-sophists*
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*,
The old *French Druids*, learned *Calde-Sages*,
And flower of all the *Brachoman-sophists*.

9

2 *Philosophers, Greek & Latins*

Pythagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,
Parmenides, merrie *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and sad *Heraclitus*,
Archytas, *Naucides*, *Nausiphanes*.

10

Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin* Sect
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,
Beating their breasts, detest those Dreams of theirs:
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

11

Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Mylesian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnawen with continuall care, cry out (alas)
On their owne Errors, and so *Socrates*.

12

Cleanthes, and *Chryſippus* next to theſe,
With *Zeno* (*Stoiks*) that haue often ſtray'd:
And next the *Cyniks* (all as ill-appay'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antiſthenes*.

13

There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,
Plato, *Speuſippus*, and *Zenocrates*,
Clytomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And he that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mourns in vain *Pirrhon* (Son of *Pliſtarchus*)
That (fond) beleeues not what his eares do hear,
Eyes ſee, noſe ſmells, tongue taſtes, and hands do bear:
Then *Timon*, *Hecate*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15

There, the *Stagirian* (that with learned vain, *Ariſtotle.*
In's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)
Sorrie t' haue led ſo many ſoules awry,
With *Strato* and *Theophraſtus* doth complain.

16

There carnall *Epicurus* wayls with tears,
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came
Both *Ariſtippi*, *Aretas*, and that ſame
Vile wretch that coyn'd a worſer ſect than theirs:

17

I meane that Monſter *Theodorus* hight,
Who ſhame-leſs ſayes, There is no God at all:
And that the wiſe may (when occaſions fall)
Be Lyer, Traytor, Theef, and Sodomite.

18

Alas! how true the Proverb proves too plain,
Saying, *Bad weeds grow euery-where a-pace*:
But, holſom hearbs ſcant ſpring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

19 O *Gracians* Bane, thy mortifying mores
To growe in *Rome* the ſwelling Seas haue croſt;
From *Rome* too ſoon over the *Alps* have paſt
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour ſhoars.

20 Thy deadly Plant now buds on Iuſtice Throne,
In Chriſtian Camps, and Courts of Chriſtian Kings,
In Church and Chair, and every-where ſo ſprings,
That with thy thiſtles all is over-growen.

21 But, now return we to our task again:
All theſe Wiſe-men, of *God* have falſe defin'd,
Of *Cheefeſt-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place aſſign'd,
Where (dead) we feel, or end leſs peace or pain.

3. *Deceiptfull Sophiſts and Apoſtataes, opē Enemies of Chriſt.*

22 Thoſe that ſince Chriſt (true Sun of righteouſn
On our *Horizon* brought the dayes broad light,
Haue led men's ſoules in dark eternall night,
Feel torments worthy of their wickednes.

23

Next *Symmachus*, *Porphirius* marches firſt:
Lucian, and *Celſus* then, whoſe hardned heart
The Goſpell (knowen) did labour to ſubvert,
And *Iulian* alſo, of all *Ceſars* worſt:

24

Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain
To force the Saints from the right Faith to ſtraie;
(By ſugred ſtile) ſtudies another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25

4. Cabaliſts, *and* Talmudiſts, Rabbies.

Next, I perceive the Circumciſed Crew
Of *Cabaliſts*, and burly *Talmudiſts*,
Troubling the Church with their myſterious Miſts,
Who wel-nigh dead gainſt CHRIST do ſpet and ſpew:

26

Much like to Snakes, that wagg their ſting-leſs ſting,
When as (their heads and bodies being ſlain)
They threat their Foes with force-leſs fury vain,
And to their Graues their Thirſt of vengeance bring.

Now

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34

In foremoſt rank, heer go the *Sadduces*,
That do deny Angels, and Reſurrection;
Both Spirits of grace, and alſo of reiection:
Then th' *Eſſeans* foul, and Formal *Phariſes*.

35

Simon Magus. Next, that deceiver, that deviſed firſt
Nicolaus, *Author of the Sect of the* Nicolaites. Church-chaffering: and after him inſues
That mariage-Foe, who brutiſhly renews
Pluto's (not *Plato's*) *Common*-law accurſt.

36

Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding freſh,
Of Beam-paſht wounds that brain'd him ſuddainly,
When in the Baths (profane) he did denie
Chriſts holy God-head, hidden in our fleſh.

37

For having likewiſe warr'd againſt the ſame
God-head of th'onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paul, *Samyan*, *Photin*, *Carp'crate*, *Artemon*,
Shewe by their lookes their ſorrow and their ſhame.

38

There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly fain
Two divers Gods, Authors of Good and Ill;
There *Valentin* the air with cries doth fill,
Who did deny that bodies Riſe again.

39

Cerdon (great Patron of the *Stoicall*)
Marcion, *Menander* pitious Moan do make:
There ſighes *Apelles*, ſaying Chriſt did take
Not (ſimply) fleſh, but fleſh fantaſticall.

40

There goes *Baſilides*, who canoniz'd
Cirenean Simon, in our SAVIOVRS ſteed;
Montanus there (a frantik head indeed)
Who guiltleſs Children kill'd and ſacrifiz'd.

There,

41

There, *Tatians*, *Encratits*, *Severions*,
Sabellians too, which (seeking th' vnity,
In Gods great Essence) lost the Trinity;
Abhord too-late their fond conclusions.

42

There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yerst did voyd *Arrius.*
His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie
(Witching wel-neer th' Earths Vniversity)
With Sword and Schism the World so much annoy'd,

43

Sadly beholds sad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomus*, who at the first had sowne
His poysony seeds; but after, of their owne
They gathered two other Sects erronious

44

Bizantian Nestor, and (*our owne*) *Pelagius*,
Libian Donatus, *Luciferians*,
Eutycheans fond, and fond *Priscillians*,
All frown and fret, for inward grief outrageous.

45

Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train
Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarms:
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantik arms,
Founds hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain?

46

Both *Syrtes* sands I might as eas'ly number,
As number those, whose sweet inchanting Writs
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber.

47

For, Satan now him so insinuates
In faithless hearts, that ween themselues be wise,
That so foul Error can he not devise,
But shall be backt by strong associates.

48

I see the Beast, that bears the purple Whore
7. Antichrist & the Schismatiks. (Great Anti-christ vsurping powr divine)
Set on Seaven Hills; who with her whordom's wine
Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49

And (last of all) I see the *Schismatiks*,
Which (renting Christ's vnseamed coat in twain)
Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;
Following too neer the steps of *Heretiks*.

Canto III.

1

GReat Sire's great Son! O liue, God's liuely face,
Wisedom conceiued of the onely Wise:
To vs giuen Giver: First and Last: born twise;
Once, in full Time; once, out of all Times space.

2

Beam of that Sun which fills the world with Light:
Life of our life, our death's death, Stinger's sting:
Our perfect, wise, iust, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full express aright:

3

O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,
Whose feet and hands are bold to war with thee;
For, with dry eyes I can them never see,
Nor without grief recite them in my Song:

4

Ah! I am out; now (my deer God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Ierusalem*, the Land
Of Life, Saints house, and holy Ark, to stand
Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blowe.

5

Lo here these Champions that haue (brauely-bold)
Withstood proud Tyrants, stoutly consacring
Their liues and soules to God, in suffering:
Whose names are all in Life's fair Book in-roll'd.

6

All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let vs once imbrace:
O valiant Knights! let me your hands and brows
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo's* boughs:
Let present honours former shames deface.

7

Com, sacred Kings; O holy Princes com:
Com to this Triumph, Lords, whose valiant hands
Haue Satan's kingdom sought to bring in bands
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefest room.

8

He, that (the first) *Isaac* infranchized, *Moses.*
Leads by the hand that Duke, whose faithfull word *Iosua.*
Stopt *Phœbus* Coursers, and whose conquering Sword
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had *Promised.*

9

He that, but armed with an Asses bone, *Samson.*
Slew thousand Foes, *Sangar*, *Othoniel*,
Abod, and *Ieptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th' Heathen's scourge) triumphant *Gedeon.*

10

That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, *David.*
Sweet Psalmograph: *Asa*, that Idols brake: *Iosias.*
He that made all the Idol-altars quake;
And (after) did the Paschal Lamb restore.

11

Iehosaphat, *Ioathan*, *Azarias*;
And he, whose life the Lord did dis-abbridge,
Whom Heav'nly arms, form *Assur* did vnsiedge,
The most religious, match-less *Ezechias.*

12 Wise

12

Wise *Mardochey*; and the five *Maccabees*;
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,
Receiue their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And vp again their stooping standards raise.

13

Before these Warriours, and the Royall band,
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Diuell dare;
Foyling the force of his infernall hand.

14

Enos, by whom this World's great Archi-tect
Was call'd vpon, leadeth (religious):
Henoch. That holy Father God took vp from vs:
Noah. And him whose ship did saue the world Elect.

15

Then *Sem* and *Iapheth*, and great *Abraham*,
The Faithfull's Father; and his faithfull Son,
And then his Nephew that saw Angels run
Iacob. Both vp and down from Heav'n to th' earthly frame.

16

Aron, *Eleazar*, *Phinees* full of zeal,
Good *Ioyada*, and hundred priests select,
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church elect,
To keep the law, the Lord did once reveal.

17

His Father, who was sent to sweep the way
Zacharias. Of sweet *Messias*; then, the man suppos'd
Ioseph. To be His Sire, then He that him inclos'd
Simeon. In's ioyfull arms, and sung a Swan-like Lay.

18

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,
(*Paul*'s famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)
And he that did, by *Sol*'s Eclips, suppose
Som greater Sun to be Eclips't than he.

19 Then

19

Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)
All on a rowe a hundred Prophets com,
Which haue so sure fore-told the things to-com,
As if (indeed) they had been don before.

20

There first coms he, that in the Coach of fire — *Elias.*
By Gods strong Spirit was rapt aboue the Air:
And then his Seruant, that was made his heir — *Elizeus.*
Of cloak and knowledge, as he did desire.

21

He that reproov'd old *Ishay*'s Sceptred Son, — *Nathan.*
For double fault; *Amos, Ezechiel*
Ioel, Semyah, Abdiah, Daniel,
And he that three dayes in the Sea did won. — *Ionas.*

22

With these, I see the Sonn of *Barachie,* — *Zachariah.*
Both *Michais, Baruc, Iehu, Ieremias,*
Agg', Abacuc, Nahum, and *Sophonias.*
Ahias, Hose, Esdras, Malachie.

23

The glorious troop, that march before this troop,
Are Martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)
Their faith infract with their owne blouds did seal,
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed bloud is like the morning dewe,
To make more fertil all the Churches field:
These are the weapons that inforce to yield
The furious foe (examples not a fewe).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December,*
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,
Which Nature kindely with sweet fruit adorns:
So, one sole Martyr many doth ingender.

26

First *Abel* goes, then *Ioyad*'s zealous Son
That neer the Altar (constant) yielded breath;
Esay. The next goes he *Manasses* put to death;
Iohn Baptist. Then he whose head th'incestuous Dancer won.

27

Next *Salone* and her Sons, who rather chose
To cross the King than God, strengthening each other
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28

That *Proto-Martyr*, the yong faithfull *Steven*,
Whom th'hatefull *Iews* with hellish rage did stone;
Who, dying, saw Christ Iesus on his Throne,
Leads those that for like cause their lives have given.

29

Som, smear'd with hony, for the Flies were feasts:
Som, men did eate, som were on Gridirons broyl'd:
Som, nayl'd on Crosses, som in Caldrons boyl'd.
And som were throwen to most devouring beasts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troop,
I see fair *Sara*, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*:
Then *Debora*, stout *Iudeth*, and *Iahel*;
Who (Faith's Viragoes) their proud Foes did stoop.

31

Hester. Then she that (rais'd to Royall state and stile)
Preserv'd her people, in a rank she goes
With *Naomi*, *Ruth*, and the Dame that chose
Susanna. Rather to die, than Nuptiall bed defile.

32

From these, mine eie no sooner trauerseth,
But I discern three Ladies zealous-led,
That sought their liuing Lord among the dead:
Then *Anna*, *Martha*, and *Elizabeth*.

But

33

But, my weake eyes cannot indure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maid*,
Who Sire-les's bore her Sire, yet ever-maid;
Of Faith and Loue th' inimitable maze.

The Virgin Mary.

34

This, this (my *Muse*) this is th' *Aurora* cleer
Which brought the Sun to light the world vnkinde,
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,
Christ's Mother, Sister, Spouse, and Daughter deer.

35

God's holy Temple, and the happy stair,
Wher-by the Heav'ns came down to dwell with Earth,
Rich-fraighted Ship, Vessell of rarest worth,
Where *Phœbus* hid his beames most bright and fair.

Canto IIII.

1

I Thought t' haue been now at my Races end,
T'haue (though vnworthy) born away the prise:
But I fall short, my task doth longer rise;
For, half the *Trophe* is yet hardly penn'd.

2

Before *Faith's* Coach, born in convenient hight,
Are curious Tables draw'n by cunning hand,
Where (after guise of warlik Romans) stand
The Victories of never-conquer'd *Faith*.

3

Heer, *Iericho's* cloud-kissing Towrs doo fall,
Batter'd alone by *Faith's* great ordinance:
A coumpt-les's hoast of craking Idolants,
By *Esaie's* Faith, is heer confounded all.

Iosua, 6.20.

2. *King*. 18.13
2. *Chron*. 32.20
Esa. 37.21

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11

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure — *Act.* 21. 8
Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted sore:
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewise did restore
A Palsie-sick that eight yeers did indure. — *Act.* 9. 34

12

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-lyue: — *Act.* 20. 10
By Faith, *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*; — 1. *King.* 17. 21
Elisha raysed the young *Sunamite*: — 2. *King.* 4. 33
At *Ioppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive. — *Act.* 9. 40

13

Then in another Picture I did view — The foure Elements.
The foure first bodies of this massie Globe;
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd mantled *Iuno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

Elisha's Faith brought, from the lofty Skies, — 2. *King.* 6. 17
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainst the *Syrian* hoast; — 1. *King.* 18. 38
Elias Faith (scorning the *Baal*-Priests boast)
Fier'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

By Faith, three *Hebrues*, cast in seaven-fold flame — *Dan.* 3. 27.
By a proud Prince, t'scape the raging Fire
(Their very garments sent-les and entire)
While their Tormentors perish in the same.

16

Moses, by Faith, makes fire from Heav'n to fall — *Leuit.* 10. 2.
In th' *Hebrue* hoast, those wretches to consume, — *Num.* 16. 35
Whose profane hands with profane Fire and Fume,
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

17

Moses, by Faith (heard by the God of powr)
Compels the Mountain's burly sides to shake; — *Num.* 16. 30.
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake,
To swallow Rebels, and them quick devour.

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25

The *Niniuits*, by Faith (repenting) shun
Their over-throwe, that *Ionas* threatened neer:
And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen yeer
To his short life, that seem'd already don.

Ionas 3.10
2 *King.* 20.10

26

Now, if the giver of this Faith (we see)
Seem to incline and bow vnto her still,
As bound and ready to obey her will;
What marvell is't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels serue in *Ezechias* pay;
By Faith, they bring the *Thisbie* needfull Cates.
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* prison gates:
By Faith, to *Iacob* they direct the way,

2. *King.* 19. 35
1. *King.* 19
Acts 12. 7
Gen. 32. 1.

28

About twelue paces past these former Pomps,
Full many sacred Minstrels sound on hie,
Tryumphant Faith's great name and dignity,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes, and Tromps.

29

Mark, *Matthew*, *Luke*, & (the Lords decrest) *Iohn*,
Christs Secretaries, winde with such a brest,
Their warbling Cornets, that from East to West
Through all the world their sacred sound is gon.

30

Both *Iameses*, one the Son of *Zebedeus*,
Th'other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Mathias*, *Philip*, *Bartholmew*,
Paul (Gentile's Doctor) with the good *Thaddeus*,

31

Sound with so sweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their shrill Fifes (heard from the North to *Nile*)
As if one spirit did fill them all the while,
And one same hand had set their holy Song.

32

While thus my ſpirit this ſtrange diſcourſe did cumber,
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the reſt,
Beginning th' out-moſt of her curious neaſt,
Brake, with her prattling, my deep pleaſing ſlumber.

33

Sorry to be ſo ſuddain wak't; I would
I were a Dor-Mouſe for a hundred yeer,
That I might ſleep full twenty Luſtres heer,
To ſhun the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas!) waking (with grief) I ſee
Babel tryumphing over *Sion* ſtill:
And on the Good th' Vngodly work their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous ſcorned be.

35

I ſee (alas!) in theſe lamented Times,
Mens greateſt zeal in bloudy murther ſtands:
Profane our hearts, and ſo profane our hands:
Bare Chriſtian Name ſerues but to cloak our crimes.

36

Inceſt's a ſport, and Murther Man-hood thought:
Diſloyalty a ſpeciall Vertue deem'd:
And Periury ſound Policy eſteem'd:
Medea's Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37

Maydens be bold, and VVives be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, people full of rage:
This Age is ſink of every former Age,
Receiving each Sinn's vglieſt excrement.

38

But, my ſwolne breſt, ſhut-vp thy ſighe's ſad gate:
Stop, ſtop, mine eyes, the paſſage of your tears;
Caſt-off, my heart, thy deep deſpairing fears;
That which moſt grieues me, moſt doth conſolate.

39

No, no: my Dream is true; soon shall we see
Faith's glory shine. Satan (perceiuing nie
His prides Eclipse) his greatest force doth trie,
To stop great *Faith*'s triumphant victorie.

40

Sure if my Card and Compasse doo not fail,
W' are neer the Port, where (danger being past)
We need not fear the billow, nor the blast
Of blustring windes, nor Seas that can assail.

41

Our beastly manners, like *Gomorrha*'s guise:
The troubled Seasons: Warrs domesticall:
The threats of Heauen: are the fore-runners all
Of CHRIST that coms to hold his last Assise.

42

That drad-desired Day shall soon appeer,
Christ coms the Rav'ns from Swans to set a-side:
The tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs diuidet
And this braue *Triumph* (that I sing) is neer.

43

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to see the Wicked's vtter Fall,
And thy iust Scepter Ruling ouer all;
Let liuely *Faith* my *Reason* still direct.

FINIS.

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TETRASTICHA.

OR

The Quadrains of

Guy de Faur, Lord of *Pibrac.*

Translated,
By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

TO THE RIGHT
Excellent, and most hopeful
young Prince, HENRY.

After so manie golden Rules of State,
Religious *Lessons,* Morall *Precepts graue,*
As in your Fathers * ROYAL-GIFT *you haue;*
These seem superfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 'tis no Error to re-iterate
The Voice of Wisedome *to the tender Eare*
Of Princes (*chiefly*) *such as* You, *that beare*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate.
And, though You *want not these weak helps of ours,*
To consummate Your *Selfe in* Excellence:
Yet may those Subiects, *which shall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wisedome, *and all* Dutie *hence,*
If You *but daigne with your deer* Name *to grace it,*
Which (*Load-stone-like*) *shall draw them to imbrace-it.*

* ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

Iosuah Sylvester.

The Quadrains of *Pibrac.*

I

DIEV tout premier, puis Pere & Mere honore.
Sois iuſte & droict: & en toute ſaiſon
Del'innocent pren en main la raiſon:
Car Dieu te doit la-haut iuger encore.

Firſt, honor God, *and then thy* Parents *deer*;
Be true *and* Iuſt: *and ſee thou neuer grudge*
The Innocent *oppreſſed cauſe to cleer*;
For one-day God ſhall alſo be thy Iudge.

2

Si en iugeant la faueur te commande,
Si corrompu par or ou par preſens,
Tu fais iuſtice, au grè des Courtiſans;
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes *corrupt thy conſcience*,
If feare *or* fauour *in thy* Iudgement *ſway-thee*,
If thou reſpect *the* Perſons *difference*;
Be ſure that God *will in the end repay-thee.*

3

Auec le iour commence ta iournèe,
De l'Eternel le ſainct nom beniſſant:
Le ſoir auſsi ton labeur finiſſant,
Loue-le encor', & paſſe ainſi l'annèe.

Begin thy Dayes-work when the Day begins,
Firſt bleſsing God's thrice-bleſſed Name (deuout)
And then, at Euening when thy labour ends,
Praiſe him again: ſo bring the Yeere about.

4

Adore aſsis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut eſtre honorè:
D'vn ferme cueur il veut eſtre adorè,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou, ſitting (as the Greek *doth bid)*
For running Prayer is praepoſterous:
With ſtedfaſt Heart God will be worſhipped,
But ſuch a heart himſelfe muſt giue to vs.

5

Ne va diſant, ma main a faict ceſt œuure.
Ou ma vertu ce bel œuure a parfaict:
Mais dis ainſi, Dieu par moy l'œuure a faict:
Dieu eſt l'autheur du peu de bien que i'œuure.

Say not; My hand this Work to end hath brought;
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:
Say rather thus; This, God by me hath wrought:
God's Author of the little Good I doo.

6

Tout l'Vniuers n'eſt qu'vne citè ronde;
Chacun a droict de ſ'en dire Bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be ſaid a Citizen:
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Grecke,
As well the meaneſt as the mightieſt men.

7

Dans le pourpris de ceſte citè belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu ſainct,
Comme en vn Temple, ou luy meſmes ſ'eſt peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortelle.

In this faire Citie's goodly Walls God planted,
And placed man as in a Sanctuarie,
Where He, himſelfe in thouſand parts hath painted
With liuely colours that do neuer vary.

8

Il n'y a coing ſi petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'apparoiſſe de Dieu:
L'homme eſt plantè iuſtement au milieu,
A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nooke ſo ſmall in all this Temple,
Wherein God's Greatnes doth not plaine appeare:
Which that we might the better all contemple,
He placed man iuſt in the middle heere.

9

Il ne ſcauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoiſtre
Que dedans ſoy, où, comme en vn miroir,
La terre il peut & le ciel meſme voir:
Car tout le monde eſt compris en ſon eſtre.

Yet can he no-where better knowe the ſame
Then in himſelf, where-in he may behold
(As in a Glaſſe) Earth, Water, Aire, and Flame:
For, All the World, his Eſſence doth in-fold.

10

Qui a de ſoy parfaicte cognoiſſance,
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault ſcauoir.
Mais le moyen aſſeurè de l'auoir,
Eſt ſe mirer dedans la ſapience.

Who of Himſelf hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that he ought to know:
But the beſt meanes whereby it is attain'd,
Is often-times to Wiſedomes Glaſſe to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'eſt pas l'homme,
C'eſt la priſon où il eſt enſerrè
C'eſt le tombeau où il eſt enterrè,
Le lict branlant où il dort vn court ſomme.

That which thou ſeeſt of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Priſon that him Captiue keeps:
'Tis but a Tombe where Hee's interred (wan):
.Tis but the Cradle where a while he ſleepes.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil rauy contemple
Muſcles & nerfs, la chair, le ſang, la peau,
Ce n'eſt pas l'homme: il eſt beaucoup plus beau,
Auſsi Dieu l'a reſeruè pour ſon temple.

This mortall Body, where the rauiſht ſenſe
Sees ſinnewes, fleſh, bones, muſcles, blood, and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellente,
As the fair Temple *that God dwelleth-in.*

13

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,
C'eſt vn rayon de la diuinitè:
C'eſt vn atome eſclos de l'vnitè:
C'eſt vn degout de la ſource eternelle.

Rightly to ſpeake: what Man we call, and count,
It is a beamling of Diuinity:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Fount:
It is a moatling hatcht of th' Vnity.

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et braue & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault ès cieux,
Et que tu es vne plante diuine.

Then knowe (O Man) thine owne Originall:
And braue-ambitious ſcorne baſe Cells of Earth,
Sith thou ſhalt flouriſh in Heav'ns gliſtring Hall,
And art (indeede) a Diuine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t'eſt permis t'orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere, ou ton pere mortel,
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t'a moulè au moule de ſa face.

Well maieſt thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Ligne:
But from thy true Immortall Father's Grace,
Who, *by the Modell of his Face, made thine.*

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infiny d'Idèes,
Platon ſ'eſt trop en cela meſcontè
De noſtre Dieu la pure volontè
Eſt le ſeul moule à toutes choſes nèes.

There's not in Heav'n, a number infinite
Of bright Idéas (Plato *did miſtake*):
God's only Will (the only Rule of Right)
Was th'only mould of all that he did make.

17

Il veut, c'eſt faict: ſans trauail & ſans peine
Tous animaux, iuſqu'au moindre qui vit,
Il a creè, les ſouſtient, les nourrit,
Et les deffaict du vent de ſon aleine.

He Will'd, and it was done: He (without paine)
All kinde of Creatures (to the leaſt that is)
Created, feedeth, and doth ſtill ſuſtaine:
And re-diſſolues them with that breath of his.

18

Hauſſe tes yeux : la voute ſuſpendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes iumeaux,
Ce firmament eſloignè de la veue:

Lift vp thine eyes: The hanging Vault *aboue,*
The goodly Seeling *of a* Watrie *hew,*
The perfect Orb's Twinne-Globes *that euer moue,*
The ſpangled Firmament ſo farre from view:

19

Brief, ce qui eſt, qui fut, & qui peut eſtre,
En terre, en mer, au plus cachè des cieux,
Si toſt que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout auſsi toſt il a receu ſon eſtre.

All (to be brief) paſt, preſent, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Aire (beyond your ſeeing);
So ſoone as God thought good, each in their roome,
Immediately receiued All their Being.

20

Ne va ſuiuant le troupeau d'Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blaſpheme en tout lieu,
Et meſcroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicure's *profane and filthy Sect*
(Bold Miſ-creants, blaſpheming euery way)
The which no God acknowledge nor reſpect,
Saue only Nature *and her* fatall *Sway.*

21

Et ce pendant il se veautre & patrouille
Dans vn bourbier puant de tous costez:
Et du limon des sales voluptez
Il se repaist, comme vne orde grenouille.

And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hogg)
Lie alwayes wallowing in the stinking Mire:
And feede on filth (like to the loathsome Frogg)
Voluptuous filth, of euery Flesh-desire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu son esperance,
Et qui l'inuoque en sa prosperité,
Autant ou plus qu'en son aduersité:
Et ne se fie en humaine asseurance.

Happy whose hope on God alone relies:
And who on him in either Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in calamities:
And put no Trust in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre esperance seure
En ce qui est imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'est que tel,
Et a besoing plus que toy qu'on l'asseure.

Canst thou assure thy hopes on worldlie things,
Fraile mortall things (I pry thee tell me, how.)
Such are the greatest of all earthly Kings,
And haue more neede to be secur'd then Thou.

24

De l'homme droict Dieu eſt la ſauuegarde,
Lors que de tous il eſt abandonnè,
C'eſt lors que moins il ſe trouue eſtonnè,
Car il ſcait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the iuſt-man's Anchor and his Ayde,
His ſure Defence, when all the World forſakes-him;
And therefore, then is he the leaſt diſmayde,
Knowing that God then moſt to ſafe-gard takes-him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne ſont pas biens, à parler proprement:
Ils ſont ſubiects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertu demeure touſiours vne.

The Goods of Fortune *and the* Body (*call'd*)
They are not Goods, if we them rightly name;
For, to leaſt changes they are euer thrall'd:
But Onely Vertue ſtill perſiſts the ſame.

26

Vertu qui giſt entre les deux extrèmes,
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault;
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default:
D'autruy n'emprunte, & ſuffit à ſoy-meſmes.

Vertue, *betweene the Two extreames that haunts,*
Betweene too-mickle and too-little ſizes;
Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrowes of none: but to it-ſelfe ſuffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu'ardemment de toy ſeroit eſpris?
Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares eſprits
T'ont faict l'amour au trauers d'vne nue.

O Vertue! *could we ſee thy naked face,*
How would thy ſacred Beauties ſweetly madd-vs?
Sith rareſt Wits (*rapt with a* Seeming Grace)
Haue in all Ages courted (*euen*) *thy Shadowes.*

28

Le ſage fils eſt du pere la ioye:
Or, ſi tu veux ce ſage fils auoir,
Dreſſe le ieune au chemin du deuoir:
Mais ton exemple eſt la plus courte voye.

The Parent's comfort is a prudent Sonne:
Now, ſuch a Sonne if thou deſireſt aye,
Direct him yong in Duties race to runne:
But, Thine Example is the neereſt way.

29

Si tu es nè enfant d'vn ſage pere,
Que ne ſuis tu le chemin ja battu?
S'il n'eſt pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,
En bien faiſant, couurir ce vitupere?

If thou be borne Sonne of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'ſt thou not in his faire beaten Trace?
If otherwiſe: why dooſt not thou deſire
(*By vertuous Deeds*) *to couer this Diſgrace?*

30

Ce n'eſt pas peu, (naiſſant d'vn tige illuſtre)
Eſtre eſclairé par ſes anteceſſeurs:
Mais c'eſt bien plus luire à ſes ſucceſſeurs,
Que des ayeux ſeulement prendre luſtre.

'Tis no ſmall Honour, from illuſtrious Ligne
To be deſcended by our Predeceſſours:
But 'tis much more, then by their Light to ſhine,
Our ſelues to ſhine vnto our owne Succeſſours.

31

Iuſqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,
Et tien perdu le iour qui ſ'eſt paſſé,
Si tu n'y as quelque choſe amaſſé,
Pour plus ſcauant & plus ſage te rendre.

Ceaſe not to learne vntill thou ceaſe to liue:
Think that Day loſt, wherein thou draw'ſt no Letter,
Nor gain'ſt no Leſſon, that new grace may giue,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiſer, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et eſgarè ſe perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il eſt cheu, le releuer de terre.

If any Stranger in his Iourney ſtray
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his readie waie;
And if he fall, ſoone help him vp again.

33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:
I'entens l'honneur, qui conſiſte au deuoir
Que rendre on doit (ſelon l'humain pouuoir)
A DIEV, au Roy, aux Loix, à ſa Patrie.

Thine Honour, more then thine owne Life reſpect,
Th'honour (I meane) which each mans dutie drawes
(To th'vttermoſt w' are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Lawes.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les pareſſeux:
Et garde auſsi que tu ne ſois de ceux
Qui par autruy font' ce qu'ils pourroient faire.

What now thou canſt, deferre not till to-morrow,
Like ſelfe-lame Sloath *(of fouleſt Sinnes the Mother):*
Nor be like thoſe who others hands doo borrow,
And what themſelues might doo, will doo by other.

35

Hante les bons, des meſchans ne t'accointe,
Et meſmement en la ieune ſaiſon,
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raiſon
Armè nos ſens d'vne brutale poincte.

Frequent the good, flie from vngodly folke,
Eſpecially in thy Youths tender ſeaſon,
The while outrageous appetites prouoke,
And arme thy Senſe againſt the ſway of Reaſon.

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide ſemond,
Suy celle-la qui par vn aſpre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaiſirs infames.

When to the double Way of thoſe two Dames
(Alcides-like) thou ſhalt be ſummoned,
Follow thou her who farre from glorious ſhames,
Ouer ſteepe Mountaines vp to Heav'n doth lead.

37

Ne mets ton pied au trauers de la voye
Du pauure aueugle: & d'vn piquant propos:
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos:
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay taioye.

Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall:
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother.
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall:
Neither reioyce thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler ſois touſiours veritable,
Soit qu'il te faille en teſmoignage ouyr,
Soit que par fois tu veuilles reſiouir
D'vn gay propos tes hoſtes à la table.

Let thy Diſcourſe be True in euery Word,
Whether as publike Witnes thou be preſt
To cleere a Queſtion: whether, at thy Boord
With pleaſant chat thou cheere thy welcome Gueſt.

39

La Verité d'vn Cube droict se forme,
Cube contraireau leger mouuement:
Son plan quarrè iamais ne se dement,
Et en tout sens à tousiours mesme forme.

The Truth *resembles right the* right Cubes *Figure*
(*The* Cube, *contrary to light instability*)
Whose quadrat flatnes neuer doth dis-figure;
Whose solide Forme admits no mutability.

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doulx ramage
Des oysillons, & contrefaict leur chant
Aussi, pour mieux deceuoir, le meschant
Des gens de bien imite le language.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceitfully their owne sweet Notes doth faine:
So subtle Mates doo counterfet the words,
And simple guise of honest men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en secret lon t'à dit ne reuele:
Des faicts d'autruy ne sois trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers tousiours ment:
L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

Reueale not what in secret hath been told;
Nor busily of Others things inquire.
Th'inquisitiue can hardly Counsell hold:
The carrie-Tale is commonly a Lyer.

42

Fay pois egal, & loyale meſure,
Quand tu deurois de nul eſtre apperceu:
Mais le plaiſir que tu auras receu,
Ren le touſiours auecques quelque vſure.

Make alwayes equall waight and lawfull meaſure,
Though none could ſpie, thy dealing to diſcouer:
But where thou haſt receiued any Pleaſure,
Reſtore it ſtill with ſome aduantage ouer.

43

Garde, ſoigneux, le depoſt à toute heure:
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,
Ne va ſubtil des moyens controuuer
Dans vn palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keep carefully what thou haſt tane in charge:
And when the Owner ſhall demand-againe-it,
Deny it not; neither with Conſcience large
By ſubtle Law-tricks ſtriue thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de ſang te ſoit touſiours en haine:
Hue ſur luy, comme fait le berger
Numidien ſur le Tigre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing enſanglanter la plaine.

Hate euermore the bloody Homicide;
Hunt him with hue and crie: as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian *Tigre which they haue eſpide*
Spoyling his Prey, and rioting vpon-t.

45

Ce n'eſt pas tout ne faire à nul outrage:
Il faut de plus ſ'oppoſer à l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchaſſe la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

'Tis not enough, that thou do no man wrong:
Thou euen in others muſt ſuppreſſe the ſame;
Righting the Weake, againſt th'vnrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.

46

Qui a deſir d'exploiter ſa proueſſe,
Domte ſon ire, & ſon ventre; & ce feu
Qui dans nos cueurs ſ'allume peu à peu,
Soufflè du vent d'erreur & de pareſſe.

Whoſo the Fame of Valour doth deſire,
Muſt Tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that heart-ſwelting, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blowne by the winde of Error and of Sloth.

47

Vaincre ſoy meſme eſt la grande victoire:
Chacun chez ſoy loge ſes ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raiſon ſoubmis,
Ouurent le pas à l'eternelle gloire.

Our-owne-Selfes Conqueſt is the moſt victorious:
For in our Selues ambuſh our greateſt Foes;
And th'only way to make vs euer glorious,
Is by ſtout Reaſon ſtill to vanquiſh thoſe.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offenſe,
Ne va ſoudain contre luy t'irriter,
Ains doucement, pour ne le deſpiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy ſa defenſe.

If ſo thy Friend haue done thee ſom Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor vrge him with abuſe;
But milde and meekely, without inſolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuſe.

49

L'homme eſt fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly: ès hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, ſi tu veux, à redire.

All men are faulty: none a-liue can ſay,
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfecteſt,
If thou his Life in word and deed ſurueigh,
Thou ſhalt perceiue he hath Perfection miſt.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec ſa triſte mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aiſné des Catons,
Et ce pendant toute nuict à taſtons
Il court, il va pour tromper ſa voyſine.

See th' Hypocrites ſeuere and Saint-like guiſe,
Whom th' elder Cato *thou would'ſt think, for life;*
Yet in th' darke he groaping hunts and hies
T'entice and trap his honeſt Neighbour's wife.

51

Cacher ſon vice eſt vne peine extrème,
Et peine en vain : fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras :
Car nul ne peult ſe cacher à ſoy meſme.

'Tis a moſt buſie, yet a boot-les paine,
To hide ones fault : for doo the beſt thou can
Thou canſt not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himſelfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte ;
Nul plus que toy par toy n'eſt offenſé,
Tu dois premier, ſi bien y as penſé
Rendre de toy a toy-meſme le compte.

More of thy Selfe, then others be aſham'd;
Thy Selfe art moſt wrongd by thine owne offence,
And of thy Selfe, thy Selfe firſt (Selfly-blam'd)
Muſt giue account to thy Selfes Conſcience.

53

Point ne te chaille eſtre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'eſtre à preuue & par effect :
Contre vn faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'eſt rempart tel que la conſcience.

Care not ſo much to ſeeme in outward ſhowe,
As to be good (in deede and in the prooſe)
For from falſe Rumours which the Vulgar blowe,
A ſelfe-cleere Conſcience is Defence enough.

54

Á l'indigent monſtre toy ſecourable,
Luy faiſant part de tes biens à foiſon:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maiſon
Qui a pitie du pauure miſerable.

Relieue the Needie, after thine ability,
And in their wants participate thy ſtore.
For, God doth Bleſſe with Plenty and Tranquillity
The Houſe that pitties the diſtreſſed Poore.

55

Làs! que te ſert tant d'or dedans la bourſe,
Au cabinet maint riche veſtement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta caue vne ſource;

What boot thy bagges to be ſo cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe ſtuffed with ſuch ſtore of Change?
Thy Cellars filled with ſuch choiſe of Wine?
And of all Graines ſuch plenty in thy Grange;

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud friſſonne
Deuant ton huys: & languiſſant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'vn morceau de pain,
Ou ſ'en reuà ſans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead
With cold and hunger) ſhiuer at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And manie times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruel, le cueur de telle sorte,
De mespriser le pauure infortunè,
Qui, comme toy, est en ce monde nè,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Hast thou a heart so cruell, as to scorne
Th'vnhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow,
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And beares Gods Image euen as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur est commun à tous les hommes,
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix:
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Only the Wise are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this Age of ours?

59

Le sage est libre enferrè de cent chaines,
Il est seul riche, & iamais estranger:
Seul asseurè au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humain.

The Wise man's free, among a thousand chaines;
He's only Rich (content with his estate)
Only secure in Dangers, eas'd in Paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menasser du Tyran ne l'estonne:
Plus se roidit quand plus est agitè:
Il cognoist seul ce qu'il à meritè,
Et ne l'attend hors de soy de personne.

He is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,
But by his Trouble growes more strong and hard:
Knowes his owne merit, looks not from the Great
For Recompence; Vertue's her owne Reward.

61

Vertu ès mœurs ne s'acquiert par l'estude,
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,
Ne par vn acte, ou par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par constante & par longue habitude.

True Morall Vertue cannot purchast be
By Study, Treasure, or the Grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two, or three:
But long-long practice her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & iamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange auidement,
Et de tous mets surcharge tellement
Son estomach, que rien ne luy profite.

Who Readeth much and neuer Meditates,
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,
Who so surcloyes his stomach with his Cates,
That Commonly they doo him little good.

63

Maint vn pouuoit par temps deuenir ſage,
S'il n'euſt cuidè l'eſtre ja tout à faict.
Quel artiſan fut onc maiſtre parfaict,
Du premier iour de ſon apprentiſſage?

How many might (in time) haue wiſe been made;
Before their time, had they not thought them ſo?
What Artiſt e're was Maſter of his Trade,
Yer he began his Prentiſhip to knowe?

64

Petite ſource ont les groſſes Riuieres:
Qui bruit ſi hault à ſon commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent
Qui perd ſon nom ès prochaines fondrieres.

From ſmalleſt Springs, the greateſt Riuers riſe:
But thoſe that roar ſo loud and proud at firſt,
Runne ſeldom farre, but ſoon their glory dies
In ſom neer Bogg, by their ſelfs-furie burſt.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la ſemence,
Ou qui retient le ſalaire promis
Au mercenaire: ou qui de ſes amis
Ne ſe ſouuiēt ſi non en leur preſence.

Curſed is he that doth defraud the ſeed:
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:
Or who (ingratefull for the kindeſt deed)
Thinks neuer of his Friends but in their ſight.

66

Ne te pariure en aucune maniere,
Et si tu es contrainct faire serment,
Le ciel ne iure, ou l'homme, ou l'element,
Ains pas le nom de la cause premiere.

Forsweare thee not, what euer cause be giuen:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath must take,
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,
But by his sacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le pariure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lon tesmoigne verité,
Par ce qui est mensonger ou muable.

For God, who doth all Periury deteſt,
And iuſtly plagues it as moſt execrable,
Would not we ſhould the conſtant Truth conteſt
By any thing that's falſe or alterable.

68

Vn art sans plus, en luy seul t'exercite:
Et du mestier d'autruy ne t'empeschant,
Va dans le tien le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n'est pas gloire petite.

To ſom one Art apply thy whole affection;
And in the Craft of others ſeldom mell:
But in thine owne, ſtriue to attain perfection.
For 'tis no little honour, to excell:

69

Plus n'embrasser que lon ne peut estraindre:
Aux grands honneurs conuoiteux n'aspirer:
Vser des biens, & ne les desirer:
Ne souhaiter la mort, & ne la craindre.

T' embrace no more then one can manage fit,
Not to the top of Greatnes to aspire:
To vse the World, and yet not couet it:
Neither to dread Death, neither death desire.

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaisirs de la couche,
De chastetè restreindre le beau don:
Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon
Ses yeulx, ses mains, son oreille & sa bouche.

We must not Chastities fair Gift restrain
Only to th' actuall Pleasure of the Night:
And in the mean while not a whit refrain
Our hart, our hand, our tongue, our eare, our sight.

71

Hà le dur coup qu'est celuy de l'oreille!
On en deuient quelque fois forcenè:
Mesmes alors qu'il nous est assenè
D'vn beau parler plein de doulce merueille.

O what a hard blowe is a box on th' Eare!
Som-time it driues men euen besides their Wit,
Especially when (stunned as it were)
With the sweet wonder of smooth words, 'tis smit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,
Pour nous ſauuer de ces coups dangereux:
Par là ſ'armoient les Pugils valeureux,
Quand ſur l'arène il leur falloit deſcendre.

'Tis therefore beſt our tender Ears to arme,
To ſhunne the danger of thoſe deadly blowes:
Warie Vlyſſes *ſo eſchew'd the Charm*
Of thoſe ſoule-rapting Impes of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,
Dans le cerueau coule ſoudainement,
Et ne ſcaurions y pouruoir autrement,
Que tenant cloſe au mal ceſte feneſtre.

What e're it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediately into the Brain doth creep;
And th'only mean to ſhunne the miſchief there,
Is the Ears Caſements euer cloſe to keep.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut ſans menſonge,
Ou pour le moins ſans quelque vanité:
Le parler brief conuient à verité,
Et l'autre eſt propre à la fable & au ſonge.

Much talke is ſeldom without Lies among,
Or at the leaſt without ſom idle bables:
Vnto the Truth, brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.

75

Du Memphien la graue contenance,
Lors que ſa bouche il ſerre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enſeigne comme on doit
Reueremment honnorer le ſilence.

*Th'*Egyptians *graue aſpect and ſober brow,*
When his fore-finger ſeales his lips ſo ſure;
Better then Plato, *doth inſtruct vs how*
To honour Silence, *with deuotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte
D'vn cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of ſom great Prince, many rare Things we ſee,
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,
From either Inde, Portingals *bring, or wee:*

77

Ainſi deſlors que l'homme qui medite,
Et eſt ſcauant, commence de ſ'ouurir,
Vn grand threſor vient à ſe deſcouurir,
Threſor cachè au puis de Democrite.

So when the Wiſe and Learned doth begin
T'open the Organs of his plentious Wit,
A wondrous Treaſure ſuddainly is ſeen,
A Treaſure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:

78

On dict ſoudain, voila qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'vn tel lieu,
Et le dernier eſt tiré de l'Hebrien,
Mais tout en ſomme eſt remply de ſageſſe.

And Standers by, ſay by and by, This came
From Greece, *from* Rome *That, That from ſuch a Place,*
And (laſtly) that from th' Hebrue: *and the ſame,*
And all the reſt moſt full of Prudent grace.

79

Noſtre heur, pour grand qu'il ſoit, nous ſemble moin-(dre:
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raiſins:
Mais quant aux maulx que ſouffrent nos voyſins,
C'eſt moins que rien, ils ont tort de ſ'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how euer great) the leaſt doo ſeem,
Our Neighbours Fields ſtill bear the better Grain:
But Others harmes we alwaies light eſteem;
Tuſh they are nothing: why ſhould they complain?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il eſt de ſoy le iuge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de Denys le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celuy qu'il ſe donne.

To th' Enuious-man no Torment I aſsigne;
For, Iudge and Hang-man to himſelf he is:
And there's no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

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87

Nouueau Vlysse appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equitè:
Maint-vn a Scylle & Charybde euitè,
Qui heurte au port, & chez soy faict naufrage.

Learn by long Trauail (as Vlysses *conned)*
To gouern right thy Natiue Ithaca:
Many haue Scylla *and* Charybdis *shunned,*
That (after) haue at home been cast-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre:
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,
Quoy que ce soit, & fust-ce aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou Promise, ponder what and why:
But hauing Promis'd, what-so-euer 'twere,
Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,
Thou must perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy soubs qui l'estat sa force a prise,
Garde la bien, pour goffe qu'elle soit:
Le bon heur vient d'où lon ne s'appercoit,
Et bien souuent de ce que lon mespriſe.

Maintain those Lawes (how euer rude and plain)
Whereby (before) thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd:
Good Fortune oft comes by the meanest mean,
How or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.

90

Fuy ieune & vieil de Circe le bruuage:
N'escoute aussi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchantè tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abruty qu'vne beste sauuage.

In youth and age shunne Circes *banefull Boule,*
Lend not thine Eare to Sirens *wanton Notes:*
Least thou (inchanted in thy sense and Soule)
Become more brute then Hoggs, and Doggs, and Goats.

91

Vouloir ne fault chose que lon ne puisse,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Mesurant l'vn & l'autre par le droit,
Sur l'eternel moule de la Iustice.

We must our Will *still limit with our* Power,
And bound our Power within the Lists of Law;
Measuring both, and what so els is our,
By the Right *line th' eternall* Iust *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,
En faict d'estat est vn poinct dangereux:
Et si Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire consequence.

A suddain Change *in any mighty* State,
Is full of Danger vnto each Degree:
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No consequent can that Example be.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puiſſance abſoluè,
De plein pouuoir, de propre mouuement:
Aux ſainćts Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puiſſance tolue.

I hate theſe phraſes: Of Power abſolute:
Of full Authority: Of full proper motion.
The Diuine Lawes they haue trod vnder foot,
And Humane-too; for priuate Mens promotion.

94

Croire leger, & ſoudain ſe reſoudre,
Ne diſcerner les amis des flateurs:
Ieune conſeil, & nouueaux ſeruiteurs,
Ont mis ſouuent les haults eſtats en pouldre.

Not right-diſcerning Friends from Flatterers,
Light-crediting, and ſuddain Reſolution,
Young giddie Counſell, and new Seruitors,
Haue often caus'd the higheſt States confuſion.

95

Diſsimuler eſt vn vice ſeruile,
Vice ſuiuy de la deſloyautè:
D'où ſourd ès cueurs des grands la cruautè,
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

Diſsimulation *is a ſeruile Vice,*
A vice ſtill followed by Diſloyalty,
Whence in Great hearts doth Cruelty ariſe,
Which alwayes ends in ciuill Mutiny.

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99

A l'eſtranger ſois humain & propice,
Et ſ'il ſe plainct incline à ſa raiſon:
Mais luy donner les biens de la maiſon,
C'eſt faire aux tiens & honte & iniuſtice.

Be kinde to Strangers and propitious,
And to their cauſe thy willing eare incline:
But to beſtowe thy Goods out of thy Houſe,
Is ſhame and wrong vnto thy ſelf and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray, ſi tu veux, en peu d'heure,
Le beau ſecret du breuuage amoureux:
Ayme les tiens, tu ſeras aymè d'eux:
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

I'le teach you heer (if any liſt to proue)
A paſsing Loue-drink, any hart to get;
Loue vertuouſly, and be aſſur'd of Loue:
And this (beleeue-it) is the beſt Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reuerence,
Eſt vn appuy ferme de Royautè:
Mais qui ſe faict craindre par cruautè,
Luy-meſme craint, & vit en deffiance.

The Fear that ſprings from Loue and Reuerence,
A firme ſupport to Royall Greatnes giues:
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,
Himſelf fears moſt, and in diſtruſt ſtill liues.

102

Qui ſcauroit bien que c'eſt qu'vn Diadème,
Il choiſiroit auſsi toſt le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler ſon chef de ce bandeau:
Car auſsi bien il meurt lors à ſoy meſme.

He that knewe right what were a Diadem,
As ſoon would ſeek in a colde Toombe to lie,
As girt his Temples with that glorious Gem:
For, then begins he to himſelf to die.

103

De iour, de nuict, faire la ſentinelle,
Pour le ſalut d'autruy touſiours veiller,
Pour le public ſans nul gré trauailler,
C'eſt en vn mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to ſtand as Sentinel;
For Publike good, ingratefull toyle to take;
Inceſſantly to watch for others weal:
This is, to Raigne, *if we it rightly take.*

104

Ie ne veis onc prudence auec ieuneſſe,
Bien commander ſans auoir obey,
Eſtre fort craint, & n'eſtre point hay,
Eſtre Tyran, & mourir de vieilleſſe.

I neuer ſaw Wiſedome and Youth, but two:
Nor him Command well, that had not Obay'd:
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:
Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toombe be-lay'd.

105

Ne voise au bal qui n'aymerà la danse,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudrà manger,
Ny sur la mer qui craindrà le dangèr,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il pense.

Come not at Reuells, who delights not Dance:
Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waues and winde:
Nor at a Feast, who a good stomack wants:
Nor at the Court, *who means to speak his minde.*

106

Du mesdisant la langue venimeuse,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la poursuite animeuse:

The soothing hony of smooth Parasites:
The poys'ny Tongues of slaunderous Sycophants:
The ieering Buffon, that the best still bites:
The brazen-face of begging Cormorants:

107

Hayr le vray, se feindre en toutes choses,
Sonder le simple à fin de l'attraper,
Brauer le foible, & sur l'absent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roses.

To gull the Simple; and the Weak to braue:
To hate the Truth; to halt in euery-thing:
To vnder-mine: The Absent to deprave:
These are the Flowers that in the Court *do spring.*

108

Aduersitè, desfaueur, & querelle,
Sont trois essais pour sonder son amy:
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'est qu'à demy,
Et ne scauroit endurer la coupelle.

An Enemy, Misfortune, and Disgrace,
Are three Essayes to proue if Friends be loyall:
For many haue the Name, and beare the face;
That are not so, if they be put in triall.

109

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre:
S'il est royal, ayme la Royautè:
S'il est de peu, ou bien communautè,
Ayme l'aussi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naistre.

Commend the State where-vnder born you are:
If it be Royall, loue the Royaltie:
If of the Best, *or meerely* Popular;
Allowe of either, where thy Lot shall be.

110

Il est permis souhaiter vn bon Prince,
Mais tel qu'il est, il le conuient porter:
Car il vault mieux vn tyran supporter,
Que de troubler la paix de sa prouince.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wish good Princes:
But men the while must bear them as they are.
Tis better bear a Tyrants insolences,
Then to disturbe the Common-weal with Warre.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te ioue:
Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuſer:
Qui des faueurs des Roys cuide abuſer,
Bien toſt, froiſſè, choit au bas de la roue.

Sport not too-boldly with thy Lord and King;
And though he bid thee (if thou canſt) refuſe:
From higheſt Fortunes ſuddain down they ding,
Who doo preſume a Princes grace t'abuſe.

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de Fortune)
En vn matin t'es haulſè ſi auant,
Penſes tu point que ce n'eſt que du vent,
Qui calmerà, peut eſtre, ſur la brune?

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from loweſt place
Doo'ſt in a morning to the top attain:
Suppoſe it but a winde that blew a-ſpace
Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again.

113

L'eſtat moyen eſt l'eſtat plus durable:
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyè,
Et les haults monts ont le chef foudroyè,
Vn petit tertre eſt ſeur & agreeable.

The mean Eſtate is the moſt permanent:
We ſee the Vales with euery ſhower are drown'd;
And Mountain tops with euery Thunder rent:
But Little Hils *are pleaſant, ſafe, and ſound.*

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117

L'homme ſe plaint de ſa trop courte vie,
Et ce pendant n'employe où il deuroit
Le temps qu'il à, qui ſuffir luy pourroit,
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure enuie.

Man doth the ſhortnes of his Life repine;
Yet doth not duly ſpend nor rightly driue
The Time he hath: which might ſuffice his minde,
If, To liue well, *he did deſire to liue.*

118

Tu ne ſcaurois d'aſſez ample ſalaire
Recompenſer celuy qui t'a ſoignè
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enſeignè
A bien parler, & ſur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canſt ſufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to;
Nor Him, that hath inſtructed thee a-right,
Both, well to ſpeak, but chiefly well to doo.

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù:
Quand tu ſeras à ſon age venù,
Tu trouueras qui fera le ſemblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feaſts,
Giue alwayes place vnto the hoary head:
So, when like age ſhall ſilueriſe thy Treſſe,
Thou ſhalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy ſe demonſtre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien faict:
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict:
C'eſt ſe payer, que du bien fair monſtre.

Who, for thy Friendſhip ſhowes himſelf ingrate,
Vnwillingly extolls thy Benefit:
But to vp-brayde one, makes a Man ingrate;
Who vaunts his Kindnes, payes himſelf for it.

121

Boire, & mangre, ſ'exercer par meſure,
Sont de ſanté les outils plus certains:
L'excez en l'vn de ces trois, aux humains
Haſte la mort, & force la nature.

To eate, and drink, and exerciſe, in meaſure,
Three props of Health, the certaineſt ſhe hath:
But the exceſs in theſe (or other Pleaſure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth haſten Death.

122

Si quelque fois le meſchant te blaſonne,
Que t'en chaut il? helas, c'eſt ton honneur:
Le blaſme prend la force du donneur:
Le loz eſt bon, quand vn bon nous le donne.

If euill men ſpeak ſomtimes ill of thee,
What need'ſt thou care? alas! it is thy Praiſe:
Blame, from the Author takes authority,
And 'tis a good Report that good men raiſe.

123

Nous meſlons tout, le vray parler ſe change:
Souuent le vice eſt du nom reueſtu
De la prochain' oppoſite vertu:
Le loz eſt blaſme, & le blaſme eſt louange.

We all confound; true Language is tranſ-formed:
Vice oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name
Next oppoſite: 'Tis Forme to be de-formed:
Blame is a Praiſe; and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l'imparfait du prochain ſupporter,
Couurir ſa faulte, & ne la rapporter,
Prompt à lover, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is ſpoken, euer make the beſt:
Bear the defect of Neighbour and of Friend:
Couer their fault; publiſh it not (at leaſt):
Ready to prayſe, and ſlowe to reprehend.

125

Cil qui ſe penſe & ſe dit eſtre ſage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui ſcauant
Se faict nommer, ſonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n'eſt que langage.

He that eſteems and vaunts himſelf for wiſe,
Think him a foole: And Him that doth aſſume
The name of Learned, whoſo ſoundly tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

126

Plus on eſt docte, & plus on ſe deffie
D'eſtre ſcauant: & l'homme vertueux
Iamais n'eſt veu eſtre preſumptueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philoſophie.

The better Learned, learn the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne ſufficiencie:
And Vertuous men are neuer Arrogant.
Theſe are the Fruits of my Philoſophy.

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FINIS.

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TO THE MOST HO

norable, learned, and religious Gent. Mr. *Anthony Bacone.*

Bound by your Bounty and mine owne desire,
To tender still new tribute of my zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whose Wisedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo, here I tune vpon mine humble Lyre
Our neighbour Kingdomes vn-expected weale,
Through suddain ceasing of Warres *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muses to my Muse inspire.*
Miraculous the Work; and so his wit
That firstly sung this sacred Miracle:
A gratious Theame (If I dis-grace not it)
That your graue eyes may daigne for spectacle.
What e'r it be, accept it as a due
From him whose all doth all belong to You.

Iosuah Sylvester.

TO THE FRENCH King, *Henry* the fourth.

SONNET 1.

Henry, triumphant though thou wert in War,
Though Fate and Fortitude conſpir'd thy glory,
Though thy leaſt Conflicts well deſerue a Story;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerer)
Thy martiall proofs haue dimm'd *Alcides* praiſe;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are: (rious
Yet (matchles Prince) nought haſt thou wrought ſo glo-
As this vn-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Whereby thy ſelf art of thy ſelf victorious: (red,
For, while thou might'ſt the worlds Throne haue aſpi-
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like hart haſt tamed:
What greater conqueſt could there then be named?

But

SONNET 2.

But what new Sunne doth now adorne our Land,
And giues our skie so smooth and smiling cheer?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; els his golden brand
Shines brighter now then 't hath don many a yeer.
Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred PEACE) Heav'ns present;
Is 't not the Rising of thy new-com starr,
Which makes the Air more clear, the spring more pleasant
Zephyre more calm, and *Flora* merrier?
Ah, I perceiue the *Oliue*, *Doue*, and *Bowe*,
Diuine presages that the Flood abates
(The dismal flood where blood and tears did flowe)
And *Ianus* now locks-vp his Temple gates:
Iustice and *Faith* doo kindly kisse each other:
And *Mars*, appeas'd, sits down by *Cupids* Mother.

SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
Great Vmpire that doost either World sustain,
Without whose help all would return again
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confusion bent.
O Mother of the liuing, second Nature
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)
O Grace (whereby men climbe th' heav'nly stair)
VVhence void, this world harbors no happy creature.
Pillar of Lawes, Religions pedestall,
Hope of the godly, glory of th' Immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;
Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;
Patron of Artes, of Good the speciall spring:
All hail (deer *Peace*) which vs all heale doost bring.

Con

SONNET 4.

Com forth (deer *France*) from thy dark Cell of mone,
Com (as new-born) from Warrs vnkindly quarrels:
Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to green, and make thy Graue a Throne.
Let *Ceres* dwell vpon thy Desart Plain,
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hills and Groues,
Pomona in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droues,
Secure all Rheades, and ope all Gates again.
Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reuerence;
Reveſt (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;
Rise-vp (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;
Com *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercury*,
Restore vs Lawes, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET 5.

Most Christian Kingdom, thou wert ne're so near,
Drown'd in the deep Gulphes of thy Ciuill warre,
As in the tempest of this later Iar,
Which past conceit of calming did appear.
When all the windes aduersly armed were,
(Though selfly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helm, thy self a heart didst lack,
On troubled waters tossed here and there:
Then from aboue (O bounty most admired!)
Saint *Hermes* shin'd whose gentle light presageth
That then the anger of the Heav'ns asswageth.
O happy PEACE! lesse hoped then desired:
O grace much honour'd, little yet conceiv'd;
O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd.

Who

SONNET 6.

Who could expect (but past all expectation)
So suddain order, from so sad confusion?
So loyall friendship, from false emulation;
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?
Who could expect (but past all likelyhood)
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;
From *France* her cindars, such a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandoras box to yeeld so rare a balme?
Who could expect (but past all humane thought)
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,
Or certain Rudder of so rent a State?
True *Æsculapius*, thou alone hast wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdom, much more wonderous.

SONNET 7.

Th'vnlookt-for working of all things almost,
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,
Amazeth those whose wits we chiefly boast,
To see this suddain vn-expected change.
Each feels th'effect, but none the cause descries
(No though he haue with starrs intelligence):
God to himself reserues such Mysteries,
Disposing Kingdoms by his Prouidence.
O end-les Bounty! In the midst of Broyls
He giues vs PEACE, when Warr did vs inflame;
And reaues the mischief we pursu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,
That when most sharply this extreamest Fit
Stroue to be cure-les, soon he cured it.

SONNET 8.

Som reasoned thus; No violence can last:
Revolted Subiects, of themselues will quail:
Iust Soueraignty can never be displac't;
And lawfull Princes first or last preuail:
But who could think, that the conioyned powers
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,
So weak a King so little should encumber?
Others discoursed in another sort,
While all things sorted to another end
Then their imaginations did purport:
That earth may knowe, it cannot comprehend
The secret depths of Iudgements all-divine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine.

SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deep Wisedom, and his Mercy deer.
For, with these three, he hath surmounted heer
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:
His power appears vpon our Lord and King,
As yerst on *David*: for, they both attain
By war-like broyls their preappointed Raigne;
Strangers, and subiects, and selues conquering:
His prudence shines, when to preserue vs thus,
All humane wit his wisedom doth convince:
His gracious bounty in our bountious Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flowes from a living Lion, *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conquest void of ryot.

This

SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,
But th'only work of the great Thunderer,
Who (wise-directing all the things that are)
In vs divinely works his owne command.
Som men, vnwilling, benefit their Land,
Or vn-awares their Countries good preferr;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth Warr,
And PEACE, succeeds what-ever drifts withstand.
Th' Arch-Architect, the matchless Artizan
All instruments vnto good vses prooues:
Man's but a wheel, which that great Moover moues;
Each gracious gift in that first cause began:
Each good 's a gleam of that first light alone,
If Ill approach vs, onely that's our owne.

SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soon he deaws down rain;
A dreadfull Iudge, and yet a gentle Father:
Whose wrath slowe-kindled is soon quencht again,
To moue vs sinners to repent the rather.
'Gainst Hel-bred *Hydra*, Heav'n-born *Theseus* brings
The great *Alcides* arm and armory:
Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;
And Mercy still doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *France*, so many Monsters to suppresse,
Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,
Els had'st thou been an *Africk* Wildernes.
O happy lost Realm! for, it hath ensude,
That now thy gain is more, in restauration,
Then was thy losse in all thy desolation.

But

SONNET 12.

But, if I ſing great *Henries* fortitude;
Shall I not then be blam'd for ouer-daring?
If ouer-ſlip it, then be taxt for fearing,
Of ſilent dread, and dumb ingratitude?
What e're befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muſe* to raiſe:
And if I fall in ſuch a Sea of praiſe,
What rarer *Mauſole* may my bones include?
A ſacred rage of ſom ſweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, rapts me boldly to rehearſe
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender verſe:
Though his high Theam deſerue a conſort rather
Of all the Muſes, and all muſikes Father.

SONNET 13.

Great Prince, not pleas'd with a vain vertue-ſeeming:
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblenes,
Happy, all Hap Heav'ns ſo ely gift eſteeming;
Warriour, whoſe warrs haue wrought his Coũtries PEACE:
Noble by deeds, and noble by deſcent;
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Neſtor* ſage,
Whoſe ripe-experienç't courage confident,
To knocks knits counſail, and giues rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compaſſion ſoft:
Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;
Who ſheds no blood, but ſheddeth tears as oft,
Who neuer fights but ſtill the field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loues and warres,
Bellona and *Venus* take him ſtill for *Mars*.

SONNET 14.

A ſpirit, to vertues cheerfully addreſt;
Apt to all goodnes, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceiue, ingenious to digeſt;
Whoſe tongue is ſtill true trumpet of the minde:
A body, reſting when it hath no reſt;
A waxen mildnes in a ſteely minde;
A ſoule tra-lucent in an open breſt,
Which others thoughts through boany wals can finde;
Whoſe front reflects maieſtical-humility,
Whoſe graue-ſweet look commandingly-intreats,
Which in one inſtant fear and loue begets:
A King ſtill warring to obtain tranquillity,
To ſaue his Country ſcorning thouſand dangers;
Mirror of *Fraunce*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers,
If battered Walls, before thy Souldiers, looſe;
If hugeſt Rocks be pearced by thy powers;
If 'gainſt thine Armes, no armour be of proof:
If that our fields flowe with *Iberian* blood,
If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Ceſar*
Can by no diſmall dangers be withſtood;
Iouſting with Gyants, as it were at pleaſure:
If lofty Mountains to thine homage vail;
If valleys riſe to bulwarke thee about;
If for thy ſake, riuers doo flowe and fail;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts ſtout,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſtomack got theſe victories:
No, 'twas thy preſence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

SONNET 16.

They be to blame then, that thy boldnes blame,
For hauing put thy ſelf ſo oft in danger:
Sith againſt Rebels and againſt the Stranger,
Thy looks, like lightning did thy Troops inflame.
Fraunce fought before, all bloody, faint, and lame,
Crauing thine aid to venge her hatefull wrong:
When, like a Lion to preſerue her yong
Thou lay'ſt about thee to redeeme the ſame.
Then hadſt thou cauſe to hazard ſo thy life
(In extream perils, extream remedies.)
But ſpare thee now, thy State is free from ſtrife:
Soueraign, our ſafety in thy ſafety lies.
Codrus could keep his, onely by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine owne liuing breath.

SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to becom thy Crown,
What *Carr-Triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble ſtatue meet for thy renown,
Thou that haſt rais'd the Lilly of the earth?
What honorable Title of Addition
Doſt thou deſerue, who (ioyning might with mildnes)
Haſt ſav'd this great Ship from a ſad perdition,
Nigh loſt in th'Ocean of warrs ciuill wildnes?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of vs thy iuſt deſerued meed:
Earth is too-baſe, in Heav'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,
Who thus haſt ſalv'd the vniuerſall Ball:
For, th'health of *Fraunce* imports the health of all.

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SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, braue Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steele for *France*, and for your King:
Ye Sons of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoke, the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-descended;
But more, t'haue kept ones Country and fidelitie.
For, our owne vertues make vs most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.
Your shoulders shoar'd vp *France* (euen like to fall)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But now she stands stedfast on Ciuill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat doo work,
With holy Armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But, you that vaunt your antike Petigrees,
So stately tymbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines aboue the lower Trees)
Ouer the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is't lack of loue, or is it lack of courage,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your houses,
While ouer all your Countries Foes doo forrage,
And rebell out-rage euery corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancestrers,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble Temper of your stomack stirres,
If in your liues yee neuer drew your swords
To serue your King, nor quench your Countries flames,
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistooke your names.

SONNET 22.

You ſacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Myſteries of Heav'n,
From hence-forth all ſeditious plots diſpatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies euen.
Through ſuperſtition ſtirre to ſtrife againe;
Reuolts a miſchiefe euermore pernicious:
Pluck vp abuſes, and the hurtfull graine
Sprung from the Ignorant and Auaricious.
Auoid Ambition (common cauſe of ſtrife)
Your reuerend Robe be free from ſtaines of blood,
Preach holy Doctrine, prooue it by your life:
Fly Idlenes, chooſe exerciſes good;
To wit, all works of liuely faith and pietie.
So, to your fold ſhall flock the bleſt Societie.

SONNET 23.

You graue aſſembly of ſage Senators,
Right Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *France*;
Who, for the States and Iuſtice maintenance,
Of Sword and Balance are the Arbitrers:
That from hence-forth (againſt all enemies)
Our PEACE may ſeat her in a ſettled Throne;
Repreſſe the malice of all mutinies,
Which through th'aduantage of theſe times haue growne.
At a lowe tyde 'tis beſt to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence:
'Tis good in health to counſaile with a Leach:
So, while a People's calme from inſolence,
'Tis beſt that Rulers bridle them with awe;
And (for the future) curbe the lewd with law.

People

SONNET 24

People, leſſe ſettled then the ſliding ſand;
More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing euery Noone.
Thou thouſand-headed head-les Monſter-moſt,
Oft ſlaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new riſing,
Who, hard as ſteele, as light as winde art toſt;
Chameleon-like, each obiects colour pryſing:
Vnblinde thy blinde ſoule, ope thine inward ſight;
Be no more Tinder of inteſtine flame:
Of all fantaſtike humors purge thy ſpright:
For, if paſt-follies vrge yet griefe and ſhame,
Lo (like Obliuions law) to cure thy paſſion,
State-ſtabling *Peace* brings froward minds in faſhion.

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glaſſe the Rocks to cyndars breaking;
Deafning the windes, dumbing the loudeſt thunders;
May ye be bound a thouſand yeeres from ſpeaking.
Yee hate-peace Hackſters fleſht in Maſſacres,
Be you for euer baniſht from our ſoile;
Yee ſteeled Tooles of ſlaughter, wounds, and warres,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and ruſt a while:
Or (not to languiſh in ſo fruit-les reſt)
Be you transform'd to husband furniture,
To plow thoſe fields you haue ſo oft depreſt:
Or (if you cannot leaue your wonted vre)
Leaue (at the leaſt) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Iuſtice lawfull Armes.

SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, knowe thy ſelfe, and knowe thy Maſter,
As well thy heav'nly as thine earthly guider:
And be not like a Horſe, who (proud of paſture)
Breakes Bit, and Reanes, and caſts his cunning Rider
Who nill be Subiects, ſhall be ſlaues in fine:
Who Kings refuſe, ſhall haue a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not moov'd with the milde rods diuine,
Shall feele the fury of Heav'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatnes ſtands on theirs that weare the Crowne,
Whereof, th'haſt had now ſeuentie (ſauing ſeuen)
Thinke one ſufficient ſoone to pull thee downe:
Kings greatnes ſtands on the great King of Heav'n.
Knowing theſe two, then *Paris* knowe thy ſelfe,
By Warres afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soueraignes Throne:
Citie? nay modell of this totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdom of thy ſelfe alone.
The ſcourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did ſo mildely beat-thee,
If any more againſt thy Kings thou ſtand,
Shall proue that then God did but only threat-thee.
Were thou a hundred thouſand-fold more mighty,
Who in th'Olympike Court commands the thunders,
In his leaſt wrath can wrack thee (moſt Almighty).
Thebes, *Babel*, *Rome*, thoſe proud heav'n-daring wonders,
Lowe vnder ground in duſt and aſhes lie:
For earthly Kingdoms (euen as men) doe die.

But

SONNET 28.

But, O my ſorrowes! whither am I toſt?
What? ſhall I bloody ſweet ASTREAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almoſt,
And new-remember nigh forgotten wrongs?
Sith ſtormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget we (Muſe) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempeſts of our viper-Warre:
Drown we thoſe thoughts in deep-deep *Lethe* floods.
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine
So great, notorious, common miſeries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:
But 'mid theſe hidious helliſh out-rages,
I'le ſhowe and prooue by this ſtrange ſpectacle,
Our ciuill PEACE, a ſacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As he that, ſcap't from Ship-wrack on a planke,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeues
(Still faintly ſhiuering on the feare-les banke)
That (through that fraile helpe) certainely he liues:
As he that neew freed from ſtrange ſeruitude,
Returnes again to tread his natiue allies,
Seems ſtill to feare his Patrons rigour rude,
And ſeems ſtill tugging, chained in the Gallies:
So alwayes, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror
Of troubles paſt doo haunt me euery-where,
And ſtill I meete Furies and gaſtly Terror:
Then, to my ſelfe thus raue I (rapt with feare)
From pleaſures paſt, if preſent ſorrow ſpring,
Why ſhould not paſt cares preſent comfort bring?

We

SONNET 30.

We must not now vpbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of Warre;
For we haue all (alas) too often-times
Prouok't the vengeance of the Lord too farre:
Some robbing Iustice, vnder maske of Reason;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-vp Sedition;
Some 'gainst their King attempting open Treason;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, we knowe our cause of maladie,
All apt t'accuse, but none to cleanse th'impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedy:
To knowe a griefe, it is but halfe a cure:
Is it our sinnes? let's purge away that bane;
For what helps Physicke, if it be not tane?

SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holines,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight,
That takes his Name to couer wickednes.
Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,
In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy:
Think'st thou th'Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee
From th'All-pierce Eye? Are treason, rape, and murder
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudest haue descride thee.
'Tis now apparant to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Deuotion hunted but Dominion.

'Ti

SONNET 32.

Tis ſtrange to ſee the heat of Ciuill brands.
For, when we arme vs brother againſt brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to ruine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainſt ſecret treaſon,
Or force the forces of a ſtranger foe,
Alas, how ſhallow are we then in reaſon,
How cold in courage, and in camping ſlowe!
Fraunce only ſtriues to triumph ouer *Fraunce*:
With ſelfe-kill Swords to cut each others throat.
What ſwarmes of Soldiers euery where doo float,
To ſpend and ſpoile a Kingdoms maintenance?
But, ſaid I Soldiers? ah I bluſh for ſhame,
To giue baſe Theeues the noble Soldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endles ſcandall to our dayes
(If poſſible our heires can credit it)
That th'holy name of PEACE, ſo worthy praiſe,
Hath been our Watch-word for a fault vnfit?
That the pure Lilly, our owne natiue flower,
Hath been an odious obiect in our eyes?
That kingly Name, and Kings heav'n-ſtabliſht power,
Hath been with vs a marke of trecheries?
T haue baniſht hence the godly and the wiſe,
Whoſe ſound direction kept the State from danger;
Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) ſeeking to ſerue a Stranger,
T'haue ſtabd our owne? but (O Muſe) keep that in:
The fault's ſo foul, to ſpeak it were a ſinne.

I waile

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SONNET 38.

O christian cor'siue! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thousands in *Vienna* Plaine,
His mooned Standards hath already pight,
Prest to ioyne *Austrich* to his *Thracian* Raigne:
Malth, *Corfu*, *Candie*, his proud Threats disdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in dismay;
While striuing *Christians* (by each other slaine)
Each other weak'ning, make him easie waie.
Rhodes, *Belgrade*, *Cyprus*, and the Realmes of *Greece*,
Thrall'd to his barbarous yoke, yet fresh-declare,
That while two striue, a third obtaines the fleece.
Though name of *Christian* be a title faire;
If, but for Earth, they all this while haue striv'n,
They may haue Earth, but others shall haue Heav'n.

SONNET 39.

May I not one day see in *Fraunce* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of stout actiuity)
To snatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in strait captiuitie?
May I not see the selfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our braue Bloods (yerst one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Musulmans*,
A higher pitch of happy prowesse soaring?
But who (deare *Fraunce*) of all thy men-at-armes
Shall so farre hence renue their ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harmes?
I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)
That hate-Christ Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soueraigne of all *Christendome*.

'Mid

SONNET 40.

Mid all these mischiefes, while the friend-foe Strangers,
With vs, against vs, had intelligence;
Henry our King, our Father, voides our dangers,
And (O Heav'ns wonder) planteth PEACE in *Fraunce*.
Thou Iudge that sitt'st on the supernall Throne,
O quench thy fury, keep vs from hostilitie:
With eyes of mercy looke thou still vpon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme stabilitie:
Sith (in despight of discord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, hast thus salv'd vs (Lord)
Keep still our *Fraunce* (or rather Lord thine owne)
Let Princes loue, and liue in iust accord:
Dis-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes busie them,
Be it alone for thy *Ierusalem*.

FINIS.

A DI-

A DIALOGVE VPON THE TROVBLES PAST:

Betwene HERACLITVS and DEMOCRITVS, *the weeping and the* laughing Philosophers.

(***)



Acceptam refero.

A DIALOGVE.

Heraclitus.

ALas! thou laugh'ſt, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hell:
Ah! canſt thou (tear-les) in this iron Age,
See men maſſacred, Monſters borne to rage?

Democritus.

Ha! but why weep'ſt thou? wherfore in this ſort
Dooſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?
Ha! canſt thou chuſe but laugh, to ſee the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

Heraclitus.

He hath no heart that melts not all in teares,
To ſee the treaſons, murders, maſſacres,
Sacks, ſacrileges, loſſes, and alarmes
Of thoſe that periſh by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all diſmaied, ſwoureth ſodainly
To heare or ſee ſome fained Tragedy
(Held in theſe dayes, on euery Stage as common)
Is but a heart-les man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O! would to God our Couutries tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth:
My ſoule then ſhould not ſigh to angry Heav'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their perſonage,
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleaſant ſhowe;
Sith ouer all, ſtrange vanities doo flowe.

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Democritus.

I burſt with laughter, when (confounding State)
I ſee thoſe rebels hunt their Magiſtrate:
When I heare Porters prate of State-deſignes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

Heraclitus.

I weep to ſee Gods glory made a vaile
To couer who his glorie moſt aſſaile:
That ſacred Faith is made a maske for ſinne,
And men runne headlong to deſtructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming
Of lugling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*:
But, moſt I laugh, t'haue ſeene the world ſo mad
To ſtarue and die, when thoſe damn'd *Atheiſts* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weepe (alas) to ſee the people weepe,
Oppreſt with reſt-les waight in danger deepe;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee all cauſe of laughter gone, (mone:
Through thoſe which (yerſt thou ſaid'ſt) haue caus'd thy
Noting th'old guiſe, I laugh at all their new;
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

Heraclitus.

Som ſorrowes alſo I in ſilence keepe;
But in the Deſart, all my woes ſhall weepe:
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will helpe me then;
For, in theſe dayes they are more milde then men.

Democritus.

I'le dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for ſmiling PEACE prouides
Such plentious ſtore of laughing-ſtuffe to fill me,
That ſtill I'le laugh, vn-les that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

AN

AN ODE
OF THE LOVE AND BEAVTIES of *ASTRÆA.*

(***)

To the most matchless-faire, and *vertuous*, M. M. H.

TETRASTICON.

THou, for whose sake my freedome I forsake;
Who, murdring me dost yet maintain my life:
Heere, under PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keep'st me still in strife.

Sacred PEACE, if I approue thee,
If more then my life I loue thee,
'Tis not for thy beautious eyes:
Though the brighteſt Lampe in skies
In his higheſt Sommer ſhine,
Seems a ſparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of ſelfe-like Sunnes,
Paſt all els-compariſons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambroſiall
Of thoſe pretie lips ſo Roſiall,
Make me humble at thy feet:
Though the pureſt honey ſweet
That the Muſes birds do bring
To Mount *Hybla* euery ſpring,
Nothing neere ſo pleaſant is,
As thy liuely louing kiſſe.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereſſe)
Th'Amber circlets of thy treſſe,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That ſo faſt my freedom bindes:
Though the pretious glittering ſand
Richly ſtrow'd on *Tagus* Strand;
Nor the graines *Pactolus* rol'd
Neuer were ſo fine a gold.

'Tis not for the poliſht rowes
Of thoſe Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I ſtill my ſute purſue;
Though that in thoſe Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baytes of Auarice
Be no Pearles of ſuch a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yuorie neck
Makes me worſhip at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy boſome panting ſtill;
Though no faireſt *Ledas* Swan,
Nor no ſleekeſt Marble can
Be ſo ſmooth or white in ſhowe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradiſe)
Thy front (euener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his mild-ſweet Maieſtie:
Though the ſiluer Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to ſuſtain diſgrace,
If by day ſhee meet thy face.

'Tis not that ſoft Sattin limme,
With blew trailes enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection
Keeps my thoughts in thy ſubiection:
Though it haue ſuch curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would mooue Rocks and rauiſh Marble.

'Tis not all the reſt beſide,
Which thy modeſt vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too iniurious!)
Makes me of thy loue ſo curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoë* paſſing rare,
In the Cryſtall-flowing ſprings
Neuer bath'd ſo beautious things.

What then (O diuineſt Dame)
Fires my ſoule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from aboue
Feeds and feaſts my ioyes (my Loue)
If they taſte not of the dainties
Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

What fell heat of couetize
In my feeble boſome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy treſſes pureſt gold?
What ineſtimable treaſure
Can procure me greater pleaſure
Then thoſe Orient Pearles I ſee
When thou daign'ſt to ſmile on mee?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites,
If I ouer-paſſe the meſſe
Of thoſe apples of thy breſts?
What freſh buds of ſcarlet Roſe
Are more fragrant ſweet than thoſe
Then thoſe Twins, thy Straw-berrie teates,
Curled-purled Cherrielets?

What (to finiſh) fairer limme,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rarer Subiect
Makes me make thee all mine obiect?
If it be not all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my ſight doth cloſely ſhroud.

Ah

Ah 't is a thing more diuine,
'Tis that peere-les Soule of thine,
Maſter-peece of Heav'ns beſt Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy ſweet grace and geſture fit,
Thy milde pleaſing curteſie
Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire Soules reſpect,
I loue Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow lockes likewiſe:
And thoſe Orient-Pearly Rocks
Which thy lightning Smile vn-lockes:
And the *Nectar*-paſſing bliſſes
Of thy honey-ſweeter kiſſes.

I loue thy freſh roſie cheeke
Bluſhing moſt *Aurora*-like.
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And thoſe Iuorie-marble mounts
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch, to know
If they be of fleſh or no.

I loue

I loue thy pure Lilly hand
Soft, and ſmooth, and ſlender; and
Thoſe fine nimble brethren ſmall
Arm'd with Pearle-ſhel helmets all.
I loue alſo all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my longing ſight doth ſhroud.

FINIS.

SONNET 1.

Sweet mouth, that send'st a musky rosed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;
Whose euery glance darts me a liuing-death:
Browes, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arkes:
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes:
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale:
Rare spirit, to rule this beautious Emperie:
If in your force, Diuine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

SONNET 2.

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whose sight doth blinde me; and whose nimblenesse
Of feet in daunce, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes me motion-les:
Whose onely presence, from my self absents me;
Whose pleasant humours, make me passionate;
Whose sober moods my follies represents me;
Whose graue-milde graces make me emulate:
My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine;
My All, through whom, I nothing do possesse
Saue thine *Idea*, glorious and diuine:
O thou my Peace-like War, and war-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou hast giuen me, please;
That 'tis my best ease, neuer to haue ease.

Epi-

Epigramms and Epitaphes vpon Warre and Peace.

Vpon the League.

FRaunce, without cauſe thou dooſt complain
Againſt the *League* for wronging thee.
Sh'hath made thee large amends again,
With more then common vſury:
For, for thy one King which ſhe ſlew,
Sh'hath giuen thee now a thouſand new.

Vpon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With ſmall or no endangering,
Such ſuddain common ioy begunne,
That one would ſay (t'haue ſeen the thing)
Th'King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

2

O rareſt ſight of ioifull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henry* with one ſelf-ſame ſhowe,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith, thee from danger and diſtreſſe to free,
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in ſtern *Mars* his Moneth,
But in the month that mild ASTREA owneth.

Vpon the fall of the Millars-bridge.

1

The Millars in the Riuer drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleagerd round;
To die were all reſolv'd in minde,
Becauſe they had no more to grinde.

2. Then

2

Then was their fitteſt time to die,
Becauſe they might intend it beſt:
But their intent was contrary,
Becauſe they then liv'd ſo at reſt.

3

As, after long ſharp famine, ſom (forlorn)
Of ſurfet Die, their greedines is ſuch:
This Mill-bridge, hauing faſted long from corn,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for hauing ground too-much.

Vpon the recouerie of Amiens.

I know not which may ſeem moſt admirable;
To take or re-take ſuch a Cities force:
But, yet I knowe which is moſt honorable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Each where they ſing a thouſand wayes
The glory of this enterpriſe:
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The beſt is ſtill in the Re-priſe.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterpriſe,
To take ſo ſoon our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to die yer the Re-priſe,
Els had he dy'de for ſhame to leaue it ſo.

Vpon the Reduction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld ſo ſoon (they ſayd)
Nor be recouered ſo good cheap:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'Twas made to make the *Britton* Leap.

Vpon PEACE.

1

Souldiers, late preſt, are now ſuppreſt;
Croſt and caſſierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of reſt)
Take vp their lendings by the Way.

2

This PEACE (it ſeemeth) doth not ſound
To all the world; for euery-where
More Sergeants now do goe the Round,
Then Souldiers yerſt accuſtom'd were.

Vpon Captain Coblar.

A meery Coblar left the wars,
To turn vnto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Cuſtomers
The reaſon of his alteration;
'T hath pleas'd (quoth he) the King t'ordain
That each his office take again.

Vpon Warre.

Here vnder this huge heap of ſtones
Lately enterr'd lies cruell WARRE:
Pray God long reſt her ſoule and bones:
Yet, there is nothing worſe for her.

Vpon Rowland Rob-Church.

Heer lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately ſlain,
In robbing of a wealthy Chappell, ſpyde:
Yet I beleeue he doth in Heav'n remain,
Sith onely for the Churches Good he dyde.

Vpon Captaine Catch.

Heer vnder, Captain CATCH is layd.
Who ſixe times chang'd from ſide to ſide,
Of neither ſide (it ſeem'd) afraid:
He wore a white Scarfe when he di'de:
Yet ſom ſuſpect (and ſo do I)
For his inconſtance ſhowne before,
That to the Black-band he did fly:
But now he can reuolt no more.

Vpon

Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Heer lyeth he, who the more safe to pray
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:
Whether his Soule is gone, I can not say,
Sith he was, nor for Diuell, nor for God.

Pax omnibus vna.

FINIS.



A lhoneur

A l'honeur de la Paix, chantée par Monsieur du NESME, & rechantée en Anglois par Monsieur SYLVESTRE.

SAns Paix rien ne subsiste: en Paix tout croist & dure:
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Vniuers
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si diuers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture:
Elle vnit a son Dieu l'humaine creature:
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts:
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nouriture.
Enuoy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maisons, en nous; & fay que d'vne voix
Nous suyvions les accords de ton Nesme *admirable:*
Lors (a iamais) seras loué de nos Gaulois
Par ses chants tout-divins: & Sylvestre, *en Anglois*
Redoublera ce loz d'vn stile immitable.

P. CATELLE. I'attens le temps.

THE PROFIT OF IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX.

VVritten in French by *Odet de la Noue*, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in the Castle of *Tournay*.

Translated by IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

TO HIS LONG APPRO
ued friend, M. R. Nicolſon
J. S. wiſheth euer all *true content.*

TO thee (the ſame to me as firſt I meant)
Friend to the Muſes, and the well inclinde,
Louing, and lov'd of euery vertuous minde:
To thee the ſame, I the ſame Song preſent
(Our mutuall loue's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephewes ſhall heer-after finde
Our conſtant Friendſhip how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnes and acknowledgement.
Accept againe this Preſent in good part,
This ſimple pledge of my ſincere affection
To Tangley, *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-hart
(Perfect good-will ſupplies all impefection).
Chameleons *change their colour:* Guile *her game:*
But (in both Fortunes) *Vertue's ſtill the ſame.*

A SONNET OF THE *Author to his Booke.*

THe body *ouer-prone to* Pleaſures *and delights*
Of ſoft, fraile, dainty fleſh, *and to ſelf-*eaſe *addicted,*
Abhors Impriſonment, *as a baſe paine inflicted*
To puniſh the defaults of moſt vnhappy wights.
The ſoule, *as much ſurpriz'd with loue of heauenly ſights,*
And longing to behold the place that appertaines-her
Doth loath the body, *as a* Priſon *that detaines-her*
From her high happines *among the bleſſed ſprights.*
Then, ſith both body *&* ſoule *their bondage neuer brook,*
But ſoule *and* body *both doo loue their* liberty:
Tell, tell me (O my Muſe) who will beleeue our Book?
He that hath learn'd a-right both theſe to mortifie,
And ſerue our Sauiour Chriſt *in* body *and in* ſpirite,
Who both frõ thrall *hath* freed *by their own only merit.*

A PARADOX,

That Aduersity is more necessary then Prosperity; and that, of all afflictions Close-prison *is most pleasant, and most profitable.*

HOw-euer fondly-false a vain Opinion seeme,
If but the Vulgar once the same for right esteeme;
Most men account it so: so (in absurdest things)
Consent of multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any meane remaines when it is once receiued,
To wrest it from the most of erring minds deceiued.
Nay, whoso shall but say, they ought to alter it,
He headlong casts himselfe in dangers deepest Pit.
For neuer nimble Barke that on aduenture runnes
Through those blew bounding Hilles where hoarie *Neptun*
Was set-vpon so sore with neuer-ceast assault (wunne
Maintain'd on euery side by winds and waters salt,
When, raging most, they raise their roughest tempest dreaded
As th' idiot multitude, that Monster many-headed
Bestirres it selfe, with wrath, spight, fury, full of terror,
Gainst whatsoeuer man that dares reproue her error.
Who vndertakes that taske, must make account (at first)
To take hot warres in hand, and beare away the worst.
Therefore a many Workes (worthy the light) haue died
Before their birth in brests of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but euen by foolish threats:
Yet onely noise of words base cowards only beats.
Then feare who list (for me) the common peoples crie,
And who so list, be mute, if other minded: I

(Scorning

(Scorning the feeble force of ſuch a vaine indeuour)
Will freely (ſpight of feare) ſay what I cenſure euer:
And, though my preſent State permit me not ſuch ſcope,
Mine vn-forbidden pen with Errors pride ſhall cope.
Cloſe Priſon (now a-daies) th' extreameſt miſerie
The world doth deeme, I deeme direct the contra rie:
And there-with-all will proue, that euen *Aduerſities*
Are to be wiſhed more then moſt Proſperities.
And, for *Impriſonment*, though that be moſt lamented,
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;
Yet, that's the State moſt ſtor'd with pleaſure and delight,
And the moſt gain-full too to any Chriſtian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, then creditable;
The which my ſelfe ſometimes haue alſo thought a fable,
While guile-full vanities, fed not, but fill'd my mind,
For ſtrengthening ſuſtenance, with vn-ſubſtantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I alſo did deteſt
All ſicknes and diſeaſe that might a man moleſt.
But moſt I did abhorre that baſe eſteemed State,
Which to ſubiections Law our ſelues doth ſubiugate,
And our ſweet life enthralls vnto anothers will:
For, as my fancie wiſht I would haue walked ſtill.
Death (thought I) ſoone hath done, and euery griefe beſides,
The more extreame it is, the leſſer time abides:
But now, beſides that I eſteemd the priſoners trouble
Much worſe, me thought the time his martyrdome did dou-ble.
So that, to ſcape that ſcourge, ſo irkſome to my hart,
I could haue been content to ſuffer any ſmart.
Lo, by blind ignorance how iudgements are miſ-led:
Now that full thirtie monthes I haue experienced
That ſo-much-feared ill, 'tis now ſo vs'd to me,
That I (a priſoner) liue much more content and free,
Then when as (vnder cloake of a falſe freedome vaine)
I was baſe ſlaue (indeede) to many a bitter paine.
But, now I ſee my ſelfe mockt euery-where almoſt,
And feeble me alone met by a mightie hoaſt
Of ſuch, as (in this caſe) doo not conceiue as I,
But doo eſteeme themſelues offended much thereby.

And therefore (Father deere) this weake abortiue Child,
For refuge runnes between th'armes of his Grand-ſire mild.
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careles of the reſt, all that I heere deſire,
Is onely that your ſelfe (as in a Glaſſe) may ſee
The Image of th'eſtate of my Captiuity:
Where, though I nothing can auaile the Common-weale,
Yet I auaile my ſelfe (at leaſt) ſom little deale.
Praiſing th'all-powerfull Lord, that thus vouchſafes to pour
Such fauours manifold vpon me euery houre;
Wherof your ſelf (yer while) ſo ſweet ſure proof haue taſted,
In cruell bitternes of bands that longer laſted.
Now, I beſeech his Grace to bleſſe mine enterpriſe,
My heart and hand at once to gouerne in ſuch wiſe,
That what I write, may nought diſpleaſing him containe:
For, voide of his ſweet aide, who works he works in vaine.
Within the wide-ſpred ſpace of theſe round Elements,
Whatſoeuer is indewd with liuing ſoule and ſenſe,
Seeks (of it ſelfe) ſelfe-good; this inſtinct naturall
Nature her ſelfe hath grauen in hearts of Creatures all:
And of all liuing things (from largeſt to the leaſt)
Eeach one to flie his ill doth euermore his beſt.
Thereof it comes (we ſee) the wilde Horſe (full of ſtrength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And ſo, by force we tame each moſt vntamed beaſt,
Which, of it ſelfe, diſcreet, of euils takes the leaſt:
And though that that which ſeems to be his chiefe reſtraint
He often-times deſpiſe, that's by a worſe conſtraint:
As when the Lion fierce, feare-leſſe purſues the ſhining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royal creſt declining,
Full of the valiant Fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midſt a million ſwords, his whelplings to defend,
More fearing farre that they their liberty ſhould loſe,
Than on himſelfe the ſmart of thouſand wounding blowes.
But, all things haue not now the ſelfe ſame goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the ſame another hurts and kils:
There's ods betwen the good that ſauage Beaſts do like,
And that good (good indeed) which ſoul-wiſe man muſt ſeek

Whe

When Beaſts haue ſtore of food, and free from foe's annoy,
Smart-leſſe, and ſound, and ſafe, may (as they liſt) enioy
Their fill of thoſe delights, that moſt delight the ſenſe:
That, that's the happines that fully them contents:
But reaſonable ſoules (as God hath made mankind)
Can with ſo wretched Good not ſatisfie their mind.
But, by how much the more their inly ſight excels
The brutiſh appetite of euery creature els,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirſt.
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worſt,
The Heav'n-born ſoule, the beſt, wherein mans bliſſe abides;
In body that of beaſts, nought hauing els beſides:
This body ſtands in need of many an acceſſorie,
To make it ſomewhat ſeem: the ſoule receiues this g'ory,
That ſelfly ſhe ſubſiſts; and her abound ant wealth
(Vnlike the bodies ſtore) is euer ſafe from ſtealth.
Our body took his birth of this terreſtriall clod:
Our ſpirit, it was inſpir'd of th'inly breath of God;
And either of them ſtill ſtriues to his proper place,
This (earth-born) ſtoopes to earth; that flies to heauen apace.
But, as the ſilly bird, whoſe wings are wrapt in lime,
Faine (but in vaine) attempts to flie full many a time:
So, our faire ſoule, ſurcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,
Is too-too often held from mounting to her GOOD.
She ſtriues, ſhe ſtrikes, ſomtimes ſhe lifts her vp aloft:
But, as the worſer part (we ſee) preuaileth oft,
This falſe fraile fleſh of ours with pleaſure's painted lure,
Straight makes her ſtoop againe downe to the duſt impure.
Happy who th'honour hath of ſuch a victory,
He crowns his conquering head with more true maieſty
Then if he had ſubdued thoſe Nations, by his might,
Which doo diſcouer firſt *Aurora*'s early light,
And thoſe whom *Phœbus* ſees from his *Meridian* Mount,
Th'*Anti-podes*, and all; more then the ſand to count.
For, ſmall the honour is to be acknowledg'd King
And Monarke of the world, ones ſelfe vn-maſtering.
But, each man on his head this Garland cannot ſet,
Nor is it giuen to all this victorie to get,

Onely a very few (Gods deere-belov'd Elect)
This happy Goale haue got by Vertues lyue effect:
The reſt, ſoon weary of this ſame ſo painfull War,
Like well of Heauen, but loue the earth aboue it far:
Some, drunk with poyſony dregs of worldly pleaſures brute,
Know where true good conſiſts, but neuer doo enſue't:
Some doo enſue the ſame, but with ſo faint a heart,
That at the firſt aſſault they doo retire and ſtart:
Some, more courageous, vow more then they bring to paſſe
(So much more eaſie 'tis to ſay, then doo, alas) (ments
And all, through too-much loue of this vaine worlds allure-
Or too-much idle feare of ſufferings and endurements:
Meere vanities, whereto the more men doo incline,
The farther-off they are from their *chiefe Good* diuine,
Therefore, ſo many think themſelues ſo miſerable:
Therefore the aire is fill'd with out-cries lamentable.
Of ſuch as doo diſdaine the thing that better is,
To entertaine the worſe, with forfeit of their bliſſe:
Therefore we ſee thoſe men that riches doo poſſeſſe,
Afflicted ſtill with care: and therefore, heauineſſe
Abandons neuer thoſe, that, fed with honours fill,
Fawne vpon Potentates, for flitting fauours ſtill,
And, cauſe (God wot) they haue, to be at quiet neuer,
Sith their felicitie is ſo vncertaine euer.
Neither are Kings themſelues exempted from vexation:
How-euer Soueraigne ſway they beare in any Nation:
For, now they wiſh to win, anon feare loſſe no leſſe.
Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world poſſeſſe,
Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:
For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth he.
Who (therfore) couets moſt ſuch ſoon-paſt goods vncertain,
Shall ne'r enioy the ioy of goods abiding certain:
But, whoſo ſeeks to build a true content, to laſt;
On elſe-what muſt elſe-where his firſt foundation caſt.
For, all things here below are apt to alter euer;
Here's nothing permanent: and therefore whoſoeuer
Truſts thereto, truſteth to a broken ſtaffe for ſtay;
For no earth's vanity can bleſſe a man for aye.

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Regarding all these griefes, which men so much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and scar-crowes void of might:
He chooseth rather much such exercise as these,
Then mid the flesh-delights to rust in idle ease.
But, very few there are, that thus much will admit:
Nay, few or none there are that easily credit it;
The most part taking-part with common most conceit,
Yet they haue heard of this, sustaine the tother straight:
Not seeing, that themselues shun and refuse as ill,
What vnto other men, for good they offer still.
Not one of them will brooke his Son in sloath to lurke,
But moues, and stirres him vp incessantly to work:
Forbids him nothing more then sin-seed idlenes:
Nor any pleasure vaine permits him to possesse,
(For well he knowes, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thither-ward who walks a path of paine must tread)
If he offend in ought, he chastens and reproues him,
In so much sharper sort by how much more he loues him.
Thus handleth man the thing that most he holdeth deere
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should be so handled heer.
May we not rather think we are belov'd of God,
When as we feele the stripes of his iust-gentle rod?
And that, whom heer he lers liue as they list in pleasure,
Are such as least he loues, and holds not as his treasure?
For so, not of our slaues, but of our sonnes elect,
By sharp-sweet chastisements the manners we correct.
In very deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may crosse his childes desire,
But what may most auaile vnto his betterment:
So, knowing well that ease would make vs negligent;
He exerciseth vs, he stirres vs vp, and presses:
And, though we murmur much, yet neuer-more he ceases,
He chastens, he afflicts: and those whom most he striketh,
Are those whom most he loues, and whom he chiefly liketh.
No valiant men of warre will murmur or mislike,
For being plac't to proue the formost push of pike;
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,
With losse of deerest blood, their dauntlesse harts to show.

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What Warriour in the world, that had not rather trie
A million of extreames (yea rather euen to die)
Then with disgrace full spot to staine his Honour bright
In these corporeall Warres? Yet, in the ghostly fight
(Of glory careless all) wee shun all labours pain,
To purchase with reproche a rest-nest idly-vain.
Vertue is not atchieu'd, by spending of the yeer
In pleasures soft, sweet shades, down beds and dainty cheere:
Continuall travell 'tis that makes vs there ariue,
And so by trauell too Vertue is kept aliue:
For; soon all vertue vades without some exercise;
But, being stird, the more her vigour multiplies.
Besides, what man is he, that feels some member rotten,
Whereof he feares to die, but causeth straight be gotten
Some surgeon, that with sawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to saue his threatned life:
And suffers (though with smart) his very flesh and bones
To be both sear'd, and saw'd, and cleane cut-off at once?
But, to recure the soule (the soule with sin infected)
All wholesome remedies are hated and reiected:
With the Physician kind th'impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand he lets:
We are halfe puttified, through sinnes contagious spot,
And without speedy helpe the rest must wholly rot:
Cut-off th'infected part, then are we sound and free,
Els all must perish needs, there is no remedie.
Most happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With smart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th'euer-neuer death, wherein they lye and languish,
That heere haue had their ease and neuer tasted anguish.
But many, which as yet the aduerse part approoue,
Conceiue (if not confesse) that it doth more behooue
By faintless exercise faire Vertue to maintaine,
Then ouer-whelm'd with Vice, at rest to rust in vaine.
But yet th'extreamity of sufferings doth dismay-them,
The force where-of they feare would easily ouer-lay them:
They loue the exercise, the chastenings likewise like them,
But yet they wold haue God but cold and softly strike-them;

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Or thoſe that are aſſail'd with burning Feuer-fit,
Euen then when leaſt of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and crie, and raue, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot ſwage;
Yet, if it wax not worſe, the daintieſt body makes it
In eight dayes as a vſe, and as a trifle takes it:
Or, thoſe that haue ſomtimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without change of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did conſtraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seems them ſo eaſie then, they almoſt fall a-ſleepe.
All are not euills then, that are ſurnamed ſo,
Sith euill neuer can his nature mingle, no,
Nor turne it into good; whereas we plainely ſee
On th'other ſide, that theſe are changed ſodainly.
And, were they ills (indeed) ſith they ſo little laſt,
Were 't not a very ſhame to be ſo much agaſt?
But here again (ſay they) th'ones nature neuer taketh
The others nature on, but ſtill the ſtronger maketh
His fellow giue him place, and only beareth ſway
Till that, return'd againe, driue it againe away.
Nay, that can neuer be: for neuer perfect good
Can by his contrarie be baniſht (though withſtood):
For, good is euer good, and where ſoe're it goe
Euill doth euer ſtriue, but with too ſtrong a foe.
There is no reaſon then, theſe, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this ſort, and neuer reſt at all:
Neither to bleſſe or blame them for the good or ill
That euer in her ſelfe our ſoule concealeth ſtill.
For, if that from without, our bale, or elſe our bliſſe
Arriued; euermore withall muſt follow this,
That alwaies, vnto all, ſelfe ill, ſelfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one ſelfe content: but tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their quality and kind,
But rather as th'effects of men are moſt inclin'd.
One, loſing but a crowne hath loſt his patience quight:
Another hauing loſt fiue hundred in a night,
Is neuer mov'd a iote, though (hauing leſſe in ſtore,
Then th'other hath by ods) his loſſe might grieue him more

One, being baniſhed, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.
And, one in priſon pent, is vtterly diſmaide,
Another, as at home, liues there as well appaid.
Needs muſt we then confeſſe, that in our ſelues doth reſt
That which vnhappieth vs, and that which make vs bleſt:
In vs (indeed) the ill, which of our ſelues doth growe:
And in vs too the good, which from God's grace doth flow,
To whom it pleaſeth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Saue thoſe on whom the Lord vouchſafeth to beſtow-it:
And that the bitter ſmart of all the paines that wring-vs,
From nothing but our ſinne, receiueth ſtrength to ſting-vs.
Yea, ſurely in our ſelues abides our miſerie:
Our Grand-ſire *Adam* left vs that for Legacie,
When he enthrall'd himſelfe vnto the Law of ſin,
Wherein his guilty heires their griefe-full birth begin.
The Lord had giuen to him a Nature and a feature,
Perfect (indeed) and bleſt aboue all other creature;
And of this Earthly world had ſtabliſht him as King,
Subiecting to his rule the reanes of euery thing:
His ſpirit within it ſelfe no ſelfe-debates did nurſe,
Hauing no knowledge yet of better nor of worſe:
His body ever blithe and healthfull felt no war
Of thoſe foure qualities that now doo euer iarre:
Nor any poyſony plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noyſom beaſt could hurt in any deale:
He might, without the taſte of bitter death attaine
Vnto the Hauen of Heauen, were all true Ioyes doo raigne.
And, had he not miſdone, he might haue well bequeath'd
The ſame inheritance to all that euer breath'd:
How happy had he been, if he had neuer eaten
Th'vnlawfull fatall fruit that double Death did threaten?
O that he neuer had preferd the Serpents flatter
Before th'eternall Law of all the worlds Creator.
You ſhall be (ſaid the Fiend) like ſupreame Deities:
This ſweet fruits ſugred iuice ſhall open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (enuying all your bliſſe)
Blindes with a filmy vaile of black Obſcurities,

Leaſt

Leaſt that you ſhould become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill as well as euer he.
Poor *Eue* beleeues him ſtraight, and Man beleeues his wife
And biteth by and by the Apple asking-life:
Whereof ſo ſoone as he had taſted, he begins
(But all too-late alas) to ſee his curſed ſinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then he had the skill
To know the difference between the good and ill:
Then did he knowe how good, good was when he had loſt-it,
And euill too he knew (but ah too deerely coſt-it)
Leauing himſelfe (beſides the ſorrow of his loſſe)
Nothing but ſad deſpaire of ſuccour in his croſſe.
He found himſelf falne down from bliſſe-full ſtate of peace
Into a ciuill warre where diſcords neuer ceaſe:
His ſoule reuolting, ſoon became his bitter foe.
But (as it oft befalls that worſt doo ſtrongeſt growe)
She is not eas'd at all by th' inly ſtriuing iarres,
Which doo annoy her more then th' irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, enuy, feare, ſorrow, deſpaire, and ſuch:
And paſſions oppoſite to theſe, afflict as much,
Diſtracting to and fro the Princeſſe of his life,
In reſtles mutinies, and neuer ceaſing ſtrife.
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themſelues, augment his miſery.
So that (by their debate) within his fleſh there ſeeded
A harueſt of ſuch weeds as neuer can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subiects) did attend-him,
Now, 'mong themſelues conſpire by all means to offend-him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortall he became,
And bound his ſoule to bide Hells euer-burning flame,
Leauing his wofull heires (euen from their births beginning)
Heires of his heauy paine, as of his hainous ſinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankind,
To beare the puniſhment to his foule ſinne aſſign'd:
And none had euer ſcap't, had not the God of grace
(Deſiring more to ſaue, then to ſubuert his race)
Redeem'd vs by the death of his deer onely Son,
And choſen vs in him before the World begun:

For-

Forgiuing vs the fault, and with the fault the fine;
All ſaue this temporall death, of *Adams* ſin the ſigne.
Now in the horror of thoſe eaſe-leſſe, end-leſſe paines,
It may be rightly ſaid that euill euer raignes:
That's euill's very ſelfe; and not this ſeeming-woe,
Wherof the wanton world complaineth daily ſo.
Liv'd we ten thouſand yeers continually tormented
In all fell tortures ſtrange that euer were inuented,
What's that compar'd to time that neuer ſhall expire,
Amid th' infernall flames, whoſe leaſt-afflicting fire
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can thinke?
Sure, all that we endure, till *Lethe* drops we drinke,
Is all but eaſe to that: or if it be a paine,
Tis in reſpect of that a very trifle vaine.
But, were't a great deale worſe, why ſhould we euill name
That which we rather finde a medicine for the ſame?
Health, wealth, ſecurity, honour and eaſe doo make vs
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake vs;
Whereas afflictions are ready means to mooue vs,
To ſeeke our health in him that doth ſo deerely loue-vs.
'Tis true indeed (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring-vs,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extreamly wring-vs,
That th' euill which they feele that doo indure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it iuſt to giue it that for name.
Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be denied)
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth we bide
In body and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſſions ſtrong, the body thouſand paines:
And that's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaide,
Was iuſtly due to vs, when *Adam* diſobay'd.
But, he that's once new-borne in Ieſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſettled hath,
Who doth beleue that God giues eſſence vnto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriueth
To ſtop his iuſt decrees, can ſtand, or euer thriueth:
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,
The which he takes for due vnto his deepe offence:

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Some more and other leſſe: and neuer ceaſeth ſpace
From making vs to feele the fauours of his grace.
Accurſt are they (indeed) whom he doth all abandon
To doo their Luſt for Law, and runne their life at randon:
Accurſt who neuer taſte the ſharp-ſweet hand of God:
Accurſt (ah, moſt accurſt) who neuer feele his rod.
Such men (by nature borne the bond-ſlaues vnto ſinne)
Through ſelf-corruption, end worſe then they did beginne:
For, how they longer liue, the more by their amiſſe,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther-off from bliſſe.
Such men within themſelues their euils ſpring containe:
There is no outward thing (as falſly they complaine)
Cauſe of their cureles ill: for good is euery thing,
And good can (of it ſelfe) to no-man euill bring.
Now, if they could aright theſe earthly pleaſures prize
According to their worth, they would not in ſuch wiſe,
For lack, or loſſe of theſe (ſo vaine and tranſitorie)
Lament ſo bitterly, nor be ſo ſadly-ſorrie.
But ouer-louing ſtill theſe outward things vnſtable,
To reſt in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth ſo aſſaile-them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile-them,
Then ſwell their ſullen hearts with ſorrow till they burſt,
And then (poor deſperate ſoules) they deem thẽſelues accurſt;
And ſo (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their owne ſelfe-amiſſe;
Other indifferent things, that neither make, nor marre,
But to the good, be good; to th' euill, euill are.
Is't not great fooliſhnes, for any to complaine.
That ſomthing is not don, which doth him nought cõſtraine?
Sith, if he vſe the ſame, ſoule-health it hurteth not,
Or, if he doo not vſe't it helpeth not a iot.
But needs muſt we complain (ſay ſome) for we haue cauſe:
Then at your peril be't; for, that which chiefly drawes
You thereto, 'tis in trueth your bruteneſſe in miſ-deeming
Things euill, that are good (for ſenſe-contrary ſeeming):
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors miſt,
Your drowſie ſpirits doo droope, alas what maruell is't

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Both voyde of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood
Of Being euer freed from their hands thirſting-blood;
In ſpight of them, he knowes that one day he ſhall die,
And then he ſhall inioy an endleſs *Libertie*.
If he be forc't to fly from his deere country-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,
He doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Country common,
From whence, no tyranny (till death) can baniſh no-man.
If that he muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie he moſt delighteth in:
He knowes that where he findes a man he findes a Kinſman:
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſinnes-man).
If (being ſpoil'd of wealth, and wanton-pampering plentie)
He find vpon his boord two diſhes ſcant of twentie,
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,
Whereas he had before, a new for euery day:
He learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids vs be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Iob*) into this world we brought,
Nor with vs when we die can we hence carry ought.
If he be paſſing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of euery needfull thing for belly and for back,
He learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To giue to euery one (in time) the thing he needeth:
And that the Fowles of Heauen, and Cattel ſmall and great,
Doo neither ſowe nor reape, yet find they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire which growe among the graſſe,
Doo neither ſpin nor worke, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and ornament)
The glorious *Salomon's* rich robes of Parlament.
If ſo that he be ſicke, or wounded in the arme,
In body, back, or breſt, or ſuch like kind of harme:
If in extremitie of angry paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, he bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that euer martyr'd man,
At once on euery ſide afflict him all they can:
The more that he endures, the more his comforts growe,
Sith ſo his wrechednes he ſooner comes to knowe;

That

That from worldsvanities he may himſelfe aduance,
Which hold all thoſe frō heauen, that ſtill delight that dance:
He feares not thoſe at all that with their vtmoſt might,
Hauing the body ſlaine, can do no farther ſpight:
But onely him that with ten thouſand deaths can kill
The ſoule and body both, for euer if he will:
He knowes it is their lot that ſeek to pleaſe their God,
To be afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod:
So that, what-euer croſſe, how-euer ſharpe aſſaile-him,
His conſtant harts-content and comfort cannot faile-him.

But, he muſt die (ſay you): alas can that diſmay?
Where is the labourer that (hauing wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearineſſe oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when he ſhall goe to reſt?
The Marchant that returnes from ſome far forraine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as he ſees his ſhip her home-hauen enter ſafe,
Will he repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought too ſoon home to his natiue ſoil,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylours ſpoile?
He knowes, frō thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe
That in heauens euer-ioyes, he euer may repoſe-him: (him,
That he muſt bring his Bark into this Creeke, before
Int'l'euerlaſting Land he can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That he can neuer come to in-corruption,
Vnles that firſt his fleſh doo feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with ioy, hauing his helpe ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack he eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.

But, more (perhaps) then death the kind of death diſmaieth,
Which ſerues him for a bridge that him to heauen conuaieth,
Whether he end his dayes by naturall diſeaſe:
Or in a boyſterous ſtorme do periſh on the Seas:
Or by the bloody hands of armed foes be ſlaine:
Or by miſchance a ſtone fall downe, and daſh his braine:
Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day or els by night his bones be paſht a-ſunder;
Or burned at a ſtake, or bitterly tormented
By cruell ſlaughter-men, in tortures new-inuented;

Alas, alas! for that, much-leſſe then leaſt he careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, he fareth;
Who, if he may be drawne vp from the noyſom place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes craule ouer feet & face,
Reſpects not, whether that ye vſe a ſilken skaine,
Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, ſo he get vp againe:
Euen ſo, ſo he may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The maner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doo torture);
If it be violent, he knowes it is the ſhorter:
But, be it n'er ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To vs, whoſe Poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents do hyue,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man aliue?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe vnfain'd bitterneſſe
Brings (to this very life) full many torments fell,
And after dingeth downe to th'endleſs paine of Hell)
Should be prefer'd before theſe ſeeming-ſowrs, that make vs
Taſte many true-ſweet ſweets yer this dead life forſake vs,
And after, lift vs vp to that ſame bleſſed ioy,
That euermore ſhall laſt, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I ſuppoſe) ſo deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with theſe ills falſly ſeeming,
Than inliefalne-in-loue with heauen-ioyes excellence)
Approouing this eſtate, fly't as the peſtilence.
And yet, in this eſtate is found felicity
(As far foorth as it may, amid the vanity
Of this frail fading world, where each thing hourly changes):
For, neuer from it ſelfe true happineſſe eſtranges:
It neuer doth decay, it neuer doth decreaſe:
In ſpight of angry Warre, it euer liues in peace:
Maugre poore want, it hath ten thouſand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inuiron'd round with woe, it doth reioyce and ſing:
Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater then a King,
It ſits ſecure and ſafe, free from hart-pining feares:
For, euer with it ſelfe it all deere treaſures beares.

Not

Not needing any aide of men-of-armes to watch them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch-them.
Whereas, we dayly see so many men, whose mind
To transitorie trash of world-wealth inclinde,
In their abundance beg, and in their plentie poore
(For who hath had so much, that hath not wished more?)
No treasures can suffice the gulf of their desire;
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aspire:
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled soule doth euer burne and boyle.
For euery short content of any false delight,
A thousand bitter throes torment them day and night.
All their estate doth stand abroad in hands of strangers:
Therfore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dāgers,
The more their miseries, because the more they need
Much strength and many men vnto their hoords to heed:
Dreading (with cause) least craft or cruelty, or either
Bereaue them of their blisse, and treasure both together.
Needs must we then confesse, that in aduersitie
Their is more happines then in prosperity:
Sith that the minde of man so soone it selfe betrayes
Vnto the guilefull snares that worldly pleasure layes,
Which make vs at the last head-long to Hell to runne:
All which, aduersitie doth make vs safely shunne.
But, here it may be askt, if pleasure, state, and store,
(Plunging vs in the Pit of vices more and more)
Be subiect so to make vs more and more accurst,
Must we esteeme that griefe (which sense esteemeth worst)
More fit to better vs, and bring vs vnto blisse,
Then those whose smarting sting is not so strong as this?
Sure, sith that in our selues our cause originall
Of blisse and bale we hide, it matters not at all:
For, still the faithfull man one and the same remains,
Whether the griefe be great or little he sustains:
Sith how so e'r it be, he takes occasion thence,
To seek in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for be cause our soule (the while she doth consort
With this grosse fleshly lump) cannot, but in som sort

Suffer

Suffer as sensible, yea, oftentimes so far,
That her best functions all, lesse apt and able are,
Than els at other times: I doo suppose the proof
Of one, then other ill, auailes more in behoof.
That this is so, we see, a sick-man oft to finde
Such ioyfull quietnes and comfort in his minde,
That he esteems himselfe the best content-a liue:
But yet the sharpe disease (which doth his health depriue)
With-holdeth in som sort his senses and his wit,
That freely other-where he cannot vse them fit.
And so it fares with him, that (through resolued well)
Endures the cruell strains of any torture fell.
Now, for the banisht man, the changing of his dwelling
Neuer disturbes his ioy. And he whose wealth excelling
Turns in a trice to want, by whatsoeuer chaunce,
His courage neuer shrinkes, nor yet his countenance.
So that in their content, all foure are all a-like,
A-like reioycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two last haue odds in their extremities;
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde
To many goodly things, wherein great ioy they finde
(I mean when each distresse offends a man alone,
Not when he is assail'd at once of euery one.)
Yet, perill's quickly past, danger endureth not,
Exile so easie growes that it is soon forgot,
The greatest losse that is we minde not many houres:
For, thousand accidents distract this soule of ours,
Which cannot in such sort the senses still restrain,
But that they will goe feed on many obiects vain;
Whereby at vn-awares she oftentimes, surpris'd,
Is ouer-reacht by those, whose rigour she despis'd:
And so, the pleasant taste she doth vntimely misse,
Wherewith affliction sweet doth season heer her blisse.
So that, som other State (wherein our soule, lesse fed
With sundry obiects vain, shall be more settled)
May rightly be preferd to these which make her stay,
And stumble often-times, vnto her owne decay.

And

And therefore, I maintain *close Prison* to be best
Of all afflictions that may a man molest.
Considering, all defects to other crosses common,
In this are seldom found, and almost felt of no man.
For *Prison* is a place where God sequesters men,
Farre from the vile prospect of vanities terrene,
To make them thence withdrawe their harts, and to confesse
That in his grace alone consists their happines.
It is a learned School, where God himself reads cleerly
True wisedoms perfect rules, to those he loueth deerly.
There, th'vnderstanding (free, amid the many chains,
That binde the body fast) findes out a thousand means
To learne another day to be more apt and able
(According to our place) for vses seruiceable,
To profit publike-weal: for euermore we ought
(In seeking self-gain) see that common good be sought.
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:
For which, what fitter mean then such a sequestration,
Where each man vndisturb'd, through diligence may growe,
According to the gifts that gratious Heav'ns bestowe:
One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,
The vertuous to aduance, and vicious to abate:
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity:
Another to discern true Truth from Sophistry,
Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)
To frame wise Stratagems for woefull wars alarmes:
For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get
By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met.
And (briefly to conclude) som, gravely to aduise,
Som, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies:
But, most of all, to search within the sacred Writ,
The secret mysteries to mans saluation fit.
A world of vanities, that doo distract vs heer,
During our *Libertie*; in Durance, com not neer:
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,
Bounding vs round about within a narrow floor,
Doth gard vs from the gall which Sathan (spring of spight)
Mingles among the sweets of this vain worlds delight.

If

If he be happier man that liueth free from foes,
Then he whom angry troops of enemies inclose:
Much more the Prisoner then of his high blisse may boast,
For being so farre off from such a hugie hoast
Of hatefull foes so fierce in malice and in might,
Himself so faint and weake, and so vnfit to fight.
For he, and we (God wot) in steed of standing to-it
(How-euer in a vein, we vaunt that we will do-it)
When 't commeth to the brunt we cannot brook the field,
But either flie like hares, or els like cowards yeeld.
The sundry obiects fond, which make vs soon forget
Each other chastisment, in this doo neuer let.
For turn we where we list, and looke which way we wil,
At all times to our sight one thing is offred still:
Whether on pauement, roof, or wall, we cast our eye,
Alwaies of our estate an Image we descry,
And so it also fares with our newes-greedy ear,
One very sound resounds about vs euery where:
Where-euer harken we, we hear of nought but foes,
Our keepers commonly are not too-kind (God knowes)
By the least noyse that is, continually they tell
In what estate we stand, and in what house we dwell.
So that incessantly our harts are lift on high,
Som-times to prayse the Lord for his benignity,
Who doth not punish vs after our foule offense,
Though by a thousand sinnes we daily him incense:
Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble harts with such great force bedight,
That we, in stead of grief, or grudging at the pains
Of sharpest chastisements, whereof the world complains,
Leauing this foule-shed Earth, doo mount the highest place,
Where throught rue faith) we taste his honey-sweeter grace:
Som-times to giue him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand we haue to help our needing:
And to be short, *sans* cease to meditate on all
The countlesse benefits that from his goodnes fall,
Not suffering any houre to pass away for nought
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.

Yet

Yet, doth the world eſteem this, a moſt hard eſtate,
And him that feels the ſame, it counts vnfortunate:
But I would gladly ſee ſom other ſtate, wherein
(With ſuch commodity) ſo much content is ſeen;
Wherein leſſe hinderance, and leſſe incomberance lies,
To make men miſſe the path vnto perfections priſe.
Sure ſir (will ſom man ſay) you ſet a good face on-it:
One might at length conuert, commenting ſo vpon-it,
The cruell'ſt Priſon-houſe into a Manſion fair,
Where 'twere not hard to liue content, and void of care.
You take your *Priſoner* for a practiue man of Art:
But ſuch as thoſe (God knowes) you finde the feweſt part.
You fain him to be friend to ſolitude and quiet:
But the moſt part are prone to reuell and to riot.
One muſt be free from noyſe that means to ſtudy well:
Whereof, who can be ſure in ſuch a ſervile Hell?
Beſides, he muſt haue Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Priſoners* hands are ſeldom left I think;
So that you do not fain your gail ſo good and gainfull,
As to finde out the ſame is difficult and painfull.
I anſwere in a word (if any ſo ſhall wrangle)
doo not bound all bliſſe within ſo ſtraight an angle:
ſay, great happines and hart-reviuing ioy
Follows th'afflicted ſort in euery ſharp annoy:
But that there is no croſſe that doth ſo much auail,
To make vs fit to help our neighbour, as the gail,
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleaſure giues
Means to effect the ſame, vnto the leaſt that liues.
But be it ſo, in bands, that nothing learne we can,
Tis to be learn'd inough to be an honeſt man:
And this is th'only School, wherin th'Arch-maſter teacheth,
Himſelf, by ſecret means, rules that the rudeſt reacheth.
Th'aduiſe of ſuch a one more profit doth impart,
Then of the wicked ſort with all their curious Art.
Concerning ſolitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inclin'd vnto the contrary:
There the aſſiſtant grace of God we chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth alſo change our minde.

For

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In priſon (to conclude) a man at once may trie
All manner of extreams of earthly miſery:
In which reſpect (perhaps) the worſe ſom deem of it,
Being (as 'twere) the Butt that all men ſtriue to hit;
But, I eſteem the ſame the perfecter for that:
For, if one croſſe alone can make vs eleuate
Our groueling earth-deſires from cogitations baſe,
To haue recourſe to God, and to implore his grace;
Seeking in him alone our perfect ioy and bliſſe:
Much more ſhall many griefs at once, accompliſh this.
For many can doo more then one (without reſpect):
And ſtill, the geater cauſe, the greater the effect.
Indeed (ſay other-ſom) theſe reaſons haue ſom reaſon:
But, then whence comes it, that ſo many men in Priſon,
With hundred thouſand pains, pincht and oppreſſed ſore;
In ſteed of bettering there, wax worſer then before:
In ſteed of ſweet content, doo ſtill complain and crie;
In ſteed of learning more, loſe former induſtry?
Though (in apparance great) your ſayings ſeem but iuſt,
Yet plain experience (ſure) we think is beſt to truſt.
That hidden vertue rare, that ſo great good atchiues,
Lies in the Priſoners hart, not in his heauy Gyues;
The good growe better there, the bad become the wurſe:
For by their ſinne they turn Gods bleſſing into curſe.
And that's the cauſe the moſt are mal-content and ſad:
With euermore the good are fewer then the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchſafe his grace?
Proud earth-worms, pawſe we there: let's fear before his face,
Admiring humbly all his holy Iudgements high,
Exceeding all too far our weak capacitie.
The Potters veſſell vile, doth vs our leſſon ſhowe,
Which argues not with him why he hath made it ſo:
Much leſs may we contend, but rather reſt content
With that which God hath giuen. He is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, moſt iuſt, and perfit wiſe
On ſom, he poures a Sea of his benignities,
On ſom, a ſhallow Brook, on other ſom, a Flood:
Giuing to ſom, a ſmall; to ſom, a greater good:

As,

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For, in foule idlenes to ſpend ſo large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grieuous crime.
First in the morning, when the ſpirit is freſh and fit,
I ſuck the honey ſweet from foorth the *ſacred Writ*,
Wherein (by faith) we taſte that true celeſtiall bread,
Whence our immortall ſoules are euer onely fed:
Then ſearch I out the ſawes of other ſage Diuines
(The beſt here to be had) among whoſe humain lines,
Supported by the grace of Gods eſpeciall power,
I leaue the thorn behinde, and pluck the healthſom flower.
Somtimes, I doo admire, in books of Heathen men,
Graue-ſayings ſauoring more a ſacred Chriſtian pen,
Than many of our age, whoſe bold vnlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on euery ſide:
Sometimes when I obſerue in euery ancient ſtorie,
Such vertues preſidents, trim patterns of true glory,
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,
Where vertue is deſpis'd, and vice hath all the praiſe.
Oft I lament to ſee ſo many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praiſe, that beſt their learning fits).
To ſing of nought but lyes, and loues, and wanton Theames,
Falſe ſooth-ſin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.
Then, turning towards thoſe, that fill'd with holier flame,
For onely obiect chooſe th' Eternalls ſacred name;
Theſe chiefly I admire, whoſe honourable browes
Diſdain the fained crowne of fading *Laurel* boughes:
Then full-gorg'd with the ſweets of ſuch a dainty feaſt
(Prickt forward with deſire to imitate the beſt)
Oft times I exerciſe this Art-les Muſe of mine
To ſing in holy Verſe ſome argument diuine.
One while to praiſe my God for all receiued good:
Another while to beg, that in his deere Sons blood
My black ſinnes he will waſh, and that he will not waigh
At his high Iuſtice beame, how I haue gone a-ſtray.
Sometimes, theſe wretched times to pittie and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones do flouriſh more and more.
Sometime to waile the State of ſad diſtreſſed *Sion*
Imploring to her aide the Tribe of *Iudah's* Lion.

If any other Theame at any time I take,
Yet neuer doth my Verſe the ſetled bounds forſake
That Veritie preſcribes, nor now no more diſguiſe
The vgly face of ſinne with maske of painted lies.
And though that (heeretofore) I alſo in my time
Haue writ Loues vanities in looſe and wanton rime:
Twas as a whet-ſtone that, whereon I whet my ſtile,
Yer it were ably-apt ought grauer to compile:
Yet I repent thereof: for, we muſt neuer tend
To bring by euill meanes a good intent to end.
When as my wearie ſpirits ſome relaxation aske,
To recreate the ſame, I take ſome other taske:
One while vpon the Lute, my nimble ioints I plie,
Then on the Virginalls: to whoſe ſweet harmonie
Marrying my ſimple voice, in ſolemne Tunes I ſing
Some Pſalme or holy Song, vnto the heauenly King.
So that, the idleſt houre of all the time that flies
So faſt, is neuer free from ſome good exerciſe:
Wherein I ioy as much, as euer I haue done,
In the moſt choiſe delights found vnderneath the Sun.
But, you can neuer walke, nor goe to take the aire.
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne're ſo faire:
But there in ſolitude you leade your life alone,
Bard from the fellowſhip of (almoſt) euery one:
Which doubtles (at the laſt) muſt grieue you needs I thinke.
A man that neuer thirſts hath neuer need of drinke:
So, though I be bereft theſe other things you ſpeake-of,
I miſſe nor minde them not, as things I neuer reake-of.
For, I haue ſchool'd my heart ſince my captiuitie,
To wiſh for nothing els, but what is granted me:
And, what is graunted me, contents me paſſing well.
In each condition doth ſome contentment dwell.
But men of differing ſtates haue difference in delights,
What pleaſeth common eyes, that irketh Princes ſights,
What raſhlings do delight, that ſober men deſpiſe,
What fooles take pleaſure in, doth but offend the wiſe,
What proſperous people loath, afflicted folke will loue,
And what the free abhorr, that priſoners will approue:

But all haue equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:
For, whoſo preſently himſelfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither paſſed ill, nor future ill, to feare:
Th'one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray vs.
Th'other which is not yet, as little can diſmay-vs.
For, what no eſſence hath, that alſo hath no might,
And that which hath no power, can do a man no ſpight:
Beſides, ſith that our life is but a pilgrimage
Through which we dayly paſſe to th'heauenly heritage:
Although it ſeeme to thee that theſe my bands do let-me,
Yet haſte I to the goale the which my God hath ſet me,
As faſt as thou that runſt thy ſelfe ſo out of breath
In poaſting night and day, by dales and hills and heath.
If thou haue open fields, and I be priſoner;
T'importeth me no more, then to the mariner
Whether he go to ſea ſhipt in ſome ſpacious arke,
Or els (at leſſer ſcope) aboord ſom leſſer barke.
Nay, heer the leaſt is beſt, ſith this vaſt Ocean wide,
Whereon we daily ſaile, a thouſand rocks doth hide,
Gainſt which the greater ſhips are caſt-away full oft;
While ſmall boats (for the moſt) float ouer, ſafe, aloft.
Then may I well conclude with reaſon and aſſurance,
That there's no better ſtate then to be kept in durance.
A ſweeter kind of life I neuer prou'd then there:
Nor was I euer toucht with leſſer griefe and care:
If that I care at all, it is for others cauſe,
And for the miſeries this times corruption drawes,
But, being well aſſur'd that nothing heere betideth
Againſt Gods ordinance and will that all thinges guideth:
And knowing him to be good, iuſt, and moſt of might
I gladly yeeld my ſelfe to th'order he hath pight.
For he it is, that now makes me accept ſo well
And like of this eſtate which others hate as hell:
He'tis, that heeretofore vouchſaf't me like relief,
When as I was oppreſt with a more grieuous griefe:
He'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no leſſe,
Although a hundred fold were doubled my diſtreſſe.

Yea, he it is that makes me profit euery day,
And also so content in this estate to stay,
That of my liberty I am not now so faine
To think by liberty a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit most my friends and countrie so.
Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)
The Lord still towards me his fauour to extend.
And that he will vouchafe still to allot like grace,
To all that for like cause are handled in like case.

FINIS.



OF

OF THE WORKE, AVTHOR, AND *TRANSLATOR.*

LO heere, a MONVMENT admir'd of all
That weigh the *compaſs*, *weight*, and *height* of It;
O'retopping *Ennie's* clowds, and ever ſhall,
Sith built by deepeſt *Art*, and higheſt *Wit*.
The BASE that beares it, is the WORD that ſtands
True GROVND of higheſt *glorie*, *Truth*, and *grace*:
The BVILDING rear'd by two rare *Heads* and *Hands*
(Divinely holp) to glorifie that BASE.
Heer *French* and *Engliſh*, ioyne in friendly fight
(On even *Ground*) to proue their vtmoſt pow'r;
Who ſhew ſuch equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,
That hard it is to ſay who's Conquerour.
But *Engliſh* bound to foot it like the *French*,
And offer nought, but what ſhall like her foe,
It is as glorious feld to take a Wrench,
As, being free, to giue an Overthrowe.
If *French* to *Engliſh* were ſo ſtrictly bound,
It would but paſſing lamely ſtriue with it;
And ſoon be forç't to loſe both *grace* and *ground*,
Although they ſtraue with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.
Beſides, all *Proſe* is eaſier to tranſlate
Than *Verſe*; and eaſier lowe, than lofty *Lines*:
Then, theſe LINES, reaching to the top of STATE,
Are hard'ſt of all; yet none of all declines.

O fair *Tranſlation* then, with ſmoothed face,
Go forth t'allure TIMES *Turns* to turne Thee o're:
So ſhall they in thy folds vnfold thy *grace*;
And grace thee with Fames glorie, more and more.
If* HE, that churn'd the cream of *Poetry*,
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muſes* feeds,
Divined truely, it ſhould never die;
Then, what ſhall *This*, that far the ſame exceeds?
He labour'd *Lines*, which though they doe endure
All turns of *Time*, yet was their Stuf profane:
But, theſe are drawne of STVF more heavenly-pure,
That moſt ſhall ſhine; when Thoſe are in the wane.
He, though his *Braines* (profanely) were diuine,
And glorious *Monuments* of Art compos'd,
Was yet exil'd for many a looſer *Line*,
That made them wantons, chaſtly elſe diſpos'd:
But, Thou (*cleer* BARTAS, his *deare* SYLVESTER,
Whoſe *Lines* do lead to VERTVES only gain,
And with ſweet *Poeſies* ſtrew'ſt the way to Her)
How ſhould the *World* remunerate thy pain?
And, If *from Hearts Aboundance Tongues do ſpeak*;
And what we moſt affect, we moſt do minde:
It argues, thou this *Argument* didſt ſeek;
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didſt it finde.
So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muſe*,
With greater eaſe to vtter her *Conceits*;
For whoſe deare birth, thou didſt all eaſe refuſe,
Worlds-weal, and (being a *Marchant*) thy *Receits*.
This *pain* ſo pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughtes*, that thou
Forſook'ſt the *Sea*, and took'ſt thee to the *Soile*;
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'ſt to Plow
Arts furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.
This ſtole thee from thy ſelf, thy ſelf to finde
In ſacred *Raptures* on the *Muſes* Hill:
And, went'ſt out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,
More freely ſo, to vſe thy *Wit* and *Will*.

* *Ouid. Metamor.*

And

And (O!) how hapleſs had we *Brittans* been,
(Sith heer is ſtor'd ſuch ſweet Soule-*rauiſhments*)
Had'ſt thou not made them to vs clearly ſeen:
Who giue thee for it praiſing-*Diſcontents*.
If ſo great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *Fame*
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Preſs* ſhall be
Preſt but for *Vices* Seruice (Sourſe of *Shame*).
So, *Times* to come, in *Print* our ſhame ſhall ſee.
But O! bee 't farre from this ſo famous Iſle
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;
Sith it doth grace and glory quite exile;
And is the cauſe of many a bad effect.
O terren Gods, as ye to *State* aſpire
Lift *Learning* vp with you; eſpecially
If matcht with *Wiſdom*, and diuine deſire:
So ſhall ye twice be like the DEITY.
And, weigh what powr the PENS of ſuch poſſeſs
(Of ſuch; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)
Their PENS eternize can your worthineſs,
And make ye glorious paſt ſucceeding *Times*.
But you do iuſtly to neglect and ſcorn
The curſed crue, that do the Muſe abuſe:
For, they your praiſes to diſpraiſes turn,
As Vice, in prayſing VERTVES grace, doth vſe.
Their wine-driuen Braines, inuolv'd in Follies Cloud,
Fly here, and there, (and where not?) with a trice;
And, though both Beggars baſe, yet paſſing proud;
Conſtant in nothing but inconſtant Vice.
Making looſe lines (forſooth) their *Scala Coeli*;
A *Tauerne* for a Temple to adore
There only god, their guts, their beaſtly Belly;
To whom they offer all their ſlender Store.
The *Lauds* of ſuch, are odious like their Lives)
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they do but touch;
Whoſe glory to the fowleſt ſhame arrives:
Then, well you fence your fame to keepe off ſuch.

But they whose liues, and lauds, and lines are SOVRCE
Of Morall vertue, running by each stone
(Men High, and Hard; that let them in their Course)
To Seas of glory, like cleere *Helicon*;
O! these ye should support, and still receiue
Into the Ocean of your bound-less loue:
For, these (like trueſt Friends) will take, and giue
No more but what true *Vertue* shall approue.
If these should pine away, through your neglect,
Your memories shall dy, or liue with shame;
Sith such a Muse is the chief *Architect*,
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting NAME.
Achilles fame, with him, had been interr'd,
Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Starrs*;
And, of *Æneas* we had never heard,
Had *Virgils* STRAINES not been his *Trumpeters*.
One of the NINE had been our *Warwick's* GVY,
(The NINE, whose *worth* all *Times* so much commend;
And so disrankt great BVLLENS GODFEREY)
Had he but had a TASSO for his friend.
LAVRA had nere so greenly growne aboue
Hir *Peeres*, as now she doth, to after-times,
Had she not had a PETRARCH to hir Loue;
Which made hir mount, with NECTAR dropping *Rimes*.
No, no: ye cannot but out-liue your Fame,
If ye vphold not FAME's best Notaries:
If these ye scorn, your glory is but game;
For, when ye dye, in game your glory dies.
And, though blest PEACE hath turnd our Spears, to Spades,
Let it not turn our *Pens* to *Ploughes*, or worse;
By *Learning* some should liue, as som by Trades,
In blessed STATES, that would incur no curse.
Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice suppreſt,
There all to Vice will run; and so to wrack:
For, then the worst shall Lord it ore the best;
And where that is, all goes to vtter sack.

Re-

Reward and *Punishment* (like *Armes* of Steel)
Do still vphold each KINGVpholding STATE:
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;
But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of *Hate*.
Then may thy HOPES (wingd by thy virtuous Muse,
Dear *Sylvester*) expect some cherishment,
In this blest *State*, that still those *Armes* will vse,
To staie her *Grace*, and grace her *Gouernment*:
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,
Thou art *Christ's* Image; crost, for *Glorious* crown.

Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.

The vnfained louer of thine Art,
honesty, and vertue,

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

FINIS.

A briefe Index, explayning moſt of *the hardeſt words ſcattered through this* whole Worke, for eaſe of ſuch as are leaſt exerciſed *in theſe kinde of readings.*

A

A Byſſe, a gulfe or bottomleſs pit.

Abderian and *Abderite*, Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abdera, a citie in Thracia.

Aben-Roes, a learned Philoſopher of Corduba, ſprung from Arabian parents.

Abidus, Leanders Towne.

Academian Shades, Platos Schoole.

Acheron, a riuer in Hell.

Aconite, Libbards (or Wolfes) bane.

Achilles, the moſt valiant captain of the Myrmidons.

Adonis, a moſt beautifull yong man, beloued of Venus.

Adrian, *Adriatike* } *Sea*, the gulfe of *Venice*.

Aeſon, the father of Iaſon, made young againe by the skill of Medea.

Aetheriall, heauenly.

Aeſulcapius, an excellent Phyſician, father of Apollo.

Africa, the South-quarter of the World.

Aiax Shield, a prouerb, for a ſure defence.

Argueſcald, a bath in Gaſconie.

Alarbies, and *Arabians*, wilde & vpland *Arabian* theeues.

Albion, England, the Ile of great Brittaine.

Alceſté, the moſt chaſte and louing wife of Admetus, that gaue her owne life to ſaue her husbands.

Alcides, Hercules: *Alcides ſpires*, Hercules Pillers: *Alcides griefe*, the falling Sickenes.

Alcmæna, the mother of Hercules.

Alcaron, the Turks Law, and Religion.

Aleband, a Cittie in Caria, of olde famous for the beſt Bowe-ſtrings.

Alecto, looke Furies.

Alexanders Altars, were at the foote

foot of the Ryphean Mountaines.

Almicantharats, and Almadarats, Arabian names of Circles which are imagined to passe through euerie degree of the Meridian, Parallel to the Horizon vp to the Zenith.

Alhidade, a Rule on the backe of the Astrelabe to measure heights, breadths & depths.

Amafrosse, gutta serena, a disease in the sinnewes of the Sight.

Amalthean Horne, plenty of all things.

Amblygone, a flat Triangle,

Ambrosia, the Gods meate.

American, the French disease brought first from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.

Amia, a fish like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Constantinople.

Amphitrite, the Sea.

Amphisbæna, a Serpent hauing a head at both ends.

Amphion, the author of Harmonie and builder of Thæbes.

Amyclean Harp, Arion, the Lesbian Harper.

Amyot, a learned French-man, translator of Plutark, and other Greek Authors.

Ancossa, a Bath in Gasconie.

Andromeda, the Wife of Perseus, (with her husband, Father and Mother) turned into a Starre.

Androdus, a Romane slaue gratefully requited of a Lion.

Anorexia a queasinesse of stomach.

Antheus, Antenors sonne, beloued and vnwillingly slain by Paris.

M. *Anthonie*, competitor with Octauius and Lepidus for the Roman Empire.

Antiperistasis, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumstance.

Antipodes, those people that dwell directly vnder vs.

Antartike, Sutherne.

Aonian han the Muses.

Apelles, an *d*, cellent Painter.

Apium risex a kinde of Crowfoote that killes men with laughing.

Appianus way, one of the broadest wayes in Rome.

Apollo, the Sunne, the God of Musicke and Physicke.

Apoplexie, a kinde of dead palsie.

Apoeg, the point fartheſt from the Center of the earth.

Arabians, people of Aſia, inhabiting between Iudæa & Egypt, rich in aromatical ſpices and ſweete Odors.
Arcadian ſcoute, Mercurie.
Arcenal, an Armorie or ſtore-houſe.
Archelaus, a king much praiſed by Plutarch and others for wiſedom & temperance, & for delight in husbandry.
Archimedes a famous Mathematician of Syracuſa.
Architas, a noble Philoſopher of Tarentum.
Arion, a famous Harper and lyrike poet, born at Methymna in the Ile of Lesbos.
Arne, a Riuer in Italie.
Arcenik, orpine: ſuppos'd okar
Artemiſia, Queene of Caria, wife of Mauſolus.
Artemiſiã ſtem, Mugg-woorte.
Armorik, Brittaine in France.
Armados, Spaniſh Armies, or great ſhippes of Warre.
Artik, Northrē, or of the north
Ariſtotle, the moſt famous Philoſopher of Stagyra.
Aſia, a third part of the world, in former times moſt famous for Learning and Religion; but now for the moſt part miſerably yoked vnder the Turkes tyranny.
Aſylum, a refuge or defence.
Aſſur, one of the Sons of Sem: alſo the countrie of Aſſyria.
Aſtaroth, an Idol of the Philiſtines.
Aſtræa, Iuſtice.
Aſtrelabe, an inſtrument to gather the motion of the Stars.
Aſthma, ſhortwindednetſe.
Attains, a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the country life.
Atlantik Sea, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.
Atlas, a King skilfull in Aſtronomy, therefore fained to beare vp Heauen, it is alſo a mountaine in Barbary.
Athenian Sage, Socrates.
Attick Muſe Xenophon.
Atheiſts, thoſe that acknowledge no God, infidels.
Aurora, the morning.
Auſter, the South winde
Auernus, Hell.
Auicen, a learned Philoſopher & Phyſician, borne at Seuil, of Arabian ſtock.
Aziminths, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.
Anian, a Streight, or narrow Sea betweene Aſia and America: as yet little diſcouered.
Aglaia, looke Graces.
Aetna, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.

Aſphaltis

Aphaltis, Mare mortuum. The ſtinking lake, where Sodō & her execrable ſiſters ſtood.

Annals, Hiſtories from yeeree to yeere.

Arch Colonel, vſurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captaine of the Hoaſt.

Anathem, execration, curſe, excommunication.

Anatomie, the inciſion or cutting vp of the body of Man or Beaſt as Surgeons doo, to ſee the parts.

Amphitryonide, Hercules, begottē by Iupiter on Alcmæna, the wife of Amphitryo.

Attick, a Prouince of Greece; wherein ſtood the Cittie of Athens.

Atropos, look Parcæs.

Alecto, look Furies.

Aſſabine, Iupiter with the Aſſyrians.

Aglaia, look Graces.

Architraue, the crown or chapter of a Piller: alſo a principall beam in any Building.

Arabian bird, the Phœnix.

Argolian ſhowers, Iupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danae daughter of Acriſius, King of Argiues, Argolikes, or Argolians.

Aegiſthus, look Clytemneſtra.

Aſpiks, venemous little ſerpēts

Anchyſes Pheere, is Venus on whom he begat Aeneas.

Abramide, of the race of Abraham.

B

Baltik Ocean, the Daniſh ſea.

Baignere, a Bath in Gaſconye.

Bandans, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent ſpices.

Bacchanalian Frowes, Women-prieſts of Bacchus, the God of Cups.

Bardes, ancient Poets and Sages.

Barege, a Bath in Gaſconie.

Barr-Geeſe and Barnacles, a kinde of foules that grow of rotten Trees & brokē ſhips.

Bek, a Phrygian word, ſignifying bread.

Belgian, of the Nether-lands.

Belgrad, a Town in Hungary, taken by the Turke.

Bellona, Goddeſſe of warre.

Belus Sonne, Ninus, firſt King of Aſſyria, ſuppoſed to be inuenter of Nauigation.

Bitumen, a kinde of oylie, ſlimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.

Bizantium, Conſtantinople.

Brontes, one of Vulcans Forgemen.

Briareus, a Giāt with 100. hands

Brutus heires, Engliſhmen, Brit-

Brittans.

Baeconi, Poiſonie confections, Italian figges.

Bon-iours, Good-morrowes.

Bonarets, a kinde of Beaſt-plantes.

Bootes, a little ſtar in the North Pole neere to *Vrſa minor*, vſed for the North.

Boreas, the North-winde.

Boſphores, 2. Straicts, ſo called of an Oxes wading ouer: the one ſurnamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.

Boulime, a hungry, or greedie diſeaſe in a cold ſtomach.

Bucephalus, the courageous Horſe of Alexãder the great.

Buſiris, a moſt cruell Tyrant of Egypt which vſed to ſacrifice ſtrangers to Iupiter.

Butric, a learned and eloquent German (of late daies) Counſailer to Caſſimirus.

Bombards, great Ordinance.

Bubaſtik, that is Egyptian.

Bethel, a Mountaine in the South Confines of Iſraell where Ieroboham ſet vppe one of his Calues.

Birdene, a Wilderneſſe in the Weſt of Egypt.

Babels, indeede Bables, idle Monuments of Pompe and Plenty.

Belzebut, the God of Accaron the prince of Diuels.

Brachmans, Indian Philoſophers: Moderne writers call them Bramines.

Bigaurian Hills, part of the Pyrene Mountaines betweene Fraunce and Spaine.

C

Cabaliſtik, myſticall Traditions among the Iewes Rabbins.

Cæſars, Emperours, ſo called from C. Iulius Cæſar the firſt Emperour.

Cadmus, ſonne of *Agenor*, who ſlew a ſerpent, & pulling out his teeth ſowed them in the ground, whereof inſtantly there ſprung-vp ready armed men.

Cairo, a Cittie in the midſt of Ægypt, of olde called Babylon, and thought one of the greateſt in the world.

Calamarie, a fiſh that may be well called the Sea-Clarke, being furniſhed with neceſſaries for a ſcribe.

Callicrates, an excellent Caruer, eſpecially in ſmal works.

Calpe, a Mountaine within the Sraights of Gibaltar iuſt oppoſit to *Abila*: theſe two

are

are called the Pillars of Hercules.

Cannibals, people in the South part of America that eate mans-flesh.

Candia, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, subiect to the Venetians.

Cana, a Town in Galile, where Christ wrought his first miracle; at a mariage.

Cantharus, a fish of admirable chastity.

Capharean Rock, a most dangerous and rockie Coast of Euboea, now called Negropont.

Carpese, a venemous plant, whose Iuice causeth deepe sleepe, and so strangleth the Patient.

Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Austria.

Carraques, great Spanish vessels.

Caligula, a most wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.

Cassagale, the Cittie Quinzay, in the East Indies.

Cassiopeia, Mother of Andromeda.

Castalian Well, springes, Fount, Springs at the foote of Parnassus sacred to the Muses.

Cathay, a large Country in East Asia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.

Catharact, a violent fall of any Water, causing a deafenes with the noyse, also a disease in the Eye distilling a tough humor like gelly.

Catiline, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conspiracie against his Country.

Cato, a reuerend and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and resolute death.

Caudrets, a Bath in Gascony.

Caucasus, a verie high Mountaine that diuides Scythia from India.

Ceres, Goddesse of Harueſt, inuentresse of Tillage and of the vse of Corne, somtimes vsed for the earth.

Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.

Centaures, halfe men, halfe horses, begotten by Ixion on a Clowd.

Ceraſtes, a Serpent of sundry colours, with hornes like a Ramme.

Cerathus, a Riuer in Candie from whence comes the best Malmsie.

Hardeſt words.

Cerbas, a Tree in the Indies, of 15 fadome about.

Cerberus, the three-headed dogge of Hell, the Porter there.

Celtike, a part of France.

Chaos, a confuſed heape, the matter of the World before it receiued forme.

Chaldea, the Country wherein Babylon ſtood: where were great Aſtronomers, Magicians, and Sooth-ſayers.

Charles Martel, K. of France, ouerthrewe 400000. Turks neere vnto Tours.

Chermez, the grain wherewith Skarlat & Crimſon are dyed.

Chymeras, ſtrange Fancies, monſtrous Imaginations, Caſtles in the Aire.

Cincinnatus, one called frō the Plough (all duſtie & almoſt naked) to the Romane Dictatorſhip.

Cimmerians, People far North, that are thought neuer to ſee the Sun.

Cittadell, a Caſtle built, with a ſmall Garriſon to keepe a great Towne in awe.

Cirques, round Liſts to behold publike Races.

Chus, Æthyopia.

Clio, one of the Muſes, reciting the glorious Acts of Worthineſſe.

Clitas, one of Alexāders greateſt Minions, whome yet in his drunkenneſſe he ſlewe.

Cocos, an admirable Nutte brought from the Indies.

Cocytus, a River in hell.

Colchos, Medeas countrie from whence Iaſon fetcht the Golden Fleece.

Codrus, a King of Athens, that gaue his owne life for the ſafe-guard of his Countrie.

Colonies, numbers of People ſent to inhabite ſome newe conquered Countrie.

Colures, 2. Circles in heauen wherein the Sun-ſtops are cauſed.

Cochenel, grain wherewith Purple is died.

Coloſſes, huge Statues erected in honor of any perſon.

Columbus, a Genoeſe, diſcouerer of America for Ferdinando, King of Caſtile.

Comitiall Ill, the Falling ſickeneſſe.

Commodus, a moſt vicious Emperour.

Cones, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and ſharp aboue, with a Circular bottome.

Concentrik, hauing one com-

mon center.

Copernicus, a learned German, that maintained the heauens to ſtand ſtill, & the Earth to turn round about.

Coruinus, a Romã Orator, that after a great ſicknes forgat his owne name.

Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea ſubiect to the Venetians

Critik, and Criticall, ſharp Cenſurers: all dangerous dayes for health, obſerued by Phyſicians.

Creſcent, the Moon increaſing

Cteſiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Epheſus.

Cteſibes, an excellent inuenter of water Engines.

Cubes, geometricall figures foure-ſquare, like a Die.

Cucuio, a ſtrange birde in new Spain.

Cupid, the baſtard of Mars & Venus, the little God of loue.

Curius, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugalitie & temperance, who delited rather to command the rich, then to be rich.

Cylindres geometricall figures round and long, conſiſting frõ top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.

Cyclops, Giãts with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.

Cyprus, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Iſſa, formerly ſubiect to the Venetians, but now vſurped by the Turke, aunciently conſecrated to Venus.

Cynthia, *Phœbe*, *Diana*, the Moone.

Cytharea, Venus.

Cynoſure, 7 ſtarres in the North pole, the North Pole, the North-ſtarre.

Cymbrians, the people of Denmarke and Norway.

Cyrus, the great King of Perſia, conquerour of the Medes, and after ſlaine by Tomyris Queen of the Maſſagets.

Charites, looke Graces.

Clotho, looke Parcæ.

Chamoſh, Idol of the Moabits.

Chiron, a Centaur, an excellent both Phyſician & Muſician, the Maſter of Achilles.

Cornaline, looke Onyx.

Clarian, Lot-guider.

Cornich, looke Frize.

Criſis, the daungerous, or (as Phyſicians call it) criticall day for any diſeaſe.

Clyde, a Riuer rũning by Dombertan in Scotland.

Cyclades, floting Ilands in the Ægean Sea.

Cedron, & *Kedron*, a brooke in Iudea.

Cmik-

Ciuik-Garland, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken ſprigges, giuen to honor him that had reſcued a citie.

Clytemneſtra, wife of Agamẽnon, whom with the help of her Adulterer Ægiſthus, in a ſleeue-les ſhirt ſhe murdered.

Cypris ſap, ſeed of generation.

Caſtor & Pollux: Twinnes begot on Læda, by Iupiter in the ſhape of a Swan: & ſuppoſed Sea-Gods fauourable to Sailours.

Crimſin Gulf: the red Sea.

Cecropian, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, firſt King of Athens.

Cineas, a Theſſalian, exceeding eloquent, and of admirable memory, Embaſſador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.

Carthaginian, of that famous City of Affrica built by Dido, & by Hanniball vndon.

Cadmean, by ſom wrighters vſed for Carthage.

Coronan, that is Lacedemoniã: for Corone, was a citie of the Meſſenians, who were ſubiect to that State.

Ceſt, in Latin Ceſtus & Ceſtum the Brides Girdle which the Bridgroom tookoff at night

Coloquintida, a kinde of wilde Gourd, that purgeth Choler.

Chryſocolle, Boras, Gold-ſoder.

Cibele, looke Rhea.

D

Damon, the moſt faithfull friend of Pythias, both diſciples of Pythagoras.

Danae, daughter of Acriſius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Iupiter raynde himſelfe in a Golden ſhower into her lap.

Danubius, the greateſt Riuer in Europe, called alſo Iſther.

Dardane Ants, Indiã Emmets.

Darius, a King of Perſia, vanquiſhed by Alexander the great.

Delian Twinnes, the Sun and Moone.

Delian Princeſſe, Diana.

Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, & after ſuddainly appeared.

Delphian Oracle, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.

Delphos God, Apollo.

Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abydus.

Demoſthenes, the beſt Orator of the Grecians.

Denis, or Dionyſius, a Tyrant of Syracuſe.

Deucaliõ, ſon of Prometheus,

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the fauourite of Cinthya.

Engaſtromith, one poſſeſſed, which ſeemes to ſpeak in his belly.

Empiema, an impoſtume in the breaſt.

Enyon, the ſame that Bellona, ſiſter to Mars, & Goddeſſe of Battaile.

Enthouſiaſmos, poeticall furie.

Eoan Monarke, Alexander the great.

Eolian ſcoutes, the windes.

Ephemerides, Day-books, Regiſters, Iournals.

Epheſian Temple, the Temple of Diana in Epheſus.

Epheſian moan, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miſeries.

Ephori, a kinde of Magiſtrates, protectors of the people.

Epidemik illes, Vniuerſall Diſeaſes.

Epicicle, a leſſer Circle, whoſe center is in the circumferẽce of a greater.

Epicurus, a Philoſopher that placed mans felicitie in the pleaſures of the Senſe, belieuing no God but Fortune.

Epilepſis, the falling-ſickneſſe.

Epithalamie, a nuptiall ſong.

Epitaph, a funerall ſong, or an Inſcription on a Tombe or Graue.

Epithets, additions to nownes, expreſſing ſome qualitie.

Epitome, an Abbridgement.

Epirus, a Countrie in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the Noble exploites of G. Caſtriot (ſir-named Scanderbeg) againſt the Turke.

Equinoctiall, a Circle in Heauen through which when the Sun paſſeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.

Erœtrian ſoile, medicinable Earth, brought from Eretria.

Erebus, a Riuer in hell: Hell.

Erythrean Deep, the red Sea.

Erynnis, one of the Furies.

Eridanus, a figure in Heauẽ, the Riuer Po, in Lumbardie.

Eurus, the Eaſt winde.

Euripus, a narrowe Sea, which ebbeth and floweth ſeauen times in 24 houres.

Euphrates, one of the Riuers of Eden, that runnes through Babylon.

Europa, Chriſtendome, or this Weſtern part of the world.

Eccentrik, that hath his center wholly ſeparated from the Center of the Earth.

Eryſipiles, hot and red ſwellings, called S. Anthonies fire.

Erycina, Venus.

Euphroſyne, looke Graces.

Euphorbium, a certaine medicinable Plant found and named

med by Euphorbus, King Iubas Phyſician.

Ethnik, ſee Pagan.

Entidorian.

Eteſian gates, eaſterly windes.

Ephod, a linnen garment worne by the prieſts and Leuites of Iſrael.

Edom and Idumea, a part of Palæſtine.

Eleutherian, Deliuerer.

Epicarpian, Fruit-keeper.

F

Fabricius, a famous Roman, contemner of Riches, and in extreame pouertie moſt puiſſant for vertuous valour and integrity.

Fauſtina, a moſt laſciuious Empreſſe, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.

Fez, a Kingdome in Barbarie.

Finland, a Dukedom vnder the king of Sweden.

Flamine, a Sacrificer, or high Prieſt, among the Heathen.

Flauio, Melphio a Neapolitan inuenter of the needle in the Mariners Compaſſe, and the vſe thereof.

Foix, a Countrey belonging to Nauarr, neere the Pyrene Mountains.

Flora, a faire and rich harlot which made the people of Rome her Heire: in reſpect whereof, they made her God deſſe of Flowers, and kept yeerely Feaſts in honor of her.

Furies, 3 (viz.) Alecto, Megera, and Teſiphone (ſometimes alſo called Perſyphone) which are ſaid to be Tormēters of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expreſs the fear and fury of a guilty cōſcience.

Frize and *Cornich*, the creſts, furniture & finiſhing at the vper end of a column.

Furfalla, a Candle flye.

Ferguſius, *Euenus*, *Donaldus*, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.

Fanes, Temples, conſecrated Places.

Funambulant, a Rope-walker.

Feretrian, Peace-bringer, or dread-ſtriker.

G

Galen, a famous Phyſician born at Pergamus, whoſe learned workes through all ages haue been honoured.

Galenite, one skilfull in Phyſicke, wherein Galen excelled.

Ganges, a great Riuer in India.

Gaules, the ancient name of the French men.

Genius,

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Heroes, halfe Gods, excellen men for valour, and vertue.
Herophilus, a very ancient Phy ſician.
Herodotus, an eloquent Greek Hiſtoriographer.
Heſiodus, an anciẽt Greek Poet
Heſperian Plant, Golden fruit-Trees garded by a Dragon which was ſlain by Hercules: but heer it is vſed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant then thoſe (fayned) golden fruits.
Hexameters, verſes of ſixe feet
Hiades, 5. ſtars (ſome holde 7.) in the head of the Bull.
Hiero, a King of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
Hieroglyphiks, ſecret Cyphers, ſtrange characters, myſticall wrighting by ſundry formes of things.
Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for ſending Timber and workmen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Ieruſalem.
Homer, ſo called for his blindnes, the moſt excellent of all the Greek Poets.
Horizon, a Circle diuiding the halfe-ſpheare of the firmament which wee ſee ouer vs, from the other halfe vnder vs, which we ſee not.
Hun, furious Attyla, who ſirnamed himſelf the ſcourge of God, and terror of the World.
Hyantian Fount, ſprings ſacred to the Muſes.
Hydrantik braule, Muſicke artificially made with the fall of waters.
Hyæna, a horrible Beaſt that counterfaiteth mans voice.
Hydrargire, quick-ſiluer.
Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads ſlain by Hercules.
Hybla, & *Hymetus* } Moũtains aboũding in Bees and hony.
Hymen, the God of Mariage.
Hyperborean, aboue or beyond the blowing of the North-winde.
Hyppocrates, a moſt excellent Phyſician.
Hyppolitus, the ſonne of Theſeus, who ſhunning the wanton inticements of his ſtep-dame Phædra, was (through her falſe accuſations) torne in pieces.
Hyren, a faire Greeke Mayden Captiue, on whome Mahomet the 2. extreamely doated.
Heſperus, the Euening-ſtarre, the Euening.
Helleborus, an herbe whereof be

be 2. kindes, supposed our Ling-wort and Bears-foot.

Heroik, noble: but anciently appropriate to those which were counted Demi-Gods, supposed to be born & begot of a heauenly & an earthly Parent: as Æneas, of Venus and Anchyses.

Hebridian Waue, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

I

Ianus, an auncient King of Italy, whome in respect of his wisedome & prouidence, they figured with 2. faces, as looking backe into thinges past, and foreseeing thinges to come.

Iaffa, (anciently *Ioppa*) a notable Hauen-Towne in Syria, where they land that trauail to Ieruſalem,

Iapetus, a Thessalian, more famous by his two sons (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) then for any great worth of his owne.

Iason, Captain of the Argonautes, by the fauour of Medea, surmounting all daungers, brought home the golden Fleece.

Ibis, a certain high Bird, with a long Bill and stiffe legs, worshipped by the olde Egyptians.

Ibnu-farid, a learned Arabian, not much knowne in these parts.

Iberians, Spaniards.

Icarus, the son of Dedalus, who presuming to flie, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.

Ichneumon, Pharaohs Ratte: a little Beast, enemy to the Crocodile.

Idalian Fire, the burning heate of Loues desire.

Idea, an Image or Patterne of things conceiued in the Fancie.

Idioma, a proper and peculiar forme of speech.

Iessean Harpe, the holy musick of Dauid the Son of Ishai, commonly called Iesse.

Iliaca Passio, a kinde of Colicke.

Illium, and Ilion: Troy.

Imaus, a Hill in India, part of Caucasus.

Impartiall maydes, the Fatal sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Ile of Iron, or *Isola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands now called Canaries.

Incubus, a disease oppressing the stomach in our sleepe, which:

which the ignorant haue thought to be a spright: it is commonly called the Night Mare.

Indiuidnum, a body that cannot be diuided.

Ioues Bird, the Eagle

Iris-bowe, the Rain-bowe.

Iunos bird, the Peacocke.

Isleban, glory of Wittinberg: Martin Luther.

Isthmus, a narrow-strait of land between two Seas.

Isther, Danubius.

Ithacan, Vlysses, the prudent husband of the most chaste Penelope.

Iupiter, the cheefe God of the Pagans.

Iubile, a yeer of libertie and release, which was euery fiftieth yeere.

Iustinian, a learned Emperor, Compiler of the Ciuill lawes.

Iuturna, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.

Iaboc, a little brooke running into the Riuer Iordan.

Isis, the wife of Osiris, both Idols of the Egyptians.

Iuadan.

Ioue, Iupiter, chiefe of the Heathen Gods.

Iuno, the sister & wife of Ioue: Goddesse of Dominion and wealth, and supposed helper to woemen in trauaile: sometimes taken for the Aire.

Iris, the Rain-bowe.

Iaphean (or Iaffian) Seas beate vpon the Coast of Zabulon towardes Tyre and Sydon, on the farthest North of Iudea: heere opposed to Tigris in Mesopotamia, the farthest South of the same.

Iaffa, of old called *Ioppa*.

Isaacians, children of *Isaac*, Israelites.

Izeland, an Iland in the farthest North towards *Groonland*.

Iebusites, the Heathen inhabitants of Ierusalem, before it came to the *Possession* of the Israelites.

K

Karos, a drowsie, and stupifying disease in the head.

Kennet, a pleasant Riuer running through Barkshire, neere vnto whose flowery bankes, our callow Cignets had their nest.

L

Lacedemõ, (call'd also Sparta) a Citty and a Common-wealth, most famous and flowrishing vnder the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia,

Laconia, the Countrie where that City stood.

Lachesis, looke Parcæ.

Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, who by the help of Iupiters Swan, laid 2. eggs, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one Pol-lux and Helena, of the other Castor & Clytemnestra.

Latmos, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is saide to haue imbraced her deer Endymion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

Latonian Twinnes, those Children of hers, the Sunne and Moone.

Lais, a beutifull & costly Harlot of Corynth, frequented by many gallants of Greece.

Lee, a neat little Towne in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander, a yong man of Abydus, beloued of Hero, drowned in Hellespont while hee was swimming to her.

Lers, a riuer in France, of most strange qualitie.

Lethe, a riuer in Hell, which causeth forgetfulnesse.

Lethargie, the sleepy disease.

Leistrigons, a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were said to feed on Mans Flesh.

Lyguria, the Territorie of Genoa.

Lycurgus, the famous Law-Maker of the Lacedæmonians.

Lemnos, Vulcans Iland, Now called Salamine.

Limbo, Hell.

Linus, an excellent ancient Musician, maister of Orpheus.

Linx, a Beast of exceeding quick and pearcing sight.

Leucippus, a Philosopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe, a Sea Godesse.

Liquour-God, Bacchus.

Lopez, a late Iew-spanish Physician, executed for infinite Treasons against this State.

Lotos, an admirable plant, strãgely sympathizing with the Sun.

Lucania, a Prouince of Italy, now called Basilicata.

Lucina, Iuno, and Diana, supposed of olde to be assistant to women in their trauell.

Lucretia, the chaste wife of Collatinus, rauished by Tarquin.

Lucretius, a very ancient Latine (Poet.

Luna, the Moone.

Lupercales, Sacrifices & Feasts solemnized to Pan.

Lyceum, the Schoole of Aristotle.

Legislator,

Legislator, a Law-maker, or a Law-giuer.

Lesbian Squire: the Lesbians were so perfect Workemen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

Loumond, a great Lake in Scotland, wherein they say, there is a floating Iland.

Lucifer, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from heauen. The Diuell, also the morning starre.

Lachesis, looke Parcæ.

Locusts, a kinde of Grashoppers

Libanus and *Libanon*, a mountaine in Syria, famous for the faireſt Cedar Trees.

M

Madera, one of the Canaries, from whence com excellent Sugars.

Malta, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Knights (that were) of Rhodes, now keep their residēce

Manie, a disease in the head, causing madnesse.

Martian-field, a field between Tiber, & the City of Rome, where they vsed to beholde the fight of condemned men with wilde Beasts.

Mars, the God of war.

Mark Pole, a notable Venetian Nauigator and Discouerer.

Maiz, Indian wheat.

Mausole, a sumptuous Tombe built by Artemisia Queen of Caria, for her husband Mausolus.

Marcellus, a most noble Roman Captaine, Conqueror of Syracusa, and fiue times Consull.

Mahomite, the Turkish Emperour, worshiping Mahomet.

Mantuan Muse, the Poet Virgil

Massacres, Horrible murders.

Medea, a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders, crooked turnings, so called of the Riuer *Meander*, for his exceeding crookednes.

Medices, the late Queen mother of France, being of the House of Florence.

Medusas Tresse, a head with snake-like hairs, turning the beholders into stones.

Mein, a Riuer in Germany, wheron stands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

Meonian Bard, Homer,

Mecænas, a noble Romane, & liberal fauourer of Virgil.

Megera,

Megera, one of the Furies.
Melt, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdom of America.
Memphians, *Memphytes*. *Memphists*. *Memphitists*. } Egyptians.
Mercurie, one of the Planets, the God of wit, eloquence, inuention, and subtilty, and the messenger of the Gods.
Mercurial (as it were) a Chancerie, controuling and reuoking false iudgments of inferiour Courts.
Meridian, the south circle.
Metaphoras, borrowed speeches.
Metempsychosis, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after *Pythagoras*.
Metaphysicall, supernaturall.
Milo, a man of prodigious strength, that caried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, & eat him vp in one day.
Mince, a Riuer neere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.
Minerua, the same that Pallas: Goddesse of wit and warre.
Moly, an hearbe brought from heauen by Mercury to Vlysses, supposed to be our Rue, or hearb-grace.
Moloch, the Idoll of the Ammonites.
Moluques, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices & other Treasures.
Moores, the people of Ethiopia, subiects of Prester Iohn.
Morpheus, the God of dreames
Mummie, a drug, take for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.
Musculus, a little Fish most officious to the Whale.
Musulmans, Arabians.
Mycæna, Agamemnons Kingdome.
Midas, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the grāt of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: so that at last his Gold-turned meate in his mouth choaked him.
Myrmecides, a cunning & curious Caruer in small workes.
Myron, an excellnt statuarie, or Image-maker.
Mountebankes, Iugglers.
Meroe, an Iland in the Riuer Nilus.
Megera, looke Furies.
Mages, Sages, Wise-men, Sooth-sayers.
Morisco, and *Mattachine*, Antike & fantastike daunces.
Moderatrix, a Regent or Gouernesse.

MAG-

MAGNIFICENCE, Greatnes, State, glory, Pomp.

Munificẽce, bounty, liberality.

Medalls, Images of wood, ſtone, or metall.

Muſaik work, a kinde of painting ſo curiouſly ſhadowed, that it ſeemes in ſome places imboſt, in ſome carv'd, in ſom in-layde, in ſom grauen, &c.

Meteors, or exhalatiõs, ſtrange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the aire.

Megarian, where flowriſhed the Philoſopher Euclides, in the ſame time that Socrates in Athens.

N

NAcre, the Pearle-ſhell, or mother of Pearl.

Nadir, the point directly vnder vs, iuſt oppoſite to the Zenith or point verticall.

Natolia, Aſia minor, now wholly vnder the Turke.

Nectar, the drink of the Gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nephelian, Crook-horne, the Signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herbe which being ſteeped in wine, is thought to expell ſadneſſe.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a moſt cruell Emperour of Rome, the monſter of nature, & ſhame of mankinde.

Neſtor, a wiſe & eloquẽt Greek who being nigh 300. years old, came to the ſiege of Troy.

Nile, & *Nilus*, the famous Riuer of Egypt, vſed often for Egypt it ſelfe.

Nimrod, the builder of Babell, the firſt ambitious vſurper of ſoueraignty.

Niphates, a mountaine from whence the Riuer Tigris hath his ſource.

Nitre, a light, white, ſpongie mater, much like ſalt, which ſom haue (falſely) thought to be ſalt-peter.

Noremberg, a City in Germany, eſpecially famous for curious handy-crafts.

Nubian, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Egypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Affrica, accuſtomed to liue continually in the fieldes with their flocks, & heards, remooving often for freſh paſtures.

Numa Pompilius, 2ᵈ. from Romulus King of the Romanes and their firſt law-giuer.

O

OBſequies, funerall ceremonies.

Ocean, and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Oedipus, a Riddle-Reader of Thebes.

Oedems, thinne, wateriſh, and flegmatik ſwellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Biſhoppe ſtrook dead with Lighning for blaſpheming the Deitie of Chriſt.

Olympus, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often vſed for heauen.

Ophthalmy, a diſeaſe in the Eye through inflāmation of the vttermoſt tunicle.

Optick ſinew, is that which bringeth ſight vnto the Eye.

Orgies, Sacrifices to Bacchus.

Oracles, Myſteries of the heathen Gods, deliuered by diuers means, and in diuers manners.

Orion, a tempeſt-boading ſtar.

Orpheus, an excellent Poet & Muſician of Thrace.

Oromene, a Mountain in India, full of Salt-quarres.

Ortygian Delos, a floating Ilād where Diana, and Apollo were borne.

Orithyas loue, Boreas, the North-winde.

Ottoman, the firſt Emperour of Turkes.

Ouids heirs: wanton Poets.

Oxygone, a ſharp-Triangle.

Omer, a certaine meaſure among the Hebrues.

Ophir, ſuppoſed to be Peru.

Onyx, a red pretious ſtone, fit for Seales.

Orient, the Eaſt Sun-Riſing (cleer.

Oran, a Port-Towne in Barbarie, within the Streictes of Gibraltar.

P

PActolus, a riuer in Lydia, which (after the waſhing of King Midas) is ſaid to haue Golden ſands.

Pallas, the Goddeſſe of Arts & wiſedome.

Palamon, a Sea God, called alſo Melicertes.

Paleſtine, Iudea, the holy land, firſt called Canaan.

Pan, the God of Shepheards.

Pandects, Books treating of all manner of Arguments.

Panchayan Fumes, Incenſe.

Pannonia, Hungary & Auſtria.

Panope, a Sea-Nymph.

Pandora, fained (by Heſiodus) to be the firſt woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the Gods with ſeueral excellent gifts, but afterwarde by Iupiter (in diſpleaſure) ſēt to her ſpouſe Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miſeries.

Paphos Archer, *Cupid*, the little God of loue.

Paphian Fier or ſhott } his Arrowes.

Parrhaſius,

Parrhasius, a most excellent painter of Ephesus.

Parthians, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.

Paros, an Iland in the Archipelago (which diuideth Europe & Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.

Parcas, *Parca*, (à non parcendo) the Destinies, or 3. fatal Sisters, (viz) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: Death it selfe, the eneuitable end of all.

Parallels, lines euery where like distant.

Paradox, an argument maintained contrary to the common and receiued opinion.

Pegasus, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straying to flye vp to Heaven, with his hoofe rased the top of Helicon, whence immediatly gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hyppocrene.

Penelope, the most chast wife of the wandring Prince Vlysses.

Peneian Vale, is Tempe, a most pleasant vally in Thessaly, on the verge of the Riuer Peneus.

Penthens, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agaue*) murdered.

Peripneumonie, the Impostume of the Lungs.

Perige, that point of heaven wherein the Sun (or other planet) is neerest to the center of the Earth.

Persiphone, or Proserpine: the Queen of Hell and Horror.

Perseus, a most triumphant Champiõ, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-mõster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a God, & placed among the Starres.

Pernassus, the mountain of the Muses.

Persian Monark with the heauen of glasse; was Sapores.

Peru, one of the largest and richest parts of America.

Phaeton, the Son of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the Riuer Eridanus.

Phœbus, the Sunne.

Phalaris, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.

Phalec,

Phalec, the ſonne of Heber.

Pharos, a Lanthorn Tower to beare a light for the guide of Saylors in a hauen by night: alſo an Iland.

Philegon, one of the horſes of the Sunnes Chariot.

Phlegeton, a Riuer in Hell, taken oft for Hell it ſelfe.

Philtre-charmd, inchãted with loue-potions.

Phantik, ſuch as are haunted with ſtrange and illuding viſions.

Philirian Scout, the ſigne of Sagittarius.

Philometor, an ancient king of Egypt, much giuen to huſbandry, and delighting in the Country life.

Phlebotomie, Blood-letting.

Phlegmons, hot & red inflammations of bloud.

Phrygian Skinker, the ſigne Aquarius.

Phrixus ſiſter, was Helle, drowned in Helleſpont, which of her is ſo called.

Phrenzie, a moſt violent and daungerous diſeaſe of the braine.

Phthiſik, The conſumption of the Lungs.

Phthiriaſis, the lowſie diſeaſe.

Pica, the longing diſeaſe of women with childe.

Phyſon, one of the Riuers in the garden of Eden.

Pigmes, little people of the North, a Cubit high.

Pyrene, a princeſs from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which diuide France and Spaine) are ſo called.

Pindus, a Mountaine ſacred to the Muſes.

Pierian Maydes, the Muſes.

Pirrhon, (read Pirrho) a Philoſopher alwaies doubtfull of all things, yea euen of thoſe ſubiect to our ſenſes.

Plato, Prince of the Academiks, ſirnamed diuine, and indeed the moſt neere approaching diuinity of all the heathen.

Pleiades, the 7. Starres.

Pleſſis, a noble learned frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the Truth of Chriſtian religion, againſt all Iewes, Turkes, Pagans, Papiſts, Atheiſts, and Infidels what-ſoeuer.

Pluto, the god of Hell and of Riches, the Diuell and all.

Po, the riuer that watreth Lũbardy the garden of Italy.

Polypes, a ſubtill fiſh called a Manie-feet, or Pourcontrell.

Polymnia, manifold memory, in varieto of knowledge.

Poles, the imagined Hinges of the Heauens, whereon the World is turned, commonly vsed for heauen.

Poetasters, Base, Counterfait, vnlearned, witlesse & wanton Poets that pester the World, either with idle vanities or odious villanies.

Porphirie, Marble.

Porus, a King of India of huge stature, ouercome by Alexander.

Polygamie, the hauing of many wiues.

Polyphem, a huge and cruell Gyant, with one eye in his fore-head.

Pomona, Goddesse of fruits.

Pontik heath. Pontus is a region in Asia minor, fronting East-ward vpon Colchis.

Progne, Pandions daughter, sister of Philomele, & wife of Tereus, transformed to a swallow.

Proteus, a Sea-god, that taketh on him all shapes.

Problems, mathematicall propositions, referred especially to practice.

Prometheus, is fained to haue made the first man, and to haue stollen fire from heauen, to put life into his creature.

Prytanian Sage, Bias.

Ptolomeus Philadelphus, most famous for his learning & loue to the learned, and especially for his noble Librarie, erected in Alexandria.

Pyramides, exceeding huge & high Spires, built by the kings of Egypt for fond & idle ostentation of their riches and pride.

Pyrausta, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and liuing only in the fire.

Python, a horrible Dragon slaine by Apollo.

Pagan, Heathen, an Infidell, vncircūcised, vnbaptized, that knowes not God.

Phydias, a famous Caruer in wood and stone.

Persyphone, look Furies.

Pirenes, look Bigaurian.

Phrygian Musick, look Dorik.

Pellean Prince, Alexander the great, borne in the Citie of Macedonia called Pella, as was also Philip his father.

Panomphean, all-hearing.

Phyxian, fugitiue.

Proselyte, a stranger new-conuerted to our faith & fashiō.

Pharan, a City between Egypt & Arabia: also a Wildernes which the Israelites passed in their

their Pilgrimage to Canaan.

Pharus, look Pharos.

Pyrrhus, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemie to the Romans.

Pas-Lamb, the Paschal Lāb.

Pelusian Foord, Nilus the great Riuer of Egypt.

Pythian Knight, is Apollo, sir-named Pythias, for slaying the dreadefull Serpent Pytho.

Parian Rocks, mountaines of white Marble or Alabaster, in the Ile of Paros.

Patagons, Indiā Canibals, such as eate mans flesh.

Posthumus, one borne after his Fathers death.

Prodigies, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.

Picts, ancient inhabitants of a part of Scotland.

Para-Nymphs, Bride-dressers, too curious prankers of themselues.

Pyrrhik Galliard, a kinde of dauncing in armour, inuented by Pyrrhus.

Porphire, a kind of red Marble.

Plynth, a part of the base of a piller, flat square like a tyle.

R

Rabbines, great Doctors among the Iewes.

Rabican, the name of a gallant horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

Regulus, a noble Consull, and resolute Captaine of the Romans in the Punik-war.

Remora, a little fish (which som call a Suck-stone) that suddainly stoppeth a ship vnder all her sayles in her full course.

Rendez vous, an appointed place of meeting.

Romes Dragon, the Pope.

Rypheanwood, Forrests of Scythia.

Rhea, the same that Cibele, Vesta, Tellus, the Earth.

Rheubarb, an excellent roote, and very pretious for the purging quality.

Rubrick, the titles & Directions in the olde Psalters, or Seruice-Bookes: so called, because they are written or printed in red Letters.

S

Saba, chiefe Cittie of the Sabæans in Arabia, aboūding in Cinamō, Cassia, Frankincense, and Myrrhe.

Salamander, a spotted beast like a Lizard, whose extream coldnesse quencheth the fire.

Salmoneus, a King that vvith certaine violent Engines,

counterfaited Thunder.

Saluſt, a notable Romã Hiſtoriographer, alſo the ſirname of our noble and renowned Author du BARTAS.

Samian wiſe, Pythagoras.

Sardanapalus, a moſt effeminate king, the laſt of the Aſſyrians.

Sargus, a Fiſh ſtrangely luſtfull.

Saturnes doore, the ende of Time.

Saturnales, feaſts kept in December in the honour of Saturne.

Satyres, nipping Poeſies that reproue vice ſharply, without reſpect of perſons.

Scaliger Ioſephus, now liuing, a Frenchman, admirable in all Languages, for all manner of learning.

Scipio (ſir-named Affrican) a moſt wiſe, valiãt, & vertuos Captaine of the Romans, who beeing ill requited for infinite honourable ſeruices, ſequeſtred himſelfe to a Country-life.

Scirrhes, a kinde of hard (yet paine-leſſe) ſwellings in the fleſh.

Scolopendra, a certain Fiſh that caſteth forth her bowels, to cleere them from the hook.

Scopas, a notable Architect, imploied in the building of Mauſolus Tomb, which is numbred among the ſeuen wonders of the world.

Syrtes, dangerous ſands in the Lybian Sea.

Serhan Forreſts (now Cathay, and Cambalu) are in Aſian Scythia, abounding in the beſt Silkes.

Serranus, a worthy Romane fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorſhip, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

Sentinel, a ſcout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Towne of Garriſon.

Seraphin, an Angell.

Sein, the riuer of Paris.

Shynar, or *Sennaar*, the plaine vvhere Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.

Sibyls, Propheteſſes: Varro remembreth 10 of them.

Semiramis, the proud & wanton Queen of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

Sirius, the Dog-ſtar, at whoſe riſing the Dogge-dayes alwaies begin.

Skinc Alexandrian, a kind of Serpent, a land Crocodile.

Skinker, the ſigne Aquarius.

Sol, the Sunne, one of the 7. pla-

Planets.

Solides, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Circle, Cube, Pyramid, Cilinder, and Dodochædron.

Soſtrates, a notable Architect builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

Stagirian, Ariſtotle, there born

Stix, } Hell.
Stigian ſtrand, }

Steropes, one of Vulcans Cyclopes.

Stoikes, ſeuere Phyloſophers, pretending to condemne al Paſſions: and eſteeming all things to be ordered by an ineuitable neceſſity of Fate or Deſtinie.

Strymon, a Riuer between Macedon and Thrace.

Suiſſes (wee call them Swizers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Heluetia.

Sulphur, Brimſtone.

Starre-ſhippe, Argos a ſigne or Conſtellation in Heauen, ſuppoſed to haue been the Shippe that Iaſon and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

Synonimas, words of the ſame ſignification.

Symbolize, to reſemble or agree.

Sympathie, conſent or reſemblance of quality.

Symphonie, conſent of time or harmonie.

Symmetrie, proportion of parts between themſelues, and to their whole.

Syracuſa, a great, wealthy, and wanton Citie in Sicilia.

Syrens, Mer-Maydes.

Satyr, a wilde wood-monſter, halfe man, halfe-goate: alſo a kinde of nipping Poeſie, reprouuing vice vnpartially.

Salem, Ieruſalem.

Spartans, look Lacædemon.

Sina, or Sinai, a mountaine in Arabia, the ſame that Horeb, where the Law was giuen to Moſes.

Salamina, an Iland and Citie in the Euboik Sea, now called the Gulfe of Negrepont.

Stentorian, Homer reports him to haue had the voyce of 50. men.

Signories, Lordſhips, Dominions.

Sues, a Port in the Eaſt part of Egypt vpon the red Sea.

Seir, a mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Aſphaltis and Egypt.

Siddim, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom,

ther & the Duke of Guiſe) had beene too buſie an Actor in the bloodie Maſſacre.

Venus, the Goddeſſe of Loue and Beautie, alſo one of the planets.

Venus Eſcuage, Knights (or Nights) ſeruice to Ladies.

Venerean mirth, Idem.

Ver, the Spring.

Vertumnus, an imagined God of the Romanes that tooke on him all ſhapes.

Veſpucio, Americus Veſpucius, a Florentine, firſt diſcouerer of America, of whom it was ſo called.

Viginere, a learned Frenchman of late times, tranſlator of Cæſar, Liuius, and other Latine writers.

Vienna, a City in Auſtria, where vſually the Emperor keeps his Court.

Vrania, one of the Muſes, eſpecially handling Heauenly things, therefore called the Heauenly Muſe.

Vrim, and *Thummim*, 2. words grauen in the Breſt-plate of Aaron, ſignifying Illumination and integrity.

Vlyſſes, the politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.

Vulcan, the God of Fier and forge-men.

Vranoſcopus, a fiſh alwayes gazing vp to heauen.

X

Xanth, called alſo *Scamander*, the Riuer of Troy, there is alſo an Iland in the Archipelago, ſo called.

Xenian, hoſpitious, mild-entertainer.

Z

Zebut, an Iland in the weſt Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar, and Ginger.

Zenith, the point verticall, the point of Heauen right ouer our heads: the contrarie point is called Nadir.

Zeno, the chiefe of the Stoicke Philoſophers.

Zeuxis, a moſt cunning and exceeding rich Painter.

Zodiak, a byaz or ſloaping Circle in the Heauēs, wherin are the 12. Signes, thorough which all the planets paſſe.

Zones, Imagined Circles, diuiding

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The Printer to the Reader.

PErceiuing our diuine du BARTAS *ſo gene-rally applauded, euen of the greateſt and the graueſt of this Kingdome; and all* His Workes *ſo welcome vnto all: to make the ſame* (in this ſecond Edition) *more com-pleat, I haue preſumed to annex* This Peece; *indeed no part of his incomparable* WEEKS (*neither heere ap-parelled by the ſame Workman*) *yet doubt-les a Child of the ſame Parent, and* (*if I be not deceiued*) *one of his firſt borne: which arriuing long-ſince in* Scotland, *was ther* (*among the reſt*) *royally receiued, and thus* (*as you ſee*) *ſuited, ſomwhat to that Countrie faſhion. Whoſe* Dialect *and* Orthography (*conſidering vnder what authorities it was firſt publiſhed, and now the rather reſpecting our happy vnion by the ſame eſtabliſhed*) *I haue not dar'd at all to alter. Accept it therefore* (*gentle Reader*) *as it is, and allow at leaſt of my good will; who, wiſhing thee the profit of theſe happy labours, haue aduentured* (*to do thee pleaſure*) *to incur* (*I doubt*) *double diſpleaſure.*

Thine, H. L.

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uertheleſſe is of it ſelfe exquiſite) ſuccinctly, and ſenſibly in our owne vulgar ſpeech. Whereupon it pleaſed your Maieſtie (among the reſt of his workes) to aſſigne me, *The Hiſtory of Iudith*, as an agreeable Subiect to your Highneſſe, to be turned by me into Engliſh verſe: Not for any ſpeciall gifte or ſcience that was in mee, who am inferior in knowledge and erudition to the leaſt of your Maieſties Court: but by reaſon (paraduenture) of my bold aſſertion, your Maieſtie, who wil not haue the meaneſt of your houſe vnoccupied, would haue mee to beare the yoke, and driue forth the penance, that I had raſhly procured. Indeed, the burden appeared heauie, and the charge almoſt inſupportable to me: neuertheleſſe, the feruent deſire which I had to obtemper vnto your Maieſties commandement, the earneſt intention to verefie my raſh ſpeaking, and the aſſured confidence which I ankred on, your Highneſſe helpe and correction, encouraged mee ſo, & lightned on ſuch wiſe my heauy burthen, that I haue with leſſe paine, brought my halfe deſpaired worke to finall end. In the which, I haue ſo behaued my ſelfe, that through your Maieſties concurrence, I haue not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author: In euery one of the which, he hath alſo two ſyllables mo then any Engliſh beares. And this notwithſtanding, I ſuppoſe yonr Maieſtie ſhall finde little of my Authors meaning pretermitted. Wherfore if thus much be done by me, who am of another profeſſion, and of ſo ſimple literature, I leaue it to bee conſidered by your Maieſtie, what ſuch as are conſummate in letters, and knowes the waightie words, the pithie ſentences, the poliſhed tearms, and full efficacie of the Engliſh tongue, would haue done. Receiue then, Sir, of your owne ſeruant, this little worke at your owne commandement enterpriſed, corrected by your Maieſties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highneſſe. If I haue done well, let the praiſe redound to your Maieſtie, whoſe cenſure I haue vnderlyen. If otherwiſe, let my default of skill bee imputed to my ſelfe, or at the leaſt my good entention allowed, whereby others may haue occaſion to doe

better

better. To your Highnesse consideration, referring Sir, both my diligence done in this smal translation, and the inueterate affection which I haue, and ought alwaies to beare vnto your Maiestie, I commit with all humility, your Highnes, your Realme and estate, to the gouernment of God, who gouerneth all the World.



SON-



SONNET.

SInce ye immortall ſiſters nine hes left
All other countries lying farre or neere,
To follow him who from them all you reft,
And now hes cauſde your reſidence be heere;
Who though a ſtranger yet he lov'd ſo deere
This Realme and me, ſo as he ſpoild his awne,
And all the brooks and banks, and fountains cleere
That be therein, of you, as he hath ſhawne
In this his work: then let your breath be blawne
In recompence of this his willing minde,
On me; that ſine may with my pen be drawne
His praiſe. For though himſelfe be not inclyn'd
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer tree:
Yet well he merits crownd therwith to be.

FINIS.

SONNET.

THe Muſes *nyne haue not reueald to mee*
What ſacred ſeeds are in their garden ſowen;
Nor how their Saluſt *gaines the* Laurer *tree,*
Which throw thy toile in Brittain *ground is growen:*
But, ſith they ſee thy trauell truely ſhowen
In Vertues ſchoole, th'expiring time to ſpend,
So haue they to his Highneſs made it knowen,
Whoſe Princely power may dewly thee defend.
Then you, that on the Holy Mount *depend*
In cryſtall ayr, and drinks the cleared ſpring
Of Poetrie, *I doe you recommend*
To the protection of this godly King:
Who for his vertues, ond his gifts diuine,
Is only Monark *of the* Muſes *nyne.*

FINIS. M.V.F.

THE AVTHORS ADmonition to the Reader.

BEloued Reader, *it is about fourteene years past, since I was commanded by the late Illustrate and most vertuous Princesse* Iean, Queen *of* Nauarre, *to reduce the* Hiſtory *of* Iudith, *in forme of a* Poeme Epique. *Wherein I haue not so much aimed to followe the phraſe or text of the Bible, as I haue preased (without wandring from the verity of the Hiſtory) to imitate* Homer *in his* Iliades, & Virgill *in his* Aeneidos, *and others who hath left to vs works of such like matter: therebyto render my work so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault vpon her who proposed to me so meane a* Theame *or subiect, and not on me who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in* Fraunce, *who in a iust* Poeme *hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy fauour to receiue some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begunne and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be driuen to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I haue to see the youth of* Fraunce *so holily by mine example exercised.*

I may

To the Reader.

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong me, who thinks that in diſcriuing the Cataſtrophe *of this Hiſtory (truely tragicall) I am becomne a voluntary Aduocate to theſe troubleſome and ſeditious ſpirits, who (for to ſerue their temerarious paſsions, and priuate inſpirations) conſpires againſt the liues of placed princes. For, ſo much doe I diſaſſent that this example and the like ought to bee drawen in conſequence, that I am verely perſwaded that the act of* Ahud, *of* Iaell, *and of* Iudith, *who vnder colour of obeyſance and pretext of amity laid their reuenging hands vpon* Aeglon, Siſera, *and* Holophernes: *had been worthy of a hundred gallowes, a hundreth fires, and a hundred wheeles, if they had not been peculiarly choſen of God for to vnlooſe the chains, and break the bands which retain'd the* Hebrew *people in more then* Aegyptian *ſeruitude, and expreſly called to kill thoſe Tyrants with a death as ſhamefull as their liues were wicked and abhominable. But ſeeing this queſtion is ſo diffuſe that it cannot be abſolued in fewe words, and that my braine is too weak for ſo high an enterpriſe; I ſend you to thoſe who haue ſpent more oyle and time in turning the leaues of the ſacred ſcriptures, then I haue done for the preſent. It me ſufficeth for the time to admoniſh the* Reader, *to attempt nothing without a cleare and indubitable vocation of God againſt thoſe whom he hath erected aboue vs; and aboue all things, not to abuſe the law of humane hoſpitality, and other holy bands, for to giue place to theſe frenetike opinions ſo to aboliſh a pretended tyranny. I haue alſo to warne thee of two different ſorts of men: of the which one ſort is ſo depraued that they can heare nothing, but that which is altogether profane; and the other is ſo*

To the Reader.

superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to read of holy things in verse, as though that the measure and iointure of syllables were so constrained as it were vnpossible to keepe the sense vnperuerted, or at least not excessiuely obscured. Now if I perceiue that this my first assay may bee to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrarie fall, in time to come I wil be ware to lay out my smal pack in this ample Theatre *of* France, *where there is almost as many Iudgements as beholders, A Dieu.*

GSSDB.

THE ARGVMENT OF the whole Hiſtorie of *IVDITH.*

AFter that the Children of *Iſrael* were deliuered from captiuity and returned to their land, the Citty of *Ieruſalem* reedified, the Temple builded and prepared to the ſeruice of the Lord, the multitude of the people being ſcattered in ſundry towns and places of the Land, where they liued in peaceable reſt: the Lord knowing man to be negligent of GOD and his ſaluation, chiefly when he liues at eaſe, and all things frames vnto his fraile deſire; to th' end that his people ſhould not fall in ſuch an inconuenience, would exerciſe them with a fearefull affliction and temptation, ſending vpon their Countrey an army ſo great in number and puiſſance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was vnder the *Perſian Monark*, named in the hiſtorie *Nebuchadnezar* (which neuertheleſſe is not his right name) His chiefe Lieutenant generall and Conducter of the whole Armie, was *Holophernes*, who

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Argument.

deliuerance of his people. It is not certaine who was the first Author hereof: neuertheleſſe the reading of it hath beene receiued in the Church, for the doctrine and vtility of the ſame.

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THE SVMMARIE OF *the first Booke.*

HOLOPHERNES, Lieutenant general and chiefe of the army of *Nebuchadnezzar* K. of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue diuers people and amongst others, the Iewes. All the Nation is seazed with great feare, for the crueltie, cómitted by the enemy. Then, as it fals out in bruits of war all the whol people were troubled: som sauing themselues in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and Tragicall end, the last sort cals vpon God. This while IOACHIM the chiefe Priest gouerned the people: he by his letters and expresse commandement recalls those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Ierusalem: where, in presence of the Leuits, he made sacrifice & earnest prayer vnto God to withdraw his ire and to be mercifull to his people: which done, he enters in counsell and requires his Princes to consult vpon the cause, and consider what is most expedient: and to preferre the loue of Gods law and the country, before al priuate things: the first that gainstands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and fauourer of the enemy, who giues counsell to render them to HOLOPHERNES, calling him a Prince gratious to those that applauds to him, and inuincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detecteth his false hypocrisie and careless security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godless enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked NEMROD consum mat in all impiety and wickednesse, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse. For he proues, that if the nations should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honored in the death of the Iewes, then in their liues; and that it is more worthie to die Hebrewes, then to liue infidels; and freemen, then slaues: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honor and duty before feare & a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: wherof IOACHIM gaue thanks to God, and (resoluing himselfe vpon a iust defence for the conseruation of the seruice of God, and the freedome of his nation, and the liues of the innocent against this villanous inuasion) wisely departed the regiments of towns to persons conuenient; who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power vnto the warre with courage, paine, and diligence.

The

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Leaſt that the longſom peace ſhould them withholde,
And dull their ſpirits, as doth the warriour bolde,
Who ſpoyls his horſe with pampring in the ſtable,
That makes him for the manaige more vnable:
He ſpred their land with bands of enemies ſtout,
Whoſe clouds of ſhot bedimd their land about.
Their *Hoaſte*, with arrowes, pikes, and ſtandards, ſtood *The Army of Holopherne.*
As briſtle-pointed, as a thornie wood.
Their multitude of men, the riuers dri'd,
Which throw the wealthy *Iuda* ſweet did ſlide:
So that flood *Iordane* finding dry his banke,
For ſhame he bluſht, and down his head he ſhranke,
For woe that he his credit could not keep,
To ſend one waue, for tribute to the deep.
Scarſe had the Harueſt-man, with hook in hand,
Diſpoylde the fruit and let the ſtubble ſtand:
Scarſe had the hungry Gleaner put in birde
The ſcattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:
And ſcarſe the flapping flaile began to threſh,
When vnto *Iacob*, newes was brought afreſh,
That *Holophern* his frontiers did inuade,
And paſt all Riuers, ſtraits, and murders made
So vile, that none he left that drewe the breath;
But olde and young he put to ſodain death:
The ſucking babes vpon their mothers knee,
His cruell cut-throats made them all to dee.
Then like a flock of ſheep, that doth beholde
A Wolfe come from the wood vpon their fold,
Shapes no defence, but runnes athwart the lands,
And ſhortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:
So *Iſaaks* ſonnes, in dreading for to feel
This tyrant; who purſued them at the heel, *The Hebrews.*
Diſſundring fled, and ſought their liues to ſaue
In hils, and dales, and euery deſert caue.
The ſheepheard of his flocke had now no care: *Fear of the enemy.*
But fearing death, fled to ſom mountain bare.

The.

The Craftsman now his lumes away hath layde:
The Marchant left his traffike and his trade,
To hide himſelf more ſafely in a vault,
Then in a Rampier, to ſuſtain th'aſſault.
The Lords eſteemde them ſelfes in ſurer holde
In Dennes of Beaſts, then caſtles gilt with golde.
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Feare made the wofull women for to bear
Their cradles ſweet to hilles that higheſt were:
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,
For want of ſpeed, on foot and hand to creep:
All where was nothing heard but hideous cries,
And pitious plaints that did the harts agriſe.

Affliction cauſeth prayer.

O Lord (ſayd they) wilt thou ſtill, day by day,
The arrowes or thine anger neuer ſtay?
Wilt thou that *Calde* conquerevs again?
Shall *Iuda* yet the *Heathen* yoke ſuſtain?
Wilt thou again that they make euery towne,
But ſtony heaps of houſes caſten down?
Again ſhall ſacrilegious fire deuoure
Thy holy houſe where we do thee adore?
Then *Ioachim* the prieſt of God moſt hie,
Who ouer *Iuda* then had chief degrie,
Stood like a Pylot ſtour in tempeſt great,
Who ſeeing winde and weather for to threat,
Yet to his mates, his fear no terrour drawes,
Nor leaues his ſhip vnto the wrackfull wawes:
But, with diſguiſing fear, his face vp caſts,
And ſtoutly doth gain-ſtand the baleſull blaſts:
Right ſo this prudent prelate ſent, in haſte,
Two hundreth men to paſſe where men were plac't
In places ſtrong, and thence commanded them
For to repair vnto *Ieruſalem*.
Now ſince th'Eternall did reueale his will,
vpon the ſacred top of *Syna* hill,

The Arke of God which wisedom more did holde,
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* haue tolde;
And more then euer *Rome* could comprehend,
In huge of learned books that they ypend:
Long wandred it throw trybes, throw kin and kin, *Sam.* 1. 4
And found no certain place of resting in. *Sam.* 2. 6
Yea, somtime it the shamefull spoyl hath been
To sacrilegious hands of *Palestine*,
Vntill that time, that *Iessies* holy race,
For euer lodged it in *Iebus* place.
But, for that *Dauids* hands with blood were fild, *Ierusalem.*
Throw infinits of humains he had kild;
The king of peace would haue a king of rest
To build his *Temple* farre aboue the best: *Sam.* 2. 7
His house, whose front vpreard so high and eaven,
That lightlied earth, and seem'd to threat the heaven, *Nabuchadnezzar.*
Vntill that wicked time a tyrant vile,
Of name and deed that bare the semble stile,
That did this king, that building braue he wrackt,
And to the sacred ground all whole it sackt.
Yet when, long after, *Abrahams* holy race, *Esd.* 6.
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captiue place,
With combers great they redified with pain,
That most renowmed house of God again.
Which though vnto the first it seem'd as small,
As to a Princes house, a shepheards hall:
And though the hugenes were not as it was,
Yet sure the height and beauty did surpass
And ouerseilde the famous work of *Pharie*,
Ephesus Temple, and the tombe of *Carie*,
The *Rhodian Collos*, and the *Caldean* wall,
That *Semirame* set vp with tourrets tall.
Also the wondrous work of this same Temple
Might serue a *Ctesiphon* for his exemple:
Lysippus eke to carue by square and line,
Or guide *Apelles* pensile most diuine.

Heer:

Heer in this place, all *Izrel*, moſt deuoute,
Withdrew themſelues to *Salem* round about;
As when the Heav'n his ſluces opens wide,
And makes the floods vpon the ground to glide,
The brooks that breaks adoun from diuers hils
With courſe impetuous till one deep diſtils.
Amongſt the Dames, that there deuouteſt were
The holy *Iudith* faireſt did appear:
Like *Phœbus* that aboue the ſtarrs doth ſhine:
It ſeem'd that ſhe was made on moulde diuine.
This primate then aſſiſted with the kinne
Of great *Eleazar* (prieſts whoſe head and chinne
Was neuer ſhav'n) deuoutly on he preaſt:
A pearled Myter on his balmed creaſt,
And with a holy Alb, with garnettes ſpred,
And golden Belles, his ſacred body cled:
And ſlew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guiſe)
Of many a kid, and kalfe for ſacrifice:
And with their blood, the Altars hornes he dyed,
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed.

Prayer.

"O Lord of Hoaſtes, we com not vnto thee,
"To wey our merits with thy maieſtie:
"Nor to proteſt before thy heauenly might,
"That ſackleſly, thy ſcourge doth on vs light:
"But rather we confeſſe (as true it is)
"Our ſinnes haue iuſtly merite more then this.
"But Lord if thou thy couenant would forget,
"Which thou with *Abraham* made, and ſo wilt ſet
"For mercy great, thy iuſtice moſt ſeuear,
"Thou ſhould a greater plague vpon vs rear.
"Change then our proceſs from thy iuſtice ſeat,
"And ſaue vs at thy throne of mercy great.
"Forgiue vs Lord, and holde, farre from vs all,
"Theſe plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.
Alas, what helpeth vs thy heauy ſtroke,
To binde our necks to ſuch a ſervile yoke,

Wherewith th' *Assyrian* tyrants long haue grieved
Thine *Isaac*, till their bondage thou relieved;
If so this native ground that new is tild,
If so these hostries new with folke refild,
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,
Should be a pray to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierce;
If that we see this Altar made profane,
And witches it abuse with Idols vain:
Yet Lord if thou no pitty on vs take,
At least great God, do (for thy glories sake)
Haue pitty on this holy building now,
Where not a God hath sacrifice but thou:
Where not a God but thou hast residence,
To feel the sauour sweet of frankensence.
Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* cressets bright
From these rich *Cedar* vaults of stately hight.
Preserue these vessels, ornaments of gold,
From sacrilegious hands of neighbours bolde:
And let the blood of beasts before thy face,
Thy Iustice stay, and grant thy seruants grace.
This prayer done, the people went their way,
Then *Ioachim* conuen'd, that present day,
The princes of all *Iuda*, and them praid,
Gainst this mischief for counsell, and thus said:
Companions, if your former zeal remain,
If ardent loue to God ye still retain:
If wife, or childe, may cause your care to loue,
Which should the Centers of your senses moue:
If in your brests a noble heart doth bide,
Let deed bear witnes at this wofull tide.
For, sauing God and your foresight, in deed
Tis done, tis done with vs, and all our seed:
And after this, th' *Immortall* shall not see
This altar fume before his maiestee.

When

Compariſon. When th' *Air* is calme, and ſtill, as dead and deaf,
And vnder Heav'n quakes not an aſpin leaf,
When Seas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Vpon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant winde is ſtill and lowne,
The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.
But when the cruell ſtorme doth threat the Bark
To drowne in deeps of pits infernall dark,
While toſſing tears both ruther, maſt, and ſail,
While mounting ſeems the Azur ſky to ſcail,
While driues perforce vpon ſom deadly ſhore,
There is the Pylot knowen, and not before.
Alas, I pray you then what care and ſtrifes
Have we to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?
Forget not then the care of this ſame place,
Your countreyes weale, Gods glory and his grace:
But humbly giue your ſelues into the hand
Of God moſt high, and with a holy brand
" Repurge your ſpirits from euery hatefull ſin,
" Which cauſeth God his Iuſtice to begin:
And ſee what may to God be agreeable,
For *Iacobs* weal, and for you profitable.
This ſaid: an ancient traytour, from his youth,
Who foſtred gall in hart, with hony in mouth,
Enforcing from his eyes ſom fained tear
(To cloke his malice) ſpacke as ye ſhall hear:
My tongue me fails, my hair for dread vp-ſtarts,
The oration of a ſubtil wordling. My heavy ſpirit from penſiue corps departs,
When I bethink me of yone tyrant ſtout,
Who hath bedround the world with bloud about,
Approching threats our townes with fiery flames,
Our ſelfs with death, diſhonour to our Dames:
Yet when I call to minde the curtſie great,
That this great Lord doth vſe, who doth intreat
Not onely thoſe that beaſtiall are become,
And haue their hope in brutall Idols dome,

But euen to zealous folke who do embrace
The faith, and law (like vs) of *Abrams* race:
Who, being well aduiſde, did humbly ſue
His pardon, and eſcap't his vengeance due;
Then thanke I God, who ſends vs ſuch a foe,
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:
For we aſſoone ſhall vanquiſh him with teares,
As will be long to wrack him with our weares.
Then whil'ſt we may haue choiſe in either ſtate,
Of peace or warres, his fauour or his hate;
Let vs not follow (ſeeing skath at hand)
The folly of our Fathers, to gain-ſtand:
But rather let vs beare another ſaile,
And ſerue his king as beſt for our availe.
But think not yet, that I this counſell giue
For craft, or warrant for my ſelfe to liue:
For I haue els my daies ſo neerely ſpent,
That for to die I could be well content.
Th' *Aſſyrian* need not in my breſt to ſtrike
His fethred Dart, nor yet his trembling pike:
Yea, if my youth to me ſhould eft returne,
And make my youthly blood within me burne,
So honour I my God, and country deare,
That for to dye for them, I would not feare,
As *Samſon* did, if ſo my death might yield
The victory of the *Vizroy*, and the field.
But moſt I (feare) leaſt we, with curious zeale,
Fight for the lawe, yet fight againſt her weale,
Againſt our ſelfs, to bring ſo great a wrack,
That proud, and cruell tyrants ſhall vs ſack,
And grow in pride (ſuppreſſing *Iudas* ſtrength)
For to contemne the glory of God at length.
For, *Iſraell* being loſt, who ſhall enſue,
To render here to God deuotions due?
What people ſparſed on this earthly ball
From *Indian* ſhoare to where the Sunne doth fall,

Or from the Climate of the northren blaſt,
Vnto that place where ſommer ay doth laſt;
Hath God elect, ſaue *Iſraell* for his owne
Vpon his Hill to haue his glory ſhowne?
At this the valiant *Cambris* of renowne,
With righteous rage grew pale and gan to frowne,
And brake the ſilence with a vehement ſtile,
His courage moov'd the Princes all the while.
Nay rather where I ſtand let ope the ground
(Quoth he) to ſwallow me in pit profound:
Yea rather righteous Heav'n let firy blaſt
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* caſt,
Ere I my malice cloke or overſile,
In giuing *Izac* ſuch a counſell vile.
For, if the Leader of this folk profane
Vpon our bodies only ſought to raigne,
Although that we haue dearly bought alway
Our freedom from our firſt maternall day
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)
I would aſſent, the holy Church except:
But ſince more pride this tyrants heart enroules
To lay a greater burden on our ſoules,
Who are the vaſſels of that onely King,
That Thunder ſends and ſcepters down doth thring:
'Should we forget him who made vs of nought,
'More then all wondrous things that he hath wrought,
Who treats and loues vs like our Father & King,
Still vnder ſhadowes of his wondrous wing?
Will he that we receiue a Prince ambitious?
For God, a gods contemner, *Nemrode* vitious?
Whoſe beaſtly life is of ſo vile a fame,
That of a man he merits not the name?
Goe to, goe to, let men for men aſſay
With ſword and ſhot to deale it as we may:
The victory lies not in mortall hands,
Nor barded horſe, nor force of armed bands,

These are but second instruments of God;
Who, as him list, may send them euen or od.
But if our soueraigne God willes such annoy;
That folke vncircumcis'd our land destroy,
Because we him offend while we haue breath;
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death:
And if we lose and all be ouercome,
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.
For sooth, though *Assurs* soldiers braue and bold
Extinguish quite the race of *Izak* old,
Yet shall they not deface the liuing Lord,
As these *Apostats* falsly do afford.
For he, who peopled first this world so round,
But with one man, from whom the rest abound:
And who long after, in an arke of wood,
Repaird the waste, made by the generall flood;
May he not eke transforme the hardned stone,
To people who will honour him alone?
And may not he do now, as he hath donne,
Who gaue to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?
Them giuing Children moe, then in the heauen
Are starrie Circles, light as firie leauen;
And mo, then Northren windes (that driues the Rack)
Of *Cyrene* sands in number can compack;
Who will obserue his lawe an hundreth folde
More zealously then wee, who should it holde.
'Then, fathers chose you warres: for better tels,
'To lose like *Iewes*, then winne like infidels.
'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts attame,
'To leaue the right, preferre not feare to shame.
Scarce ended was th'Oration of this Lord,
When all the Princes (with a sound accord)
By word and deed confirmde his good aduise.
The chiefe Priest, gladdest of this enterprise,
Vnto the heauen held vp his hands and face,
And sayd, I thank the Lord, who of his grace

'Conioynes no leſſe our wils, then bolds our hearts:
'A ſure preſage, that God is on our parts.
This done, vnto his princes he diuides
The tribes and townes, and ordaines them for guides;
For feare leaſt ſome of them led with ambition
In *Izreell* might ſtirre-vp ſome ſedition.
So they withdrew, and ſtoutly did prouide,
This furious ſtorme of *Mars* for to abide.

Compariſon. Then as ye ſee ſomtime the honie Bees
Exercethemſelfs on buddes of ſweeteſt trees,
Where they ſometime aſſault the buzzing waſpe,
That comes too neere, their flowrs away to claſpe;
Or when they hony draw from ſmelling Time,
Or from the palme, or Roſes of the prime:
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,
Obſeruing iointure iuſt in euery part,
Both vp and down they build ten thouſand ſhops,
With equall ſpace fulfild vp to the tops:
Or where the maſter Bee, of thouſand bands,
Conducts the reſt in legions throw the lands,
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,
Their houſe, their work, their lawes and maners all:
So thus the ſonnes of *Iacob* ply'd their paine,
With hote deſire their quarrell to ſuſtaine.

Preparations of defence. Some built the breaches of their broken town,
That Heauen, and *Panim* yre, had caſten down.
Some other found a cautell, 'gainſt the Ramme,
To ſaue the wall vnbroken where it camme.
Thus *Iacobs* towns on all ſides had their flanks,
With *Gabions* ſtrong, with bulwarks and with banks.
Some others buſie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, ſome vnder baskets louts:
Some others alſo wanting time and might
To ſtrength their towns, yet vs'd all kinde of ſlight,
To dig vp ditches deep, for ciſterns good,
To draw to them the beſt and neereſt flood.

While

While th'Armorers with hammers hard and great
On ſtithies ſtrong the ſturdy ſteele doth beate,
And makes thereof a corpſlet or a iacke,
Somtime a helme, ſomtime a mace doth make,
While ſheepherds they enarme vnus'd to danger,
While ſimple birds, and whiles the wandring ſtranger;
The tilling Culter then a ſpeare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:
The people foode forgets, no eaſe they take,
Some on a horſe, ſome on his proper backe,
Some on a Cart, ſome on a Cammell beares
Corne, wine, and fleſh, to ſerue for many yeares;
As done theſe *Emets*, that in ſommer tide, *Compariſon.*
Comes out in ſwarmes their houſes to prouide:
In harueſt time (their toyle may beſt be ſeene
In paths where they their cariage bring between)
Their youth they ſend to gather-in the ſtore,
Their ſick and old at home do keep the skore,
And ouer grainels great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large
(When it is dight) leaſt it do ſprout or ſeed,
Or come againe, or weevels in it breed.

FINIS.

THE SVMMARY OF THE II. BOOKE.

WE haue heard before, how the people of God vsed all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true religion & their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreame pride of *Holophernes*, who thought with one word to ouerthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, he assembleth his Councell to vnderstand of them what people they were, that inhabited the mountains in the Frontiers of IVDEA, that durst make him resistance. Vpō this he is informed by the mouth of one of his chiefe captains, of that which he looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the History of the IEWES, from the time of ABRAHAMS comming out of Caldea to enter into the land of Promise, vnto their deliuerance from the Captiuitie of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy scriptures, with the praises of the prouidence of almightie God, in defending of his Church, and a sharp threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellers of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captain. But HOLOPHERNE with vaine ambition deferreth their bloody request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, hee further blasphemeth the liuing Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foote, and so caried neere to the City of Bethulia: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the Citie, and there declareth his case; exhorting them to continue constant, to God, and their country, and promiseth his assistance to his liues end.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF IVDITH.

NOw *Holophern* in *Scythique* Rampier stood,
With standards pight of youthly heathen blood;
Of nothing thinking lesse, then warre and fight,
But in deuising pastime day and night:
Till he was war, that *Iacob* would aduance,
Against his *Panim* force and arrogance.
A pack of what? a pack of countrey clownes
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battell bownes,

With

With beggers, bolts, and Leuers to arreſt
My warriours ſtrong; with whom I haue ſuppreſt
Both *Tigris* ſwift, and faire *Euphrates* ſtream, *People of Aſia.*
With froſty *Taurus* and rocke *Niphatheame.*
Are they not wrackt? ye Cheefs of *Moabits*,
And valiant *Ephrem*, ye ſtrong *Ammonits*:
Ye that as neighbours knowe this folke of olde,
That ſcattered thus, doe all theſe mountains hold:
Tell me what men are they, of what off-ſpring,
What is their force, their cuſtomes and their king?
'For, wiſe is he that wots with whom he playes,
'And halfe is victor, as the Prouerbe ſayes.
The Lord of *Ammon* then, with reuerence due,
Right wiſely ſpack the Duke; and yet, for true,
He was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:
But ſo (with fained tongue) he ſpake his minde,
And all the *Hebrews* acts diſcourſt ſo well,
That *Eſdr'* and *Moſes* ſeemd in him to dwell,
As did that ſprite that made the Prophet bleſſe
The *Iſraelites*, whom *Balec* did addreſſe *Num. 23*
To curſe them all, and wage his couetous toung,
Which ſpake contrarie that he would haue ſoung:
So pleaſe it you my Lord, I ſhall deſcrie
The ſtorie of *Iſrell*: yet, ſo doing, I
Am like the modeſt Bee, that takes but ſmall
Of euery flowr, though ſhe haue choiſe of all:
For where ſhe liſt, the ſweeteſt off ſhe crops.
Theſe people that ye ſee on mountain tops, *A briefe diſcourſe of the eſtate of the Iewe.*
Encamped in theſe craggs, are of the line
Of *Abraham*; who (ſeruing *God* diuine,
That mighty *God* of gods who creat all,
And firmely knit and built this mighty ball)
Came to this Land that then was tild and ſowen,
And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowne: *Gen. 12*
Where onely God his wealth did multiplie,
In goods, and ſiluer, gold, and familie.

And when of age he was an hundred year,
His wife eake barren, neuer child did bear;
God gaue them *Isaac*, swearing that his seed
Should many Scepters rule, and Land bespreed:
But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,
And hoped well the promise made should hold
(O pitious case) *Th'immortall* voice him spake,
And bad him sacrifice his sonne *Isaac*.
Gen. 22. Then like a ship between two windes beset,
Vpon the raging sea on both sides bet,
In doubtsom fear, ne wots what way to keep,
Least one of them confound her in the deep:
Makes close her ports, and slides on *Neptunes* back;
At pleasure of the boisteous windes to wrack:
So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight
Both loue, and duety, reason, faith and right.
Nor wist he way to take: his troubled soule,
From this to that, continually did roule,
Vntill the time, his heav'nly fear and loue
His naturall earthly pitie did remoue.
Then hauing built the fire and all, anone
His sonne he laid vpon the sacred stone,
And with a trembling hand the curtlasse drewe,
With heauied arme the stroke for to ensewe;
When, lo, th'Eternall staid the balefull knife,
And down it fell, and spaird the guiltless life.
Then God, content to haue so great allay
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.
Of *Izak*, *Iacob* came, and *Iacob* than
Of valiant sonnes had twelue in *Canaan*,
Who (forç't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:
Exod. 1. Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand;
And grew so great in number, that they were
A fear to those that had them harbourd there.
And though th'*Egyptians* daily them oppreſt,
And burthens on their sweating backs were dreſt:

Yet

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"His prouidence hath made a wicked thing,
"Vnto his owne, great profit for to bring.
Gen. 41 "When *Ioſephs* brether ſold him like a ſlaue,
"He after came a kingly place to haue.
"Of *Haman* proude the darke enuious hate
"Brought *Mardoche* the iuſt to great eſtate.
Eſth. "For, where his enemie ſought his ſhamefull end,
"The ſame vnto the worker he did ſend.
This *Hebrew Moſes* once as he did keepe
Father in Law. On *Horeb* mount his father *Iethro* his ſheepe:
He ſaw a fearefull ſight, a flaming fire
Encloſe a thorny buſh whole and entire:
From whence a mighty voice vnto him ſpake,
Which made the ground betweene the *Poles* to ſhake:
Exod. 3. *I am that One, is, was,* and ay ſhall bee,
Who create all of nought, as pleaſeth mee:
I can deſtroie, I am the great, and iuſt,
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to truſt,
Whoſe ſtrong right hand this world hath ſet in frame,
I am th' *Almighty God of Abraham*:
I plague my foes, and grant my ſeruants grace,
All thoſe that knowledge me, and all their race.
Then follow thou my will, and quickly go,
From me, to that profane King *Pharao*,
Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,
Of *Nilus* ſhore that rich increaſe doth yeeld;
And bid him let my people freely goe:
But, if with hardned hart, he will not ſo,
Strech out thy ſtaffe for to confirme thy charge,
And it ſhall turne into a *Serpent* large.
And this he ſhortly did, the thing to proue:
It quickned lo, and on the ground gan moue.
(O Miracle) he ſaw without all faile,
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:
Which crangling crept, and ranne from trod to trod
In many a knot, till time th' Almighty God

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He, earthly duſt to lothly lice did change,
And dimd the Ayre, with ſuch a cloud ſo ſtrange
Exod. 10 Of flies, graſhoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,
That day and night throw houſes flew in flocks,
That with inciſions ſharp did ſheare the skinnes
Of *Ægypt Panims*, throw their proudeſt ynnes.
And when the heauen moſt quiet ſeemd and fair,
Th'Eternall ſent a tempeſt through the air,
And (at this *Hebrew*'s prayer) ſuch a reare
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.
Here lay a Bull, that woodran while he braſt:
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blaſt:
And now the forreſt high, that hid the air,
With many a ſpreeding arme, is ſpoild and bair:
So that the ſap that grafters keeps with paine,
Which ſhould reſtore the ſtock, and leafe againe,
Is loſt (alas) in leſſe then halfe a day,
The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.
What more? th'Eternall darkned ſo the skie,
For three daies ſpace none could another ſpie:
That cloude, ſo thick the *Memphis* rebels fand,
That they might firmly feele it with their hand:
It ſeemd that *Phœbus* left his ancient Round,
And dwelt three daies with men of vnderground.
" And as the ſunne at one ſelfe time is felt,
" With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:
" So *Amrams* ſacred ſonne, in theſe proiects,
" Made one ſelfe cauſe, haue two contrair effects.
" For, *Izak* humbly knew the Lord diuine:
" But *Pharo*, more and more, did ſtill repine;
" Like to the corpſlet colde, the more't is bet
" With hammers hard, more hardnes it doth get.
Exod. 11 Yet when his ſon was ſlaine by th' *Angels* hand,
Heyre. Amongſt the eldeſt heires of *Ægypt* Land;
He was afraide, and let them go that night,
Where pleaſed them to ſerue their God of might:

Who

Who ſent a cloud before them all the day,
By night a Piller of fire, to guide their way.
But ſodainly this tyrant did gain-ſtand
His former grant, and armd all *Ægypt* Land
With hot purſute againſt all *Iacobs* hoſte,
That were encamped on the Red-ſea coſte.
Such noyſe was neuer, ſince the forraine tide
Brak throw *Gibraltar*, when it did diuide
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* ſtrand
Diuorced was from her *Italia* Land;
As was in theſe two campes: that one, with boſte,
That other with their wailings fild the coaſt:
It ſeemd the ſounds of furious horſe and men,
With hornes and pypes, to heauen reſounded then.
O ſuggler ſaid the *Iewes*, what hatefull ſtrife
Hath moued thee to change our happy life?
What? are we fiſhes, for to ſwimme the ſeas?
Or are we foules, to fly whereas we pleaſe,
Beyond the Sea? or ouer hills to ſoare?
Was there not graues for vs on *Goſſen* ſhoare;
But, in this deſart heer to die, or haue
The blood-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our graue?
Then *Moſes*, with his quickned rod, that tide,
He ſmote the ſea, which (fearfull) did diuide;
Diſcouering land that ſunne had neuer ſeene,
And ſtaid the ſea, as there two walles had been:
Which made a paſſage dry of ample ſpace,
For all to paſſe who were of *Iſaacs* race:
But contrarie the Red-ſea did deuower
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,
Who proudly durſt himſelfe to that preſent,
Which opened but to ſaue the innocent.
O happy race, ſince God doth arme for thee,
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and ſee
(Which all vnto thy pay haue whole inclinde)
Let not conſuming time weare out of minde

Exod. 14 They murmure.

So rare a grace; but let thine elders shewe
This to their noble seed that shall ensewe:
And let their sonnes, vnto their sonnes record
Throw all the world these wonders of the Lord.
God, with Cœlestiall bread (in time of need)
Exod. 6 His loued *Iacob* forty yeare did feed:
And gaue them water from the solide stone,
Which of it selfe had neuer moisture none.
Their caps, their coats, and shooes, that they did weare,
God kept all fresh and new, full forty year.
And farther, least their soules, for want of food,
Exod. 10 Should faint or faile; he, of his mercies good,
Gaue them his law, pronounced by his voice,
His spirit to theirs, in him for to reioice:
So teaching them, and vs in precepts ten,
Our dutie first to God, and next to men;
To th'end that man to man should truly stand,
And ioyne with God, and neuer break that band.
Iosuah. This mighty Prophet dead; Duke *Iosua* than,
Their Captaine stout, this *Palmy* prouince wan:
Throw might of God, he Scepters did subdew
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all he slew.
At his commandment like the thunder sound,
The Rampers strong fell fearfully to ground;
Before the *Tortuse*, or the horned Ramme,
Had bet, or mined, from their wall a dramme:
For, euen of hornes, full hoarse, their simple blast
An engine was, their towres adoune to cast.
He pray'd the heauen for to prolong the day,
And made the horses of the sun to stay;
To th'end, the night should not with cloud be cled,
To saue the faithless, that before him fled.
Now when this *Panim* scourge (with age at last)
Had left this life, and vnto heauen past;
Then *Isaac* had of Rulers sundry men,
Whose glorious acts deserues eternall pen.

Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*? *Iudges.*
Th e valiant *Delbor*, *Ahud* and good *Samuel*?
What Land (O *Samſon*) rings not thy renowne,
Who ſole, vnarmed, bet an Army down?
What laude to *Iephthe* iuſtly might we low,
Had he not hurt his owne through haſty vow?
What hill or dale, what flood or fixed ground,
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praiſe reſound?
In later time, their kings ſome good, ſome bad,
Of all the *Hebrew* ſtate the ruling had.
Had I the Harpe of *Dauid* (holy King)
None other ſound but *Dauid* would I ſing.
Bur, euen all the deeds that *Dauid* did,
Could not be done by none, but by *Dauid*:
So none but *Dauid*, on his yv'rie harpe,
The glorious praiſe of God could only carpe.
But, here, his praiſe I preaſe not to proclaime,
Leaſt I through want of skill obſcure the ſame:
Yet leaue I not his Son, whom grace diuine *Salomon.*
Made no leſſe rich, then wondrous of engine:
Whoſe doctrine drew to *Salem* from all wheare,
A hundred thouſand wyzards him to heare:
From *Araby*, from *Ynde*, to *Affrik* ſhore,
His tongue entyſte them with his cunning lore.
Shall I forget the king, who ouerthrew *Ioſias.*
Idolatrie, and plaç't religion dew?
Shall I forget that King, who ſaw deſcend *Hezekiah.*
A winged *Hoaſt*, *Solyma* to defend? Ieruſalem.
Shall I forget him, who before his eene, *Aſa.*
Enchaſt the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* greene?
Shall I forget him, who preparing fight *Ioſaphat.*
'Gainſt *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moabs* Idoll might,
Saw ech of their three hoaſts on others fall,
And with them ſelfs their ſelfs, diſcomfit all?
Yet, for their ſinnes God gaue them in the hands
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:

And

And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end
Of that Impire; till God did *Cyrus* send,
Who set them free, and gaue them of his grace
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place
Is kept by sacred *Ioachim*, whose powers
Consists not onely within *Sions* towers;
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and we all
Do knowe his strength and knowes him principall.
Now Sir, you heare the progresse first and last
Of *Isaacs* race in order as it past.
One while the Lord enhaunst them to the skie:
One while he drew them downe in deep to lie.
'But were he Iudge, or Prince, or King of might,
'Who reul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright,
'While they observ'd th'alliance made before
'By their forefathers, who to God them swore,
'In happy state all others they surpast:
'And vnderfoot their proudest foes were cast.
'And all the world, that their destruction sought,
'Against their state, and name preuailed nought.
'But, contrary, as oft as they astraid
'From God their guide, he on their shoulders laid
'The Barbare yock of *Moab*, and oft-times
'Of *Palestine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,
'The heauy hand of God was seen to be,
'On their ingratefull infidelity.
Now, if so be that any odious sinne
Prouoke their Lord his Iustice to begin:
Then mine not you their towers and tourets tall,
Nor bring the wracksome engine to their wall:
Nor place thy battries braue, nor yet aduenter,
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.
For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmell* faire
Or *Niphathei* should parke them from repaire:
If *Ynde* and *Nilus* with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*
To close them round about, should run in one,

For their defence: yet ſhall they not withſtand
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand.
But if they haue not broke the band indeed
That God with *Abraham* made and with his ſeede;
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or moue
Theſe people that the Lord ſo much doth loue.
For, though ſouth *Autan* would diſpeople his Lands,
And bring the blackeſt *Moores* to ſwarme in bands:
If *Northren Boreas*, vnder his banners colde,
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bold:
If *Zephyrus* from ſweet *Heſperia* coſte,
Would ſend his choſen armed men to *Hoſte*:
If *Eurus*, for to aide thine enterpriſe,
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth riſe:
Yet all their numbers hudge, and forces ſtrong,
Can neuer do to *Iſraell* any wrong,
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God ſay nay.
That God will them defend, becauſe he may
With one ſmall blaſt confound all Kings that darre
(As thou doeſt now) prouoke him vnto warre.
Then like as ye behould the quiet ſee
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:
But, blauncheth firſt, then growes in little ſpace,
In wallowing waues to flowe with fomy face,
And laſtly beates the banks, and ſhips vnſhrouds,
With wrackfull waues vphoiſt to higheſt clouds:
So, almoſt all the princes of that hoſte,
With inward anger gan to be emboſte,
As oft as they the prayſe of God did heare;
So to his ſpeech encreaſt their ſpitefull chear:
Which, in the end, to blaſphemy them brought,
Th'immortall God of Gods to ſet at nought.
Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytour ſine,
Whoſe ſubtill talke, with all his whole engine,
Pretends to ſaue theſe *Hebrews* from our hands,
And threats vs with vaine Gods of forraine Lands:

For if it pleaſe you (noble prince) to ſend
But twenty men of value that are kend,
Within your camp, theſe reckleſſe rebels then
Shall be a pray to all your warlike men.
(O wicked wight!) but then the *Vizroy* ſtout,
With power, appeaſde the murmur of the route:
And to him ſaid: O ſhameles *Prophet* thou
What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell me now?
What Diuell or *Dæmon* ſo doth thee inſpire,
That *Izrell* ſhall of vs haue his deſire?
Such men, as with no God can be content,
But ſuch as pleaſed *Moſes* to inuent,
Blaſphemie. Of his owne head: a God that hath no power
For to deliuer them, nor thee this hower.
Haue we an other God, or king of kings
Then our great Perſian *Monark* now that rigns?
Whoſe barded horſe oreruns the Nations all,
Whoſe armed men, out of theſe mountains tall,
Shall rake theſe Rebels that from *Egypt* came
To this, where they vniuſtly keep the ſame.
Dye, dye thou ſhalt, O wretch: thy toung vntrue,
And double heart, ſhall haue their wages due.
But, foole, what ſpeake I thus? no haſte, a while:
Thy blood (O villaine) ſhall not me defile.
So iuſt a paine, ſo ſoone thou ſhalt not haue,
For thy deceipt ſo ſoone to go to graue.
'For, in a wretches ſodaine death, at ones
'Their longſome ill is buried with their bones.
But, to that end I may prolong thy ſtrife,
In *Bethuli* town I will prolong thy life:
Where euery howre, thou ſhalt haue ſuch affray
To die vndead a thouſand times a day,
Till time with them who thou ſo ſtrong haſt thought
To ſhamefull end with them thou ſhalt be brought.
What? wherfore trembleſt thou and art ſo pale?
What ſorrow makes thy heart ſo ſoon to faile?

If God be God, as thou right now hast said,
Then of thy faith giue witnesse, vndismaid.
A Marshall of the campe then being prest
(Who was not yet so cruell as the rest)
There tooke this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)
And sent him bound to *Bethull* (with a cord).
Then euen as in his clawes the kite doth beare
The chirping chicken, throu the weather cleare,
While that the cackling hen, belowe on ground,
Bewayles her bird with vaine lamenting sound:
So in like woe his worthy men were left,
For that so worthy a chief was them bereft.
The Townsmen then beholding neere their wall
These *Miscreants*, to armor straight they fall,
Yclad in plate and mail, and runnes in bands,
And fearcely fronts their foes with steele in hands;
As fast as done the riuers doun the hils,
That with their murmur hudge the deeps vpfils.
The Heathen, seeing this, retirde away,
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a pray
To th'*Hebrew* soldiers; who did him constraine,
Though he was willing, with them to remaine.
When all the folke with prease about him past,
His eyes and hands vp to the pole he cast,
'And thus he spake: O God that great abides
'Vpon th'Immortall seat, and iustly guides
'The ruled course of heav'n, whose liuing spreet
'Reuiuing spreds, and through all things doth fleet;
'I render thee, O God, immortall prayse,
'For that before I end my wofull dayes,
'Now from th'vnfruitfull stock thou dost me race,
'To graft me in thy fruitfull tree of grace;
Where in despight of all contrary strife,
I shall bring forth the fruits of lasting life.
And ye, O *Iacobs* sonnes, thinke not at all
That I of purpose captiue am and thrall,

So that I meane hereby your wrack to bring;
For, God he knowes, I thinke not such a thing:
But I am captiue thus, because I tolde,
What wondrous workes the Lord hath done of olde,
To you and your forefathers euer still,
Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.
Then doubt not you a thousand flaffing flags,
Nor horrible cries of hideous heathen hags:
Coole not your hearts. For, if the world about
Would compasse you with all their warriours stout
(Prouiding first ye seeke your helpe at need
At power diuine, and not at mortall seede)
You surely shall see *Mocmurs* renning flood,
Made red, with *Assurs* hoste and *Ethnique* blood:
Ye surely shall see men, not vsde to fight,
Subdue their foes, that seemes of greater might.
The hand of God assailes you not with hate:
But, for your weale, your pride he will abate;
To let you wit, it is within his power,
To leaue or to relieue you euery houre.
As on th'vnsauory stocke the lilly is borne:
And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne:
So modest life, with sobs of grieuous smart
And cryes deuout, comes from an humbled hart.
For, euen the faithfull flocke are like the ground,
That for good fruit, with weeds will still abound,
If that the share and culter idle lie
That riues the soyle, and roots the brambles bye:
But, in the end, God will his ire relent,
Assoone as sinners truely will repent:
And saue you from these plagues that present be
In shorter time then ye do thinke to see.
Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with teares:
And, after, we shall vanquish with our weares
These enemies all. Now, if there rest in me
The former force that once was wont to be:

If

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THE THIRD BOOKE Of IVDITH.

THe Snoring snoute of restles *Phlegon* blewe
Hote on the *Ynds*, and did they day renewe
With Scarlet skye, when *Heathen* men awooke
At sound of drumme: then pike and dart they tooke,
In order marching, and to combat calles
Th'vndaunted sonnes, within their Cities walles.
The meeds in May with flowers are not so dect,
Of sundry saueurs, hews, and seere effect,
As in this campe were people different farre
In toungs and maners, habits, tents and warre.
Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,
Of members more confuse, was not compounded:
Yet soundly they in vnion did accorde
To wage the warre against th' *Almightie* Lord,
Who shakes the *Poles*, whose onely breath doth beat
Libanus mount, and makes *Caucasus* sweat.
There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,
Ioynd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*:
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall
Assaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.
The *Persians* proud (th'Empyre was in their hands)
With plates of gold, surbraued all their bands.
The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes ouerthwart
They lost their Scepter, not for lack of hart:
And that no costly cloath nor rich aray,
Nor painting fine, that on their face they lay,
Nor borrowd hair, of fair and comly length,
Might ought impair their ancient power and strength.
There were the happie *Arabs*, those that buields
In thatched waggons, wandring throu the fields.
The subtill *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,
That staid the wandring words in leaues and barks,

The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and
The People sparst on large *Elimia* land.
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell
Nere to the *Æthiopians* black and fell:
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it wair)
Encamped was within that armie fair.
So that this Duke mo forraine soldiers lad,
Then all the *Hebrewes* natiue people had.
But they, who did the *Hebrewes* greatest wrong,
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:
Who fought with hatefull harts, them to deface,
Least they should be esteemd of *Izaks* race.
Then, as in time of spring the water is warme,
And crowping frogs like fishes there doth swarme;
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To stirre the streame, their crouping stayes as fast:
So while *Iudea* was in ioyfull dayes,
The constancie of them was worthy prayes:
For that in euery purpose ye should heare
The praise of God, resounding euery wheare;
So, that like burning candles they did shine
Among their faithfull flocke, like men diuine.
But, looke how soon they heard of *Holopherne*,
Their courage quailde and they began to dern:
Their ardent zeale with closed mouth they choke;
Their zeale too hote returnd to fuming smoke:
The fear of losse of life, and worldly good,
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers blood.
Alas, how many *Ephramits* haue we,
In our vnhappy time? all which we see
Within the church like hypocrites to dwell,
So long as by the same they prosper well:
Who feines a zeale, th' Euangill to maintaine,
So long as serues their honour, or their gaine:
But turne the chance with some contrary winde,
So that their browes but half a blast do finde;

Then faints their harts, and they seek other way.
Like bankers out their God they disobay,
Discyphring then their malice to be more
To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;
And fights against the Lord with greater hate,
Then *Celsus* did, or *Iulian* Apostate.
The *Hebrewes* now, from height of houses faire,
Who saw so many banners beat the aire,
And men to march against their forces small,
Who now might well decerne their feeble wall;
They swoune with fear, and fand none other aid,
But of that God, to whome their fathers prayd.
O father (quod they) father, holy king,
Who shields vs alwayes vnderneath thy wing;
Since now the world against vs doth conspire,
Defende vs mighty Lord we thee require.
Thus hauing humbly prayd the Lord of might,
The *Gouernour* renforc't his watches wight,
And fires at midnight built in euery way;
Which made the night appear as clear as day;
And waker lfe through the corpsgard oft he past:
And thought that *Phœbe* hyed her course too fast
With horses paile to steale away the night,
To leaue the *Hebrews* to their enemies sight.
Again, the *Pagan* thought she did but creep,
Or that with *Latmies* sonne she was on sleep.
„But humain wishes neuer hath the power
„To haste or hold the course of heaven one hower.
Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,
And our *Horyzon* did the day renew;
The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,
To drawe his scattred Cornets to a Round,
Who from all parts with speed assembled weare
About the Generalls tent, his will to hear:
As doth the hounds about their hunt at morne
Com gladishing at hearing of his horne.

Now

Now when the towne his ſommonds did diſdain,
To conquer it perforce he plyde his pain:
And their, th' *Inginers* haue the *Trepan* dreſt,
And reared vp the *Ramme* for battrie beſt:
Here bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,
Their Crosbowes were vprent with yron Racks.
Here croked *Coruies*, fleeing bridges tal,
Their ſcathfull *Scorpions*, that ruynes the wall.
On euery ſide they raiſe with ioynture meet,
The tymber towres for to command ech ſtreet.
The painfull Pioners wrought againſt their will,
With fleaks and fagots, ditches vp to fill:
Or vnder ground they delue in duſt with pain,
To raiſe a mount, or make a mount a Plain,
Or Cauerns cut, where they might ſoldiers hide,
T'aſſaile the towne at ſodain vneſpide.
Som ladders dreſt to ſcale the wall, or els
To ſteale vpon the ſleeping *Sentinels*.
Som vndermines, ſom other vndertook
To fire the gates, or ſmore the towne with ſmoke:
The greateſt part did yet in trenches lurke,
To ſee what harme their engins firſt would wurke,
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile
With braue aſſault the Cittie to aſſaile.
Their *Mars*, towre-myner, their *Bellona* wood,
Enforced feeble Cowards to ſuck blood.
Their hidious horſes, braying loude and clear,
Their *Pagans* fell, with clamor huge to hear,
Made ſuch a dinne as made the heauen reſound,
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.

Engins of Warre.

Yet, God who keeps his watch aboue the skyes
For his elect, who neuer ydle lyes;
Took pity on his people in that tide,
Repreſſing (part) this cruell princes pride,
In cauſing all the chiefes of *Moabites*,
Of *Edom* ſtrong, and awfull *Ammonites*

To

To ſpeak him thus, and thus him terrours dreſt.
O Prince, that Scepter bears aboue the reſt,
And giues them law, and holds the world in thrall,
Set not thy ſoldiars to aſſault this wall.
For neither bowe, nor ſling, nor weapons long,
Nor ſword, nor buckler, will be found ſo ſtrong
And is this threatning rock whoſe mighty corſe
Suſtaines their wall, of ſuch eternall force,
That thou can make no skallade on no coſte,
But on the corpſes dead of halfe thine hoſte.
,The victor can no honour iuſtly clame
,To loſe the men who ſhould aduance the ſame.
,O valiant Prince, that fiſher is not fine,
,Who for a frog will loſe a golden line.
,The holy headband ſeems not to attyre
,The head of him, who in his furious yre
,Preferrs the pain of thoſe that haue him teend
,Before the health and ſafety of one freend.
You may (my Lord) you may, in little ſight,
Subdue theſe Roags, and not to loſe a knight.
Surpriſe me firſt their chiefeſt water ſpring,
From whence theſe rebels do their conduits bring;
Then drought ſhall driue them from their whole defence,
In cords to yeld them to thine excellence.
,The noble Lyon neuer ſleas the leaſt;
,But alway prayes vpon ſom worthy beaſt.
,The thunder throwes his ſulphred ſhafts adowne
,On *Atlas* high, or on colde *Riphes* crowne.
,The tempeſt fell more feruently doth fall
,On houſes high, then on the homely hall:
So you my Lord need not to preaſe your powre,
Againſt ſuch foes as will themſelfs deuowre.
Sir, this is not for fauour or for meede,
Nor that this Cities ſack may cauſe vs dread:
Nor that we mean thy high attempts to ſtay.
For, ere we from thy ſtandarts ſtirre away,

For thee th' immortall Gods we ſhall defie:
For thee, we ſhall break down their altars hie:
For thee, we frankly ſhall purſue and thole
Th' eternall heat and colde of either *Pole:*
For thee, our hardy hands ſhall help to tear,
From *Ioue* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle and ſpear:
For thee, the ſonne for father ſhall not care,
Nor father ſonne, nor brother, brother ſpare.
Now, *Holopherne* to conqueſt whole enclynde,
And weighing well this counſell in his minde;
Diſmiſſed from his camp a galliard rout
Of men, to guard rhe Riuers round about.
This ſtratageme, the *Hebrews* well might knowe,
To ſe their fountains run with paſſage ſlowe.
Then manfully their ſoldiers out they ſend
Againſt their foes, the water to defend.
There fought the *Pagan* for to winne him fame:
The *Hebrew* ment, he would not dye with ſhame.
Together ſoon they ſhock with hatefull yre,
And firſt they forç't the heathen to retyre:
Who (turning face) again do them purſew,
And wins the victory from the victors new.
So doubtfull was the fight, none could define
(Saue God) to whom the victory would encline;
Till *Izrell* was on all ſides ouercled
With clouds of ſhott: then to their town they fled.
As doth the *Pilgrim* paſſing through the Plain,
Who is beſet with tempeſt, haile, or rain,
Who leaues his way, and ſeeks himſelfe to hide
Within ſom caue, or hollow mountain ſide.
The *Panims* them purſued without all pitty,
And *Peſtmell* entred almoſt in the Citty
At open gate. Then roſe the cry vnſweet
Of fearfull folke who fled in euery ſtreet,
And rent their hair and their affrighted face,
As Panims els had wonne that holy place.

How

How flee you cowards now, and leaues your port?
(The Captain ſayes) haue ye an other Fort?
Thinke ye to finde for ſafty of your crowne
In this *Bethulia* an other *Bethull* towne?
(Alas) if ye make no defence at all,
While time this tyrant is without your wall;
How dare you him reſiſt, when he hath wunne
This forte of yours, from which ye feeble runne?
The commons with this check, brought to their powers,
Where *Cambris* and Sir *Carmis*, like two towers,
Stood at th' aſſaulted gate, and did withſtand
The Heathen hoſt with ech of them in hand
An yron mace (in ſtead of launces long)
And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:
Their habergions like ſtiddies ſtithe they baire
With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:
Of equall age they were, and equall length,
Of equall courage, and of equall ſtrength,
Like Poplers twain that recheth vp their tops,
And holds their heads ſo high that none them crops;
But on the Riuers ſide do ſweetly ſway
Like germain brether hailſing oft a day.
The *Heathen*, ſeeing thus the *Iews* deſcend;
With edge of ſworde their Citie to defend;
They left th' aſſault, and thence retyring went
(As they commanded were) vnto their tent.
But when I thinke how xxx. dayes that towne
Tormented was with miſchief vp and downe;
Too ſad a ſong I cannot hear inuent
So great a ſadneſſe right to repreſent:
My hand for horrour ſhakes, and now no more
Can lead my ſacred pen as erſt before.
For, now mine eyes, that watred are with tears,
Declares my matter all of miſchief bears.
Oh Sprite, from whence all ſprit and life doth come,
Thou looſde the tongue of *Zacharie* that was domme;

And sent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach;
Guide thou my pen, and courage to me lend,
That to thy honour I this worke may end.
Although that *Izak* sawe on euery hand
A world of folke against his towne to stand;
Yet (tracting time) he thought he would prouide
No lesse to keep, then coole th' Assiegers pride:
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,
By which, their water to their towne was sent;
Their courage bolde, and all their craks (alas)
As licour faild, so did their stoutnesse pas.
Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,
Made them beleeue the thing did them beguile:
To wit, they gaue men hope that they might keep
Sufficient wat'r in wels and cesterns deep,
Through all the towne, the people to relieue,
That thirst should not the souldiers greatly grieue.
The magistrates in deed had great regard
To see this water wisely spent and spar'd,
That Bottell sweet, which serued at the first
To keep the life, but not to slocken thirst.
When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage,
And sought out euery sink their thirst t' asswage:
And drank with longsom draught the pools in haste,
To quench their thirst with ill contented taste:
Which poysoned ayre, enfect their purest breath;
Whereby the drinker drank his present death.
O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!
Drink, or not drink, both wayes must lose their life.
For, he that drank, and he that did refrain,
Had of their enemies, both an equall pain.
For why? the water vile slew them throughout;
No lesse, then did their enmies them about.
That wretched towne had neuer a street nor rewe,
But *Parcas* there had found some facion newe.

A vine description of Thirst.

To

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Now while the people were in this estate,
And with their princes wrangling in debate,
They thus besought the Lord for to decide
Between their simplesse and their princes pride:
The Lord be Iudge of that which ye haue wrought,
And what your wicked counsels hath vs brought.
If you had offred peace to this great Lord
At first, we might haue wonne him to accord.
Then happy happy daies we might haue seen,
And not so many souldiers murdred been.
Alas, what hope haue we within this holde?
Our enmies are more meek a thousand folde,
Then are our owne. They, haps, would vs preserue:
Our wilfull owne, pretends to see vs sterue.
Our children do our childrens weal denay,
And headlong hastes vnto their owne decay.
We knowe, O Lord, the breaking of thy law,
Hath caused thee this sword on vs to draw:
And iustly thou thine yrefull bowe doest bend,
On our vnloyall heads the shot to send.
But thou, who doth not long retain thine yer.
Against thine owne, thy mercy we require.
Change thou the purpose of our foolish guides,
And of these *Heathen*, armed at our sides:
Or els let vs vpon their weapons fall,
And of their hands to be dettroied all,
Er we this drougth and deadly venim haue,
With languishing to send vs to the graue.
My brethren dear (the Ruler then gan say)
Our whole desire hath been. both night and day,
Not for to see the seed of *Abram* lost,
For which we striue against this furious hoste.
What? haue ye pain? so likewise pain haue we:
For in one boat we both imbarked be.
Vpon one tide, one tempest doth vs tosse:
Your common ill, it is our common losse.

Th'

Th' *Aſſyrian* plague ſhall not vs *Hebrues* grieue,
When pleaſeth God our miſchief to relieue:
Which he will doe if ye can be content.
And not with grudge his clemency prevent.
Then ſtriue not you againſt that puiſſant king
Who create all, and gouerns euery thing
For comfort of his Church and children dear,
And ſuccours them, though time do long appear.
Somtime an Archer leaues his bowe vnbent,
And hong vpon a naile, to that intent
It may the ſtronger be to bend again,
And ſhoot the ſhot with greater might and main:
Right ſo th' eternall doth withholde his ill
A longer time (perchance) for that he will
More egerly reuenge him of their crime,
Who do abuſe his long forbearing time:
When men applauds to ſinne, they count it light,
And but a matter ſmall in ſinners ſight:
But in the end the weight doth ſo encreaſe;
That Iuſtice leaues the ſinner no releaſe,
Like th' *Vſurer* who lends vpon the skore,
And makes the reckles debters debt the more,
What if the thundring Lord his iuſtice ſtay,
And (for ſuch ſinne) do not this tyrant ſlay?
The waters of the ground and in the aere
Are in the hand of God: then who is there,
That dare ſedicioufly his yoke refuſe,
Although he haue not water now to vſe?
No, no, though heaven do ſeeme ſerene and clear,
On euery part, and wete doth not appear;
He may with moiſture mildly wete the land,
Sam.1.12. As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand.
For, all the ſtarres that do the heaven fullfill,
Are all but executors of his will.
All this could not the peoples thirſt aſſwage;
But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:

What? shall we die, O sacred soldiers bolde,
For pleasure of our Lords these traytours olde?
What? shall we dye on credit, for to please
These wyzard fooles, who winks at our vnease?
Who, with our blood, would win them selfs renown,
So louable, as neuer shall goe down?
Nay, nay, let vs cut off this seruile chain:
To free our selfs, let vs in hands retain
The ruling of this towne, the forte and all;
Least we into these deadly dangers fall.
Then like a wise *Physician*, who persaues
His patient that in feruent feuer raues,
Yet hights him more then Art can well performe:
So Prince *Osias* in this rurall storme,
He promist to the people their intent
If God within fiue dayes no succour sent:
Then *Israel* left their sorrowes all and some,
And present woe and fear of chance to com;
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,
At least they would auoid the greatest ill.
But *Iudith* then whose eyes (like fountains two)
Were neuer dry, which witnest well her wo;
Right sad in sound th' *Almighty* she besought,
And on the sacred scriptures fed her thought.
Her prayers much auayld to raise her spreet
Aboue the skye: and so the scriptures sweet,
A holy garden was where she might finde
The medcyne meet for her molested minde.
Then *Iudith* reading there, as was her grace,
She (not by hazard) hapned on that place,
Where the lame handed *Ahud* (for disdain
To see the *Iewes* the *Heathen* yock sustain)
Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,
And from his flank the blood and life bereft.
The more she read, the more she wonder had
Of *Ahuds* act, and hote desire her lad

Iudicum.

T'enſue his vertue: yet her feeble kinde
Empeached oft the purpoſe of her minde;
Propoſing oft the horrour of the deed,
The fear of death, the danger to ſucceed,
With hazard of her name: and more then that,
Though ſhe likewiſe the peoples freedom gat;
Yet for a man, this act more ſeemly wear,
Than for a wife to handle ſword or ſpear.
While *Iudith* thus with *Iudith* did debate,
A puffe of wind blew down that leaf by fate;
Diſcov'ring vp the ſtory of *Iaell*, how
She droue a nayle into *Siſaras* brow,
And ſlew that Pagan ſleeping on her bed,
Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoaſt was fled:
In teaching vs albeit a tyrant flee,
Yet can he not auoide the Lords decree.
This laſt example now ſuch courage lent
To feeble *Iudith*, that ſhe now was bent,
With wreakfull blade, to ſlea and to diuorce
The *Heathen* ſoule from ſuch a ſinfull corſe.
But while ſhe did her carefull mind imploy
To finde ſom means to murder this *Vizroy*;
She heard report (that made her hart to ſwoune)
Of the determination of the toune.
Then all the preſent perils to preuent,
Vnto the Rulers of the towne ſhe went;
Reprouing them with words of bitter ſweet,
What do ye mean, O princes indiſcreet?
Will ye the helping hand of God reſtrain,
And captiue it within your counſels vain?
Will ye include him vnder courſe of times,
Who made dayes, years, all ſeaſons and their primes?
Do not abuſe your ſelfs: his power profound
Is not to mens imaginations bound.
God may all that he wills, his will is iuſt:
God wils all good to them that in him truſt.

Now fathers: that which doth my hope reuiue
Is onely this; Ther is no wight on liue,
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands
To serue dumme Gods, like folk of forrain Lands.
All sinnes are sinne: but sure this sinne exceeds
Our former faults; by which, our blinde misdeeds
Offends the heaven; by which, the Lord of might
Is frauded of his honours due and right,
In wresting of the title of his name,
To stocks, and stones, and metalls, men do frame.
Since *Isaac* then from such a fault is free,
Let vs to Gods protection cast our ee.
Consider that all *Iuda* rests in fear,
Aspecting only our proceedings hear.
Consider that all *Iacob* in this tresse
Will follow either our force or feebleneſſe.
Consider that this house and altar stands
(Next vnder God) vpholden with your hands.
Thinke, that of *Izrell* whole ye keep the kaye:
Which if ye quite, and giue this tyrant way,
Who more then death hates all of *Izaks* kinne,
Yee shall the name of kin-betrayers winne.
Then sayd the Captain, I cannot deny,
That we offended haue the Lord most hye.
Vnwise are we, our promises are vaine:
But what? we may not call our word againe:
But if thou feele thy heart so sore oppreſt,
That moueth thee to tears for our vnreſt,
Alas, weep night and day and neuer tyre;
So that thy weepings may appease the yre
Of that hie Iudge, who hears in euery part
The perfit prayer of the humble hart.
I will, quoth she; and, if God giue me grace,
Repell the siege of this afflicted place
By famous stroke. But stay me in no vvise,
But byde the end of my bold enterprise:

And let me goe, when night his mantle ſpreeds,
To th' enemies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;
The great repreſſour of oppreſſors pride,
Preſerue thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.

THE SVMMARIE OF THE IIII. BOOKE.

ACcording to the promis that *Iudith* made to the beſieged Captains in *Bethulia*, ſhe prepareth her ſelfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterpriſe: to wit, The inuocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliuer her countrey from the hand of the *Tyrant*; whom ſhe deliberates to ouercome with the ſweet & faire apparence of her amiable beutie and behauiour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our *Poet* introduceth one of the chief Captains of the towne diſcriuing, to an other, her ſtock and vpbringing, with the progreſſe of her three eſtates, *Virginitie*, *Mariage*, and *Widowhood*: Thereby ſetting forth a ſingular example of all womanly behauiour and vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, ſhe is brought to *Holophornes*, who was curious to knowe the cauſe of her coming there. And after audience giué, he is ſo ſurpriſed with her beuty & eloquent language, that ſhe obtaines licence to withdrawe her ſelfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuing this exerciſe, ſhe requireth ſtrength of the Hyeſt, that in taking away the chieftain, ſhe might at one inſtant deſtroy all the *Heathen* Army. Herein giuing example that the beginning, and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded vpon the fauour and earneſt calling vpon him, without whome all wiſdome, and humaine force is nothing but winde: and who, contrariwiſe, may by the moſt feeble inſtruments of the world, execute things moſt incredible and incomprehenſible to humaine capacity.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE Of IVDITH.

THen wofull *Iudith*, with her weeping ees
Beholding Heav'n, and proſtrate on her knees,

Held vp her guiltlesse hands and God besought,
Discouv'ring him the secrets of her thought.
O God (quoth she) who armed with a spear
Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his sister dear;
Lend me the blade in hand, that I may kill
This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill:
Who not contents to soyle the sacred bed
Of wedlocke chaste; but more with mischief led,
Entends thy holy name for to confound,
And race *Solyma* temple to the ground;
Ambitious *Satrap* he, whose hope doth stand
In mortall men, led with vnrighteous hand:
Who rules a hundreth thousand stalworth steeds,
That combat craues, and in our pastures feeds;
Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,
And kills and captiues them when they ween least;
Who strengths the poor, and prideful men down thrings,
And wracks at once the powers of puissant kings.
Grant, gratious God, that his bewitched wit
May with my crisped haire be captife knit.
Grant, that my sweet regards may gall his hart
With darts of loue, to cause his endles smart.
Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beuty small,
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.
Grant, that my artificiall tongue may moue
His subtill craft, and snare his hart in loue:
But chiefly Lord grant, that this hand of mine
May be the *Pagans* scourge and whole ruine;
To th'end that all the world may knowe, our race
Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,
That neuer none against vs durst conspire,
That haue not felt at last thy furious yre:
Euen so good Lord, let none of these prophane
Returne to drink of *Euphrate*, nor *Hytane*.
Thus *Iudith* prayd, with many-a trickling tear,
And with her sighs her words retrenched wear.

At night, she left her chamber sole and cold,
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* golde.
O siluer *Diane* regent of the night,
Darst thou appear before this lucent light?
This holy starre, whose contr'aspect most clear
Doth stein thy brothers brightnes in his *Sphear?*
While thus she ment (vnseen) away to slyde,
Her pearls and Iewels caus'd her to be spyde:
The musk and ciuet Amber, as she past:
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.
A *Carboncle* on her Crystall brow she pight,
Whose firy gleams expeld the shady night.
Vpon her head a siluer crisp she pind,
Loose wauing on her shoulders with the wind.
Gold, band her golden hair: her yvry neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphirs blew did deck.
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew
Ther houng, then that th' Egyptian Queen did swallow.
And through her collet she shewde her snowie brest:
Her vtmost robe was colour blew Cœlest,
Benetted all with twist of perfite golde,
Beseeming well her comely corps t'enfolde.
What else she wore, might well been seen vpon
That Queen who built the tours of *Babylon.*
And though that she most modest was indeed,
Yet borrowed she som garments at this need,
From Dames of great estate, to that intent
This *Pagan* Prince she rather might preuent.
Achior then, who watched at the gate,
And saw this Lady passing out so late,
To *Carmis* spake who warded eke that night,
What is she this? where goes this gallant wight
So trim, in such a time? hath she no pitty
Of this most wretched persecuted City?
Quod *Carmis* then, their flowrisht heer of late
Merari, one, that was of great estate;

Who had no child but one, and this is ſhe,
The honour of that houſe and family.
The fathers now do venture body and ſoule,
That treaſures vpon treaſures they may roule:
But for the wit or learning, neuer cairs,
That they ſhould leaue to thir ſucceeding hairs:
Like thoſe that charely keeps their rich araye
In coffers cloſe, and lets it there decay;
While that the naked bodies dyes for cold,
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and ſold.

Compariſon. But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,
With ſhare and culter ſhearing through the ſoyle
That coſt him dear, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it vnder-ſprout,
And neuer ſtayes to ward it from the weed:
But moſt reſpects to ſowe therein good ſeed;
Toth'end, when ſommer decks the medowes plain,
He may haue recompence of coſts and pain:
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep
The budding flowre that firſt begins to peep
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it ſeemly ſhowe the head aloft;
That it may (when ſhe drawes it from the ſtocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:
So wiſe *Merari* all his ſtudy ſtilde,
To facion well the maners of this childe;
That in his age he might of her retire
Both honour and confort, to his harts deſire.
For, look how ſoon her childiſh tongue could chat,
As children do, of this thing or of that;
He taught her not to reade inuentions vain,
As fathers dayly do that are profain:
But in the holy ſcriptures made her read;
That with her milke ſhe might euen ſuck the dread
Of the moſt high. And this was not for nought:
In ſomuch as in ſhort time ſhe out-brought

Appa-

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And on a firtree high with *Boreas* blowne,
Giues life to thoſe, of whom ſhe had her owne.
But if ſhe might ſom howre from trauell quite,
At vacant time it was her chief delyte
To read the ſcriptures, where her faithfull minde
Might confort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.
Sometime ſhe broyded on the canuas gall,
Som bird or beaſt, or Aegle, or Elephant tall.
While ſubtely with ſiluer nedle fine
She workes on cloth ſom hiſtory diuine.
Heer *Lot* eſcaping the deuouring fire,
From ſinfull *Zodom* ſhortly doth retire
To *Segor*; where his wife, that was vnwitty,
Caſt back her eye to ſee the ſinnefull Citty:
And for her miſ-beliefe, God plagued the falt,
Transforming her into a Pillar of ſalt.
Here ſhe *Suſannaes* ſtory viuely wrought,
How neer ſhe was to execution brought;
And yet how God the ſecret did diſcloſe,
And made the miſchief fall vpon her foes.
Here *Ioſephs* ſtory ſtands with wondrous art,
And how he left his cloke, and not his heart,
To his laſciuious Dame; and rather choſe
The priſon, then her armes him to encloſe.
Here cruell *Iephte*, with his murdring knife,
To keep his vow, bereaues his daughters life.
(Her trauell done) her lute ſhe then aſſayes,
And vnto God ſhe ſings immortall prayes:
Not following thoſe that plyes their thriftles pain
In wanton verſe and waſtefull ditties vain;
Thereby t'entrap great men, with luring looks:
But, as the greedy fiſher layes his hookes
Along the coſte to catch ſom mighty fiſh,
More for his gain, then holeſom for the diſh
Of him that byes: euen ſo theſe ſiſters braue
Haue louers mo, then honeſt maydens haue.

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And as a ſtroke, giuen on the righter eye
Offends the left: euen ſo by *Sympathie*,
Her husbands dolours made her hart vnglad,
And *Iudiths* ſorrowes made her husband ſad.
Manaſſes, then his wife would not controule
Tyrannionſly: but look how much the ſoule
Exceeds the corſe, and not the corſe doth grieue,
But rather to preſerue it and relieue:
So *Iudith* with *Manaſſes* did accorde,
In tender loue and honourde him as Lord.
Their houſe at home ſo holy was, to tell
It ſeemd a Church, and not a priuate Cell.
No ſeruant there, with vlliain ieſtes vncouth,
Was ſuffered to corrupt the ſhamefaſt youth.
No ydle drunkard, nor no ſwearing wight
Vnpuniſht durſt blaſpheme the Lord of might.
No pleaſant skoffer, nor no lying knaue,
No dayly Dycer, nor no Ruffian braue,
Had there abode: but all the ſeruants weare
Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.
Manaſſes, he who ſaw that in his time
All iuſtice was corrupt with many-a crime,
And that the moſt peruerſe and ignorant,
For money, or fauour, would none office want
Of high eſtate, refuſde all publike charge;
Contenting him with eaſe to liue at large,
From Court, and Palace, free from wordly pelfe:
But, ſince hee thought him borne not for himſelfe,
But alſo that ſom charge he ought to bear
For confort of his friends and countrey dear;
Yet did he more, not being magiſtrate,
For publike weale, then men of more eſtate:
So that his houſe was euen the dwelling due
Of iuſtice, and his mouth a ſentence true.
Th' afflicted poore he daily did defend,
And was the widowes ayde, and tutor kend

To *Orphelines*, and was the whole ſupport
And chief comforter of the godly ſort.
The vain deſire of *Indian* treaſures great
Made neuer his ſhip to ſayl nor oar to beat.
The greedy hope of gain, with ventrous daunger,
Made neuer his ſword be drawen to ſerue the ſtranger.
He neuer ſold, within the wrangling Barre,
Deceitfull clatters, cauſing clients Iarre;
But quietly manurde his little feild,
And took th' encreaſe thereof that time did yeilde.
He ſowde and planted, in his proper grange
(Vpon ſom ſauage ſtock) ſom frutry ſtrange.
The ground, our common Dame, he vndermines:
On ſtake and ryce, he knits the crooked vines,
And ſnoddes their bowes: ſo neither hote nor cold
Might him (from labour) in the chamber hold.
But once as he beheld his harueſt train,
With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;
The Sunne a diſtillation on him ſent,
Whereof he dyed: his ſoule to heauen it went.
He that the number of the leaues could caſt,
That in *Nouember* fals by winter blaſt:
He that could tell the drops of rain or ſlete,
That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete
Sheds on the ground, that man might only tell;
What tears from *Iuditha* eyes inceſſant fell.
What treaſure and golde, and what he left her tho, *Widowheads.*
In place of pleaſure, cauſed all her woe.
The ſight of them made her in heart recorde
Their olde poſſeſſor, and her louing Lord.
Though ſhe had had aſmuch of gold and good,
As *Lydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;
Yet, loſing him, of treaſure ſhe was bare:
For whom, all other treaſures cauſde her care.
Yet in this ſtate ſhe ſtoutly did ſuſtain,
Like patient *Iob* (contempning) all her pain.

Three times the Sunne returned had his prime,
" Since this befell: and yet the ſliding time,
" That wonted is to wear walloes away,
Could neuer for his death her dolour ſtay:
But alwaies in ſom black attire ſhe went
Right modeſtly, and liv'd on little rent.
Deuout ſhe was, and moſt times ſole and ſad,
With dole in heart, and mourning veſture clad,
Out ſhedding tears, as doth the turtle doue
On withred ſtalke, that wails her abſent loue;
And widow-like all pleaſures doth forſake,
And neuer intends to take a ſecond make.
Thus *Iudith* chaſte within her houſe abode,
And ſeldom was ſhe ſeen to com abroad:
Vnleſſe it were to ſee ſom wofull wife,
Whoſe childe or husband was bereft of life:
Or for to viſit ſom in ſickneſſe rage,
Their longſom pain and dolours to aſſwage:
Or for to go to Church as God allowes,
To pray and offer and perform her vowes.
Thus haue I ſhortly told you, brother dear,
The ſtate of her, on whom our Citie hear
Haue fixed all their eyes: but I can nought
Tell where ſhe goes, much leſs whats in her thought.
But if we may of paſſed things collect
The things to come: then may we well aſpect
Great good of her, for that euen in her face
Is ſigne of Ioy, and great preſage of grace,
Or ſom good hap. With this and other talke,
They cut the night as they together walke.
This while, the worthy widdow with her maid
Paſt towards th'enmies camp not vnafraid:
For, ere ſhe had two hundreth paſes paſt,
The *Syrian* Soldiers in her way were caſt:
Who ſpack her thus; O fair excellent wight,
Whence? what art thou? what doſt thou here this night

In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth ſhe) again
An *Iſraelite*, whom dolours doth conſtrain
To flee this towne, and for my lifes relief,
Submits me to the mercy of your Chief.
They took her to the Duke. But who hath ſeen
The throngs of folke where proclamations been
In ſom great town, or where ſom monſtrous beaſt
Is brought and wondred at by moſt and leaſt;
That man might iudge what flocks of ſoldiers came
From euery part to ſee that *Hebrew* Dame:
To ſee that fair, ſo chaſt, ſo amiable.
The more they gaſde, ſhee ſeemd more admirable,
Her wav'ring hair diſparpling flew apart
In ſeemly ſhed: the reſt with reckles art
With many-a curling ring decor'd her face,
And gaue her glaſhie browes a greater grace.
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right
Two lucent ſtarres that were of heav'nly light,
Two geaty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtill ſhafts that from his quiuer glydes.
Tween theſe two ſunnes and front of equall ſiſe,
A comely figure formally did riſe
With draught vnleuell to her lip deſcend,
VVhere *Momus* ſelf could nothing diſcommend.
Her pitted cheeks aperde to be depaint
With mixed roſe and lillies ſweet and faint.
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath repleat,
Exceld the *Saben* Queen in ſauour ſweet.
Her *Corall* lips diſcov'red, as it were,
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with ſmyling chere.
Her yv'ry neck, and breſt of *Alabaſtre*,
Made Heathen men, of her more *Idolaſtre*.
Vpon her hand no wrinkled knot was ſeen;
But as each mayle of mother of pearle had been.
In ſhort, this *Iudith* was ſo paſſing fair,
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had been thaire,

Helen.

And ſeene this Dame, when he with penſile drew
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture trew
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Aſia* fought,
This onely pattern chiefe he would haue ſought.
No ſooner *Iudith* entred his Pauilion,
But in her face aroſe the red vermillion,
With ſhamefaſt feare: but then with language ſweet
The courteous Generall mildely gan her greet;
My loue, I am, I am not yet ſo fell,
As falſe report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.
They are my ſonnes, and I will be their father,
That honours me, and them I loue the rather,
That worſhips for their God th' *Aſſyrian* King:
They ſhall be well aſſurde to want nothing.
And this ſhall *Iſaac* knowe, if they will render
Vnto that bountious king as their defender.
For thy (my loue) tell me, withouten feare,
The happy motyf of thy comming heare.
O Prince (quoth ſhe, with an aſſured face)
Moſt ſtrong and wiſe and moſt in heauens grace,
That drawes the ſword, with ſteele vpon his breſt,
With helme on head, and launce in yron reſt:
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,
Cannot long time indure, the cruell drouth,
The wakrife trauels, frayes, and haſzards great,
That day and night our Burgeſſes doth threat:
Yet neuertheleſſe this is not whole the cauſe
That from my Cities bodie me withdrawes.
To this your Camp: but that moſt grudging griefe,
Which burnes my zealous hart without reliefe,
Is this, my Lord; I haue a holy feare
To eate thoſe meates that God bids vs forbeare:
But, Sir, I ſee that our beſieged towne
Is ſo beſet wth miſchiefe vp and downe,
The people will be forc't to eate in th'end
The meats that God expreſly doth defend:

Then

Then will the Lord with iuſt reuenge him wreak
Vpon all thoſe, that do his ſtatutes break.
Withouten fight their Cities he will ſack,
And make one man of thine ten thouſand wrack,
That flyes his fury, and thy furious face.
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place
Beſeech thy noble Grace, if ſo thee pleaſe,
With courteous aide, to giue my dolours eaſe.
,Of common ſence he is depriued cleene,
,That fals with cloſed eye on danger ſeene.
,And he that may both paine and hurt eſchew,
,Is vaine if he his proper death purſew.
Then in this quiet daſe if I may byde
In ſecret for to pray each euening tyde
To God; I ſhall, as he doth me enſpyre,
Aſſure you when enkendled is his yre,
Againſt our folke. Then ſhall I take on hand
To leade thine army through all *Iurie* Land,
And ſtreaming ſtandarts ſet on *Syon* hill,
Where none with weapons dare reſiſt thy will.
No, not a very dog, in euening dark,
At noyſe of harneſs ſhall againſt thee bark.
Thy onely name ſhall fray the Armies bolde.
Before thy face the mountaine tops ſhall folde.
The floods ſhall dry, & from their running ſtay,
To make thine Hoſte a new and vncouth way.
O Iewell of the world (quoth he) O Dame,
For gratious ſpeech and beuty worthy fame,
Now welcome here: would God it might you pleaſe
Long time with vs to dwell in reſt and eaſe.
For if your faith and trouth concurrent be,
To this your talke which greatly pleaſeth me;
I wil from this time forth with you accord
To ſerue your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;
And will my ſeruice whole to you enrowle,
Not of my Scepter onely, but my ſoule.

I will your name and honour ay defend
From *Hebrew* bounds vnto the world his end.
This ſaid: with ſilence, as the moone aroſe,
This widow her withdrew, and forth ſhe goes.
Vnto a valley cloſe on euery part,
Where as ſhe waſht her corſe and clens'd her heart;
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,
And to the God of *Iſaac* thus ſhe praide:
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand
From thoſe, that at thy mercy onely ſtand.
O Lord defend them that deſire to ſpend
Their goods and blood, thy cauſe for to defend.
O Lord graunt that the cries of Children may,
With plaints of Old men weeping night and day,
And virgins voyces ſad in ſhroude of ſhame,
And laudes of *Lenits* ſounding forth thy fame,
Mount to thy throne, and with diſſundring break
Thy heauy ſleep. Wherefore doeſt thou awreake
Thy ſelf on *Hermon* with thy burning blaſt?
Or why doeſt thou on carefull *Carmel* caſt
Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the ſpace,
Theſe *Giants* that thy Scepter would diſplace?
Ah wretch, what ſay I? Lord apardon me.
Thy burning zeale (and none hypocriſie)
That frets my heauie heart at euery howre,
Compels my toung this language out to powre.
O thou, the euerliuing God and Guide
Of all our race, I know thou wilt prouide
For our reliefe againſt this furious boſte,
And iuſtly kill the Captain of this hoſte.
I knowe, that thou wilt help my onely hand,
To be the wrack of all this heathen Band.

FINIS.

THE

THE SVMMARIE OF THE V. BOOKE.

Holophernes, being surprised with the sweete language, and excelent beautie of the chaste *Iudith*, becommeth altogether negligent of his charge & gouernement. Wherein is represented the vnhabilitie of the reprobate, who cānot withstand such temptations as the Lord sendeth vpon them. But as they become slaues to their owne affections, so by the same they are enforced to fall into perdition. In place of some faithfull seruant to warne him of his vices, *Holophernes* conferreth with *Bagoas* an *Eunuch*, who feedeth him in his humour, & bringeth *Iudith* to his Tent. And here the Poet reproues all flatterers & bawds, with the vices of all Courts in Generall. *Iudith* seeing her chastitie in perill, and the time vnmeete to execute her enterprise, subtilie drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. He thinking to insinuate himself the more into her fauour, taketh pleasure to crack of his conquests & of his speciall worthines; discourseing so long till suppertime approched & she auoyded the inconuenience. And here is to be noted, that whilst the tyrants boast of their cruelty against the Church, God prouideth for his owne, & preserueth them for that worke, that he hath ordained by them to be done.

THE FIFT BOOKE Of IVDITH.

IN stead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,
Great *Holopherne* doth feede his cruell paines:
He bootlesse flees, and feeles; but he ne knowes
The quenched fire that of his ashes growes.
For, so the charming Image of this Dame,
The only marke whereat his soule did arme,
Transported him in passions of despaire,
That of his mighty camp he quits the care,

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Nay ſure no life it is, more pain I feele,
Then *Ixion* torn vpon th' *Eternall* wheele:
My life is like the theef's that ſtole the fire, *Prometheus.*
On whoſe mortall hart there doth alwayes tire
A rauenous fowle, that gnawes him to the bone,
Reuiuing ſtill, bound to the *Scythian* ſtone.
What ſerues it me, t'haue won where I haue haunted?
What ſerues my victor arme, for to haue daunted
The people ſituate tween *Hydaſpe* large,
And port where *Cydnus* doth in ſea diſcharge;
Since I am vanquiſht by the feeble ſight
Of captiue *Iudith*? what auailes my might.
My targe of ſteele, my Burguinet of Braſſe,
My guard of warriours ſtout whereſo I paſſe;
Since her ſweet eye hath ſent the pointed dart
Through men and weapons, pearcing throu my hart?
What ſerues my courſers, who with ſwiftnes light
Exceeds the ſwallow, ſwifteſt bird of flight;
Since I on him can not auoide, one ynch,
The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?
Then change (O *Hebrewes*) change your tears in ſong,
And triumph ore my hoſte and army ſtrong.
I am no more that Duke, whoſe name alone
Hath made great warriours quake both lim and bone:
But I am he, whoſe hart was ſometime braue;
Now leſſe then nought, the ſlaue but of a ſlaue.
I com not here your *Iſaac* to annoy,
With fire and ſword, your houſes to deſtroy:
But to require your *Iudith*, her to render
More milde to me. What? is my wit ſo ſlender,
Berapt with loue? haue I not heer my ioy,
That onely may relieue me from annoy?
Yet neuertheleſſe I clieue the aire in vain,
With plaints, and makes myne eyes but fountains twain.
I wretch am like the wretched man indeed, *Tantalus.*
The more he hath the greater is his need.

Although he deeply plonge in water cleare,
To quench his thirst: yet he is not the neare.
For, so do I respect the heavenly grace,
That largely is bestowed vpon her face,
That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,
My toung doth stay and in the palat folde.
Why haue not I a heart of *Crystall* cleare,
Transparent through, to let my paine appeare?
That there she might of all my torments reed,
Which loue withholds within my heart in dreed.
Now, since that *Iudith* to this camp arriv'd,
The light of heav'n had thrise his course reviv'd,
And darkned thrise, and gan with saffron hew
To light the *Ynds*, the fourth day to renewe;
When thus the Duke, who left repast and rest,
Vnto his *Eunuch* this like porpos drest.
O *Bagos*, sonne adoptife, not by chance,
Whom I haue chose of nought thee to aduance,
By speciall grace, and made thee (though I boaste)
First of my hart, and second of myne Hoaste;
I rage, I burne, I dye in desp'rate thought,
Through loue, by this same strangers beuty brought.
Go, seek her then, and shortly to her say,
What secret flame torments me day by day:
Shew that I shall her to such honours bring,
As he that bears the Scepter of a King:
But chiefly see thy talke be framed thus,
That she do come this night and suppe with vs.
Now should it not to me be folly and shame,
To haue within my holde the faireſt dame,
That ground doth beare, if I dare not aspire
To quench the burning flame of my desire?
I should but serue my soldiers for a Ieast:
And *Iudith* faire would count me but a beast.
Then *Bagos* well acquaint with such a cast,
He fed the lamp that burnt but ouer fast.

If priuate men (quoth he) and people poore,
That goes not ouer the threshold of their doore,
But spends their dates in trauell and debate,
And neuer seeks to win a better state,
Liues not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame
Do not sometime their frozen harts inflame;
What slaues are those then, on whose backs are dreſt
The burdens of this world, who takes no reſt
For Publike weale, but wakes with *Argus* eies,
For others ease that to no care applies;
If they, among so many great vexations,
May not receiue in loue some recreations?
Pursue your loue my Lorde, and make no let
To take the fish that els is in your net.
And as ere this you haue me faithfull found,
In like Ambassades when ye them propound:
So shall you finde me, in this loue of new,
To be as faithfull, secret, treſt, and trew.
Alas, how many such are in our times
In princes Courts, that high to honour climes,
More for their handling such an enterprise,
Then for their being valiant, learnde, or wise?
Sometimes the Courts of kings were vertuous schooles:
Now finde we nought in Court but curious fooles.
O you whose noble harts cannot accord
To be the slaues to an infamous Lord:
And knowes not how to mixe, with perlous Art,
The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:
Whose natures being free, wills no constraint,
Nor will your face with flatring pensile paint,
For well, nor wo, for pittie, nor for hire,
Of *good my Lords* their fauours to acquire;
Go not to Court if yee will me beleue:
For in that place where ye think to retreue
The honour due for vertue, ye shall finde
Nought but contempt, which leaues good men behinde.

Ye worthy Dames, that in your breasts do bear
Of your al-seeing God no seruile fear:
Ye that of honour haue a greater care,
Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not thare.
Let men, that in their purse hath not a myte,
Clothe them like kings, and play the hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and feined chear,
Court-cozen them whom they would see on bear.
Let there the *Pandar* sell his wife for gain,
With seruice vile his noblesse to attaine.
Let him that serues the time, change his entent,
With faith vnconstant saile at euerie vent.
Ye sonnes of craft, bear ye as many faces
As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,
And force your natures all the best ye can
To counterfait the grace of some great man;
Chamæleon like, who takes to him ech hew
Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,
That comes him next: So you that finds the facion
To hurt the poor, with many-a great taxacion:
You that do prease to haue the princes eare,
To make your names in Prouinces appear:
Ye subtill *Thurims*, sell your fumish winde,
To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde.
Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,
Who wracks the wisest youth with charming vois:
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,
In stones and swine, your louers true do change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth vptaks,
You rauens that from vs our riches raks:
Ye who with riches art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife puts *Castors* sister in place:
Ye *Myrrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semirames*,
And if there rest yet mo defamed dames,
Com all to Court, and there ye shall resaue
A thousand gains vnmeet for you to haue.

There

There ſhall you ſell the gifts of great prouinces,
There ſhall you ſell the grace of graceles princes.
Stay heer my Muſe: it thee behoues to haue
Great conſtancy and many-a *Hercles* braue
To purge this age, of vices more notable,
Then was the ſtals of foule *Aegeans* ſtable.
Return to *Iudith*, who to bring to paſſe
Her high attempt, before her fets her glaſſe,
And ginns to deck her hair like burniſht gold,
Whoſe beuty had no peer for to behold.
Then went ſhe to his tent, where ſhe eſpide
The gorgeous tappeſtries on euerie ſide,
Of *Perſian* Kings, of *Meds*, and *Syrian* ſtories,
How *Ninus* firſt (prickt forth with great vain glories)
Subdewd the Eaſt: then next in order came
(Diſguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;
Who took the Scepter and with tourrets hye
Great *Babylon* erected to the skye.
Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,
In womens weed the tender twiſt doth twine,
Who bare a Rock in ſteed of Royall mace,
And for a man with woman changeth grace
In geſtures all: he friſles and he fards,
He oynts, he bathes, his viſage he regards
In *Cryſtall* glaſſe, which for his ſworde he wore,
And loſt his crowne without all combate more.
Amongſt his vertugals, for ayde he drew,
From his Lieutenant, who did him purſew,
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble yre,
He burnt himſelfe, and ended his empyre.
Behold, a Bitch then feeds a ſucking childe,
Amongſt the pricking thorns and brambles wilde;
Who grew ſo great and was of ſuch a fame,
That bond, and free, his waged men became,
And afterward ſubuerted, to his lawe,
The *Median* ſcepter vnder *Perſians* awe.

Sardanapalus.

Cyrus.

But

But what is he that ſo deformed goze
Before the camp, and wants his eares and noze?
That was that ſeruant true, who by that ſlight,
Brought *Babylon* again in *Darius* might.
While *Iudith* fed her eies with figures vaine,
Her harte replete with paſſions and with paine;
The *Genrall* came, and with a viſage gent,
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,
And cauſed her ſit down vpon a chare,
The more at eaſe to view her beuties rare.
Then, when he ſaw himſelfe ſo neare his pleaſure,
He brunt in hart, and ſcarſe could byde the leaſure
Till *Venus* with her garland ſhewd in ſight,
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.
This widow, finding then the time vnmeete,
Gods iuſt determination to complete;
Made much delay, and fand full many-a skuſe,
With ſundry talke this tyrant to abuſe:
And ſaid; My Lorde, I pray you ſhew to me,
What furie iuſt hath mov'd your maieſtie?
What haue our people done (pleaſe it your grace)
By whom or when that *Izaks* holy race
Might ſo prouoke a Prince to wrack full war,
In toungs, and lawes, ſo ſep'rate from vs far?
Then ſaid the Duke, vncurteous ſhould I be
If I deny (O faire) to anſwere thee.
Now as the heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe,
So in the earth two kings cannot remaine
Of equall ſtate. So doth ambition craue,
One king will not another equall haue.
My Prince is witneſſe: who at warres did fall
With king *Arphaxat*, cauſe he raiſde his wall
Of *Ecbatane* ſo high that it did ſhame
To *Niniue*, and *Babell* feard the ſame:
For which, he vndertooke to ſpoyle his throne,
And race his Scepter to the loweſt ſtone:

With spite, his buildings braue he cast adown.
Arphaxat then, a man of great renowne,
And worthie of his Scepter and his state,
Thought better in the field to make debate,
Then beare a scorne, his *Meds* to battell drew:
Thus 'tweene them two did cruell war ensew.
Arphaxat armed all the yles of *Greece*,
Where *Iason* was, but sought no golden fleece,
But golden lingots with aboundant gaine,
Where *Phasis* streame bedeawes the pleasant Plaine.
The *Harmastans*, and *Albans*, strong, and wise,
That sowes but once, and haue their harueſt thrise:
The men that neer to *Oxus* banks abides,
And those that *Antitaurus* horns diuydes:
And those that mans the mount vpon whose breſt
The ship that scap't the genrall flood did rest:
And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,
Where proud *Iaxartes* flowes with furious streame:
In short; the *Medes* brought men to ayde their plea,
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:
And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was commander,
With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.
My prince desirous then to winne or dy,
Left nought vndone that furthred to supply
His troubled state. He armed *Syttacene*,
And waged Archers out of *Osrohene*:
Ye Lords of Lands that yelds the hundreth corne,
Leaue *Euphrates* and bounds where ye were borne:
Ye *Carmans* bolde that all on fish do feede,
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;
Leaue *Hytan* bounds, go seek the golden sands:
Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,
That of your *Magi* Prophets thinks ye knowe
Their spells diuine, your self for pik men showe.
O *Calde*, chaunge thine *Astrolab* and square
To speare and shield; for, we no wight will spare.

Of

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Cut off with ſtroaks: ſome perc't throu plate and mails:
Some ſhoulder-ſlaſht: ſome panched in th'entrails:
Some brains outbet: ſome in the guts were gor'd:
Some dying vomit blood: and ſome were ſmor'd:
Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend
What place it pleaſeth God their ſoules to ſend:
So loth the little life, that doth abyde,
Is, from the dying body to diuide.
The ground that erſt was yellow, greene, and blew,
Is ouercled with blood in purpure hew.
While this man giues ſome one his deadly baine,
He of another gets the like againe.
The rage encreaſing growes with yrefull flame:
The field is ſpred with bodies dead and lame.
Like as ye ſee the wallowing ſea to ſtriue, *Compariſon.*
Flood after flood, and waue with waue to driue,
Then waues with waues, the floods with floods do chaſe,
And eft returnes vnto their former place:
Or like the crops of corne in mids of May
(Blowne with the weſtren wind) aſide doth ſway
Both to and fro, as force doth them conſtraine,
And yet their tops redreſſeth vp againe:
So, whiles, the *Syrians* are by *Medes* diſplaced;
And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechaſed.
Then, like two raging floods that downe do fall,
From two contrarie mutine mountains tall;
Downe bearing bridge and banke, and all deſtroyes,
And ſtriues which one may do the moſt annoyes:
So, theſe two kings, in force and courage ſtout,
Excels the reſt with ſlaughter them about:
Wherſo they preaſt they left on either ſide,
Behinde them, two long opened waies and wide:
For, all their bucklers, *Morions*, and *Quiraces*
Were of no proofe againſt their peiſant maces.
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* ſo fearcely fought,
That they th'*Aſſyrian* bands in terrour brought,

And i

And pauld his ſoldiers harts, and brak their might;
Who (ouercome) tooke them to ſhamefull flight.
The *Medes* purſued, and wounded, in that chace,
Ten thouſand men; but none, vpon the face.
In ſhort, this day our Scepter had depriued,
Had I not like the thunder dint arriued
In battels brunt. Their male and their vantbras,
Their helme and ſhield, before my Coutelas,
Were fraile as glas: and neuer a ſtroke I lent
But deadly was, and them more terrour ſent
Then all our camp. The ſoldier then in feare
With trembling hand could ſcarſly weild his ſpeare.
The Pal-hewd knight with hart in breſt that quakes,
His thies in ſaddle, and feet in ſtirrops ſhakes
For dread of me. There ſome, with trenchant glaiue
From hight of head, to middle downe I claiue.
And ſome ſo farre I foyned through the lack,
The blade a perde a foote behinde his back:
So that the *Medes*, afrayd at ſuch a thing,
In heat of fight they fled and left their king.
Who ſeing himſelf betrayd, his clothes he rent,
And bloody towards *Ragau* towne he went:
Where we him met, yet (*Braue*) did him defend,
And ſought amongſt his foes a famous end:
As doth the *Tyger* wilde who ſees her den
Beſet about with hunters dogs and men,
That turns her feare to furious raging grife
And will not vnreuenged loſe her life:
So he them thunderbet whereſo he went,
That neuer a ſtroke in vaine his right hand ſpent:
But er with murdring blade they could him quell,
Full many-a bold precurſor he ſent to hell.
At laſt, *Arphaxat* gan of ſlaughter tyre,
And (wounded ſore) left both his life and yre,
And fell, as doth ſome huge high planted oak,
That long hath byde the windes, and many-a ſtroak

Of many an axe; yet ſtoutly doth ſuſtaine
Their trauels long, and fruſtrats all their paine;
The roote doth ſigh, the dale doth roring ſound,
And to the heauen the noyſe doth high rebound;
His head now here, now there, ſeemes to incline,
And threats him here and there with great ruine:
Yet ſtands vpright aboue the higheſt okes,
Till, vanquiſht with a thouſand thouſand ſtrokes,
He falls at laſt, and brings with him to ground
Both trees and cattell to the Plaine profound;
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empyre.
My king the king of kings, then in his yre
Rais'd *Ecbatan*: and now growes weed and herbe,
Where ſometime ſtood his palaces ſuperbe.
So that where erſt the lute and lowde *Haubois*
Were wont to ſound with ſweete concordant nois,
Now ſhriking owles and other monſters moe
In funerall ſound ful fils the place with woe.
My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceaſt:
Conſumed moneths foure in Royall feaſt,
In *Ninive* the great: which banket done,
He me commanded to aſſemble ſone
His Royall hoſte, to puniſh all and ſome,
That to his former ayd diſdaind to come:
And that I ſhortly ſhould with ſword and flame
Reuenge his honour: but alas, *Madame*,
Full farre am I from that I ſhould purſew.
For, comming here thy nation to ſubdew,
I vanquiſht am by thee; ſo that deaths might
Shall ſhortly cloſe mine eyes with endles night,
If you not (with a louing kiſſe) to me
Reſtore my life. O worthy prince, quoth ſhe,
Continue your diſcours, and to me tell
What great aduentures to your hoſte befell.
Then he retooke his tale he leſt alate,
And made a long diſcours of all his ſtate,

Part true, part false: as do some warriours braue,
Who speaking of their Acts will lye and raue.
My camp assembled, then gan I t'enflame
Oration. My soldiers harts thus, for to win them fame:
Companions, now, if euer ye pretend
To winne renowme that neuer shall haue end,
Go forwards now, plague these inhumain Lands,
That on our sacred Legats layd their hands.
Reuenge, reuenge, ye men, your most high Prince,
That ever Scepter bare in rich prouince,
That euer came adowne with mighty arme,
From circled starrs. *Alarm* soldats, alarme:
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning yre,
To waste the western world with sworde and fyre.
With bloody seas bedewe ech mount and wood,
And make your horses fearce to swimme in blood.
Receiue the Scepter great and crowne of might
Of all this world which is to you behight.
Receiue this laude, that for your conquest braue.
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull graue.
Receiue yee valiant men the noble spoile
Of many-a land that ye shall put to foyle
Let men behold that sees you day by day,
How ye are cloyde with honour, spoyle, and pray.
Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,
They bet their bucklers, shewing them content
With courage bolde, to fight with me and byde.
Then sixscore thousand men I had to guide,
Or moe, and so from *Ninive* we past
And marched vnto (*Bectile*) at last,
I through *Edessi*, *Amidi*, and *Carran* came,
Where sometime dwelt your father *Abraham*:
I wan the mount whose thwarting hornes diuids
All *Asie*; and serues for bounds on sundrie syds,
To many great Empyrs: I slew, I brent
All in my way. My fellon soldiers went

Like

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Within his bank; yet furiously him wreaks
With weightie force, and banks and bridges breakes,
And stroies the plaines, and makes for many a day
More wrack, then if his channels open lay:
In semble sort their bands I did enchace,
That kept the entrance of that craggie place.
I brunt, I slew, cast down, all that I fand;
And, e*Asia* spoild, I entred th'easter Land.
I wan *Celi*, and raged pitti-les
Vpon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.
I bet the desart *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,
Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.
From thence to seaward sewing mine entent
I wasted *Madian*. Northward then I went
To *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* ouer-rinning,
With other towns, *Abilia*, and *Hippas* winning.
From thence, with curious mind my standerds styes
The hill, where sunne is seen to set and ryes.
And soe from thence I forward led mine hoste,
To th'*Occident* on the *Phœnician* coste,
Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,
With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze
For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,
Wise messengers, my favour to intreat.
We come not here, my Lord said they, with armes
For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d'armes*:
But Prince, we come, of thee for to resaue
Both life and death, and what law we shall haue.
Our townes are thine, our cities and our hills,
Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wills.
Our seruice, and our treasures, great and small,
Our selfs our wyues, and our faire children all,
Now only rests to thee, if so thee please
To take vs thus. O God what greater ease,
O God what greater good may vs befall,
Then vnto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,

Who

Who weilds the valiant lance and ballance right,
With vertue, like the Gods of greateſt might!
So were to me as gratious to beholde
Their townes and Cities both: for, young and old
With crownes, and preſents of the *Flora* ſweet,
And coſtly odours, humbly did me greete.
At ſounds of hornes and pypes they dauncing went,
With goods and bodies me for to preſent.
Then I, abuſing not the lawe of armes,
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,
Nor to their Lands: But firſt their forts I mand
With men of mine, and theirs tooke in my Band.
For where that I my people fartheſt drew,
My camp in bands, from bands, to armies grew,
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow,
By *Raurak* fields with ſnakiſh crangling ſlow,
Then ſwels his floods with ſixty riuers large,
That in the *Golfe Euxinus* doth diſcharge.
I weend *Madame* that *Izrell*, like the reſt,
Would yeeld to me, that I ſhould not be ſtreſt
Againſt their breſt to moue my murdring ſpeare:
But as I came the *Scythique* rampier neare
(The Tombe of her whoſe milk had ſuch a hap
To feed the twiſe borne *Denis* in her lap)
I heard their wilfull rage firſt in that place:
Which doubtles will deſtroy all *Abrahams* race.

FINIS.

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THE SIXT BOOKE
Of IVDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpoſe ended,
The night obſcure from mountains high deſcended,
And ſewers ſet the boord with coſtly meate,
Of paſſing price, ſo delicate to eate,
That *Holopherne* vnto his ioyous feaſt
A perd t' haue cald the kings of weſt and eaſt.
O glutton throtes, O greedy guts profound! Exclamatiõ.
The choſen meats, within the world his bound
By th' *Abderois* inuented, may not ſtaunch
Nor ſatisfie your foule deuouring paunch:
But muſt in *Moluke* ſeek the ſpices fine,
Canary ſuger, and the *Candy* wine.
Your appetits (O gluttons) to content,
The ſacred breſt of *Thetis* blew is rent:
The Aire muſt be diſpeopled for your mawes: Gluttonie.
The *Phœnix* ſole can ſcarſe eſcape your iawes.
,O plague, O poyſon to the warriour ſtate!
,Thou makes the noble harts effeminate.
,While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabrices*,
,Who fed on roots and ſought not for delices:
,And when the onely *Creſſon* was the food
,Moſt delicate to *Perſia*; then they ſtood
,In happy ſtate, renowmde in peace and warre,
,And throu the world their triumphs ſpred afarre:
,But when they after, in th' *Aſſyrian* hall,
,Had learnd the leſſons of *Sardanapall*:
,And when the other, giuen to belly chear,
,By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitells* gouernd weare,
,Who gloried more to fill a coſtly plate,
,Then kil a *Phyrrhus* or a *Mythridate*;
,Then both of them were ſeen for to be ſacked
,By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

,Of little, Nature liues: ſuperfluous meat
,But duls the ſprite, and doth the ſtomack freat.
,When they were ſet, then throw that Royall rout
The *Malueſie* was quaffed oft about.
One drinkes out of an *Alabaſter* Cuppe:
One out of *Cryſtall* doth the *Nectar* ſuppe:
Som out of curious ſhells of *Vnicorne*:
Som ſpills the wine, and ſom to beds were borne,
But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,
But more he drank, the more he had deſire:
Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it reſaues
All *Nilus* floods, yea all freſh water craues
From Eaſt to Weſt, yet growes he not a grain,
But ſtill is ready for as much, again.
One glas drawes on another glas: and whan
The butler ment to ceaſe, he but began
To skink god *Bacchus*: thus this dronken wight
Among his dronkards tippled till midnight:
Then each of them, with ſtackring ſteps out went,
And groping hands, retyring to his tent.
This tyrant wiſht them oft away before:
To whom ech moment ſeemd to be a skore.
Aſſone as they were gone, then gan he preaſe
The trembling *Iudith*. Ceaſe, great prince, O ceaſe,
The widow ſayd: what haſt need you to make
To reap the flowre that none can from you take?
My Lord, go to your bed and take your eaſe;
Where I your ſweet embracings will compleaſe,
Aſſone as I my garments may remoue,
That bindes my body brunt with ardent loue.
Now, if that ſober wits and wylie brains
Cannot auoide the female tricks and trains:
Abaſh not reader though this reckles Roy
(Bewitcht by *Semels* ſonne, and *Venus* boy)
Was thus beguilde: conſidering, both theſe twain
Confoundes the force of thoſe that them retain.

So,

So letting *Iulian* ſlide out of his arme,
He gins to looſe his garments ſoft and warme:
But throw his haſt, his hand came leſſer ſpeed,
And though he was deceiv'd, yet tooke no heed,
But wening well t'vntruſs his peeuiſh points,
He knits them twyfold with his trembling ioints;
So long till he, with anger diſcontent,
Cuts me them all, and off his clothes he rent,
And naked went to bed. Then as ye ſee
The bloody boweman ſtand behind a tree,
Who warely watches for the wandring deare:
To euery part, where he doth thinke to heare
Some trembling buſh, ſome beaſt or *Lezard* ſmall,
That motion makes, ſo turneth he withall
His face and hand to ſhoot, but all in vaine
For to relieue his long aſpecting paine:
Euen ſo, this foliſh tyrant when he hard
Som rat or mouſe, then thought he to him ward,
His Miſtris came: and when he heard no more,
Yet thought, ſhe came, whom moſt he did adore.
While, vp he lifts his head, while lets it fall:
While, lookes about, while counts the paſes all
That ſhe ſhould paſſe, to come vnto his bed.
Thus turning oft, as ardent luſt him led,
He thought his bed was ſowen with pricking thorne:
But now the drink, that he had drunke beforne,
Brewd in his braine, and from his mind it took
The ſweet remembrance of her louing look.
So fell on ſleepe: and then to him appears
Ten thouſand flames, ten thouſand dinnes he hears,
And dreams of Diuels, and *Dæmons* dark and dim,
Meduſas, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.
This while, the hart of *Iudith* gan to beat
Inceſſantly, beſet with battell great:
One while her feare refeld her firſt entent:
One while her action iuſt her courage lent.

Then sayd she, *Iudith*, now is time, go to it,
And saue thy people: Nay, I will not do it.
I will, I will not: Go, fear not again:
Wilt thou the sacred gestning then prophane?
Not it prophane; but holier it shall stand,
When holy folke are helped by my hand.
But shamefull liues the traytour euermore;
No traytor she who doth her towne restore.
But murdrers all, are of the heav'n forsaken:
All murder-is not for murder alwaies taken.
Alas, are they not murdrers sleyes their Prince?
This tyrant is no prince of my prouince:
But, what if God will haue vs vnder his-awe?
Hee's not of God that fights against his lawe.
For then should *Ahud*, *Iahell*, and *Iehew*,
Be homicids, because they tyrants slew.
But what? they were commanded of the Lord:
To such an act, my hart should soone accord.
Alas, my hart is weak for such a deed:
Th'are strong ynough whom God doth strength at need.
But when 'tis done who shall my warrant be?
God brought me here, God will deliuer me.
What if the Lord leaue thee in Heathen hands?
Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.
But what if they pollute thee like a slaue?
My body with my hart they shall not haue.
Thus she resolued in her minde at last,
Her hands and eyes vnto the heauen she cast,
And with an humble voyce to God she prayd:
O gratious God that alwaies art the ayd
To thy beloued *Izak*, I thee pray
To strength my hand, euen my right hand this day,
That I may make this bloody tyrant dye,
That to discepter thee would skale the skye.
But since thy goodnesse hath preserued me,
And brought my bote so near the shoare to be;

Grant

Grant that ſome ſleepy drinke I may prouide,
To dull this tyrants hart and daunt his pride,
To th' end that I may free thy congregation;
Vnto thy honour, and our conſolation.
This prayer done, ſhe looked round about,
And heard this dronken prince in ſleeping rout:
Then ſtept ſhe to his ſword that by him ſtood,
Which oft had bath'd the world with humain blood:
But as ſhe preaſt this tyrant for to quell,
Fear reft the ſword from her, and downe ſhe fell,
And loſt at once the ſtrength of hart and corſe.
O God (quoth ſhe) now by thy mighty force
Reſtore my ſtrength. This ſaid (with pale annoy)
She rudly roſe, and ſtroke this ſleeping *Roy*,
So fell, that from his ſhoulders flew his powle,
And from his body fled his *Ethnique* ſowle,
Hie way to hell. His bulk all blood beſtaind
Lay ſtill, his head in *Iudiths* hand remaind;
The which her maid put vp into a ſack:
Thus throw the camp they cloſe away do pack,
Empeacht of none. For, thoſe that had her ſeen,
Suppoſde ſhe went (as ſhe had wonted been,
The nights before) vnto the valley, whear
They thought ſhe went to ſerue *Diana* clear.
When *Iudith* chaſte came near the *Hebrew* wall;
Let in (quoth ſhe) for our great God of all
Hath broke this night the whole *Aſſyrian* power,
And rayſd the horne of *Izak* at this hower.
Then men, amazde of her vnhoped ſtate,
About her ran aſſembling at the gate,
Where holy *Iudith* on a hill was mounted,
And all her chance from point to point recounted;
And there diſcov'ring drew out of the ſack
The bloody head of th' enmy of *Izak*,
The Citizens that ſaw how ſhe did ſtand
With th' end of *Aſſurs* head in her right hand;

They

They prayſed God, who by her hand had ſlain
And puniſhed that traytour inhumain.
, But, moſt of all Duke *Ammon* did admire
,The worke of God. Then he t'eſcape the yre
,Of *Iacobs* God, who aydes the weakeſt part,
,He ſhortly circumcis'd his fleſh and harte.
, O God, that rightly by foreſight diuine
,Repels the purpoſe of all mens engine:
,Who for to lead th' elect to deſtnyed health
,(Euen when it ſeemes them fardeſt from their wealth)
,Of ill, thou drawes the good, and ſom in ill
,Thou lets them runne, thy Iuſtice to fulfill;
,(O Lord) the vile deſire of blood and ſak,
,Made *Holopherne* to warre vpon *Izak*:
,But where that he would *Izaks* blood haue ſhed,
,He loſt his owne for *Izak*, on his bed.
,Thus thy good grace hath made his vain inuention
,To take effect contrary his intention.
,So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Phariſee*;
,And, of a tyrant, teacher of thy veritee:
,So was the theefe, that hong with our *Meſsias*,
,(For all his ſinne) preſerued with *Elias*:
,His vitious corps could haue no life here downe;
,His ſoule by grace yet got a heav'nly crowne.
, Change then (O God) the harts of chriſtian princes,
,Who ſheds the faithfulls blood in their prouinces.
,Let thou that ſword, that thou giues them to guide,
,Vpon thy enemies onely be applyde;
,Vpon thoſe tyrants whoſe vnrighteous horne
,Deteins the Land where thy deare ſonne was borne:
,Not on the backs of thoſe, who, with humilitie,
,Adores the *Triple* one great god in vnitie.
Then at commandement of this widow chaſte,
A ſoldier tooke the tyrants head in haſte;
And, for to giue the *Hebrewes* harte withall,
He fixed it vpon the foremoſt wall.

Their

Their fathers came, and ſonnes, and wiues, and mayds,
Who erſt had loſt, amongſt the *Heathen* blayds,
Their ſonnes, their parents, maks, and louers dear;
With heauie harts and furious raging chear,
They pild and paird his beard, of paled hew,
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,
Which vſde to ſpeake of God great blaſphemies,
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.
The rife remembrance of ſo late an ill,
Made vulgar folke ſuch vengeance to fulfill.
This while, *Aurora* ceaſed to embrace
Her ancient loue, and roſe with ruddy face,
Vpon the *Indian* heaven: the warriours ſtrong,
That kept the towne, now ſorted forth in throng,
Enarmed all, with ſuch a hydeous ſound
As ſeemde the elements foure for to confound,
And brake the bands that keeps them in their border,
Retyring them vnto their olde diſorder.
The *Pagan* watches next the Cities ſide
(Awaked with this din) ſtarte vp and cryde
Alarme, Alarme, like fearfull men agaſt:
Then through the Camp, the hote Alarum paſt.
Som takes his neighbours armour firſt he findes, *Confuſion.*
And wrong on armes the braceſ both he bindes.
Som takes a ſtaf for haſt, and leaues his launce:
Som madling runnes, ſom trembles in a traunce:
Som on his horſe ill ſadled ginns to ryde,
And wants his ſpurrs, ſom boldly do abide:
Som neither wakes nor ſleeps, but mazing ſtands:
Som braue in words, are beaſtly of their hands.
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,
Vnto the *Pagans* Court at laſt it ran.
Then *Bagos Eunuch*, ſadly forth he went
T'awake the ſleeping *Ethnique* in his tent;
And knockt once, twiſe, or thriſe, with trembling hand:
But ſuch eternall ſleep his temples band,

That

That he had paſt already (miſerable)
Of *Styx* ſo black the flood irrepaſſable.
Yet *Bagos*, hearing *Izaks* cry encreaſe,
He with his foot, the dore began to preaſe,
And entred: where the bed he did beholde
All bled with *Holophernes* carcaſſe colde:
He tore his hair; and all his garments rent,
And to the heauen his howling cries he ſent.
But when he miſt the *Hebrew* Dame away,
Then raging he began a gaſtly fray,
And from the bloody tent as he ran out,
Among the Heathen thus began to ſhout:
Woe, woe, to vs, a ſlaue (they *Iudith* call)
In ſleaing *Holopherne*, hath ſlain vs all,
That daunted all the world. Theſe nouels laſt,
Ioynd to the former fear that lately paſt,
Affrighted ſo the ſouldiers one and all,
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,
And fled through mountains, valleis, and throw heaths,
Where ev'rie chaunce procurde them worſer deaths.
Then all th' aſſieged folk in flocks deſcended,
And on their enemies backs their bowes they bended.
Both parties ran: but th' one that other chaſed,
The weary flyers flight, themſelfs defaced.
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they loſt;
But they bet down and ſlew the Heathen hoſte:
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood
Beſpred the land with woried beaſts and blood,
So long as he may finde a beaſt abide,
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride.
Som headlong throwes themſelfs from craggie Rocks,
And breaks their bones and all their brains out knocks:
Som hath forgot that *Parcas*, every whear,
Waits on their end that drown in water clear:
But if that any ſcape by ſom great hap,
He ſcapte the firſt, but not the after clap:

Fore all the ſtreits and paſſages were ſet,
That none ſhould ſcape aliue where they were met:
Yea ſcarſly one was left to tell the king,
At *Ninive*, of all this wondrous thing.
This battell done, all thoſe whoſe *Sex* and age
Withheld at home (their dolours to aſſwage)
Came forth out of their fort to ſee and hear
What God had done for them his people dear.
They found ſom men diſmembred hauing breath,
That cried in vain a hundreth times for death.
Another gnaſhes with his teeth, in pains:
Som dead in face their former rage retains.
And ſom is ſhot directly throw the hart.
Ech ſoule departs to his appointed part,
According to the valew, or the chaunce,
That fortun'd them to dye, on ſword or launce.
In ſhort: to ſee this ſight ſo dreadfull was,
That even the *Hebrews* would haue ſayd Alas,
If they had vanquiſht any enmie els.
This while, amongſt the corſes infidels,
Among a hundred thouſand, there was found
The chieftains carcas rent with many-a wound
Of ſpear and ſword, by th' *Hebrewes* in their yre.
There was no ſinew, Arter, vein, nor lyre,
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:
No time nor moment might their yre aſſwage.
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,
Or like in limmes vnto *Briarius* ſtrong;
Yet ſhould his body been too ſmal a pray,
To ſatisfie their furie ev'ry way.
For, in that Camp was not ſo ſmall a knaue,
But of his fleſh ſom collup he would haue.
O tyrant now (quoth they) giue thy right hand
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media Land*:
Leaue thou thy left. And to *Celea* ſweet,
To *Iſmaell* and *Aegypt* leaue thy feet;

To

To th'end that all the word, by thee offenced,
With ſuch a preſent may be recompenced.
But heer I faile thy corps thus to deuiſe
In *Atomy*: for, it will not ſuffiſe.
This thankful widow then who neuer thought
To ſmore this wondrous work that God had wrought,
Entun'd her vearſe, and ſung to ſweet conſort
Of inſtruments, and paſt with gracious port
Before the choſen Dames and virgins thair,
That were eſteemde for honeſt chaſte and fair.
Sing ſing, with hart and voyce and ſounding ſtrings,
And praiſe the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Who doth disthrone the great, and in their place
Erects the poore that leanes vpon his grace.
Who would haue thought that in a day one towne
Could ouercome a camp of ſuch renowne,
Who daunted all the world, whoſe pride was felt
From *Indian* ſhore to where the *Calpees* dwelt?
Great God, who will beleeue that *Holopherne*,
Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,
Should be diſceptred, ſlain, left in a midow,
By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?
Great God, who will beleeue that he who raind,
From north to ſouth, and in his hands retaind
Both Eaſt and Weſt; now gets not grace to haue
An ynch of *Gazon* ground to be his graue?
This Conqu'rour, that came with no army ſmall,
Now lyes on ground abandond of them all;
Not ſole: for, thoſe companions him in death,
That followed him while he had life and breath.
Not now the ground, but Ravens hunger-ſterv'd,
Are now his tombe as he hath well deſerv'd.
No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphyr* pure,
That he had built, could be his ſepulture.
Euen ſo good Lord from hence forth let vs finde
Thee not our Iudge, but for our father kinde:

But let all tyrants that against thee gather,
Finde thee their Iudge; but not their louing father.
Here *Iudith* ends: *And also here I stay,*
With thanks to God. So, for his state I pray
At whose command I vndertooke this deed,
To please his Grace, and those that will it reed.

The Translator.

FINIS.





A TABLE OF SIG-

nification of ſome wordes as *they are vſed before.*

(***)

Words.	Significations.
A *Bderois*, *Abile*.	Prophane and delicate Epicures. A hill in *Affrica*, one of the *Pillers* of *Hercules*.
Abraham.	Father of the Iewes or the faithfull.
Achelois Ympes.	*Sirenes* or *Mermaids*.
Amram.	The father of *Moſes*.
Aſſur. *Aſſurs* head.	The Countrey of *Aſſyria*, or their king.
Aſſyrian Prince.	*Holophernes*. Vizroy or Generall.
Agamemnon.	The Genrall of the *Greekes*, being preſent at the ſacrificing of his onely Daughter, was painted with a bende about his eyes, either for the

vnskilfulnes of the painter, who could not ſufficiently expreſſe the fathers ſpeciall tears, or els for that he thought it not decent to paint ſo mighty a Prince weeping; or vnnatural, not to weepe.

Words.	Significations.
Aconite.	A poyſonable herbe.
Autan.	The South or ſouthwinde.
Aurora.	The morning.
Arphaxat.	Suppoſed to be *Arbactus*, King of *Medes.*
Atlas.	A great *Giant.*
Argus.	Had a hundreth eyes.
Alexander.	The great.
Apelles.	An excellent painter.
Bethull or Bethulia.	The Citie where *Iudith* dwelt.
Babell.	*Babylon*, or the whole countrey.
Bellona.	Goddeſſe of Battell.
Briccoll.	An engine of warre.
Briarius.	A Giant with a hundreth hands.
Bacchus.	Wine or drunkennes.
Boreas.	The North or north wind.
Chameleon.	A beaſt that chaungeth his colours.
Cteſiphon.	A cunning *Architector* or builder.
Chaos.	A confuſion before the worlds creation.
Capharois.	Two perilous Rocks.
Cyanes ſtraits.	
Calpe.	A hill in *Spaine*, one of the pillars of *Hercules.*
Cyprian Dame.	*Venus*, loue, or luſt.
Cupido.	Loue or luſt.

The Table.

Words.	Significations.
Cornies.	Crooked yrons to draw down buildings.
Castors sister.	*Helen*, the dishonest wife of *Menelaus.*
Canaces.	Incestuous women.
Circes.	Witches, abusers of louers.
Cyrene.	A dry sandy countrey, or drouth.
Carmell.	A mountaine in *Iudea*, or the whole countrey.
Danow.	*Danubius*, a riuer in *Germany.*
Denis twice born.	*Bacchus.*
Diana or *Cynthia.*	The Moone.
Dina.	The daughter of *Iacob.*
Aegyptian Queen.	*Cleopatra* the Concubine of *M. Antonius*, who swallowed a rich pearle.
Elimia Land.	The Elamits.
Eurus.	The East, or East winde.
Aegeans stable.	Where horses deuoured men.
Encelade.	A Giant buried vnder mount *Aetna.*
Generall.	*Holophernes.*
Gibraltar.	A Citie in *Spaine*, neere to *Calpe*-hill, one of the Pillers of *Hercules.*
Holopherne.	Vizroy, chiefe of the Army.
Hermon.	A Hill in *Iudea*, or the country of *Iudea.*
Hesperian coste.	The west.
Hyade.	A water nymph or watrie star.
Heraults.	Apostles or preachers.
Iacobs sonnes.	The people of *Izrell.*
Izrell or *Iacob*	The Land of *Iudea.*
Izaak.	The people of the Iewes.
Ismaell.	*Idumeans* or *Edom.*
Ixion.	One tormented in Hell.

The Table.

Words.	Significations.
Iebus place.	*Ieruſalem* or *Sion*.
Iudith.	of *Bethulia*, of the tribe of *Ruben*.
Ieſſies race.	*Dauid* and his ſeed.
Iethro.	Father in law to *Moſes*.
Latmies ſonne.	*Endymion*, the long ſleeper, ſuppoſed to lye with the Moone.
Lyſippus.	A cunning caruer.
Monarke.	Oneſole gouernour.
Memphits.	Men of that Citie in *Aegypt*.
Miſraim.	the Land of *Egypt*.
Mocmur.	The riuer neere *Bethulia*.
Momus.	A ſcornefull detractour of all things.
Mars.	God of ſtrife or battell.
Myrrhaes & Syllaes.	Women betrayers of their countrey.
Minotaurs.	Vnnaturall monſters.
Meduſaes.	Furies of hell.
Neptunes back.	The Sea.
Niphathæi.	A mighty ſtrong Rocke or moũtaine in Syria.
Paleſtine.	The Land of the Philiſtins.
Pharia.	A famous tower in *Egypt*.
Phlegon.	One of the foure horſes that was ſuppoſed to draw the ſunne.
Phœbus.	The ſunne.
Phœbe.	His ſiſter the moone.
Proteus.	A man changing himſelfe in ſundry formes: there is a fiſh of like nature.
Priams wife.	*Hecuba* the honorable.

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The Table.

Words.	Significations.
Theefe that ſtole the fire.	*Prometheus*, who ſtole fire from *Iupiter*.
Zedechias.	Laſt king of the Iewes.
Zephyrus.	Weſt or weſt winde.
Zeuxis.	A painter of *Italie*, who being required to paint the picture of *Helen*, deſired to haue all the faireſt women of *Croton* to be preſent for his paterne.

FINIS.

1613.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, dwelling on
Bredſtreete hill, at the ſigne of the
Starre.

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